

Gospel Melodies

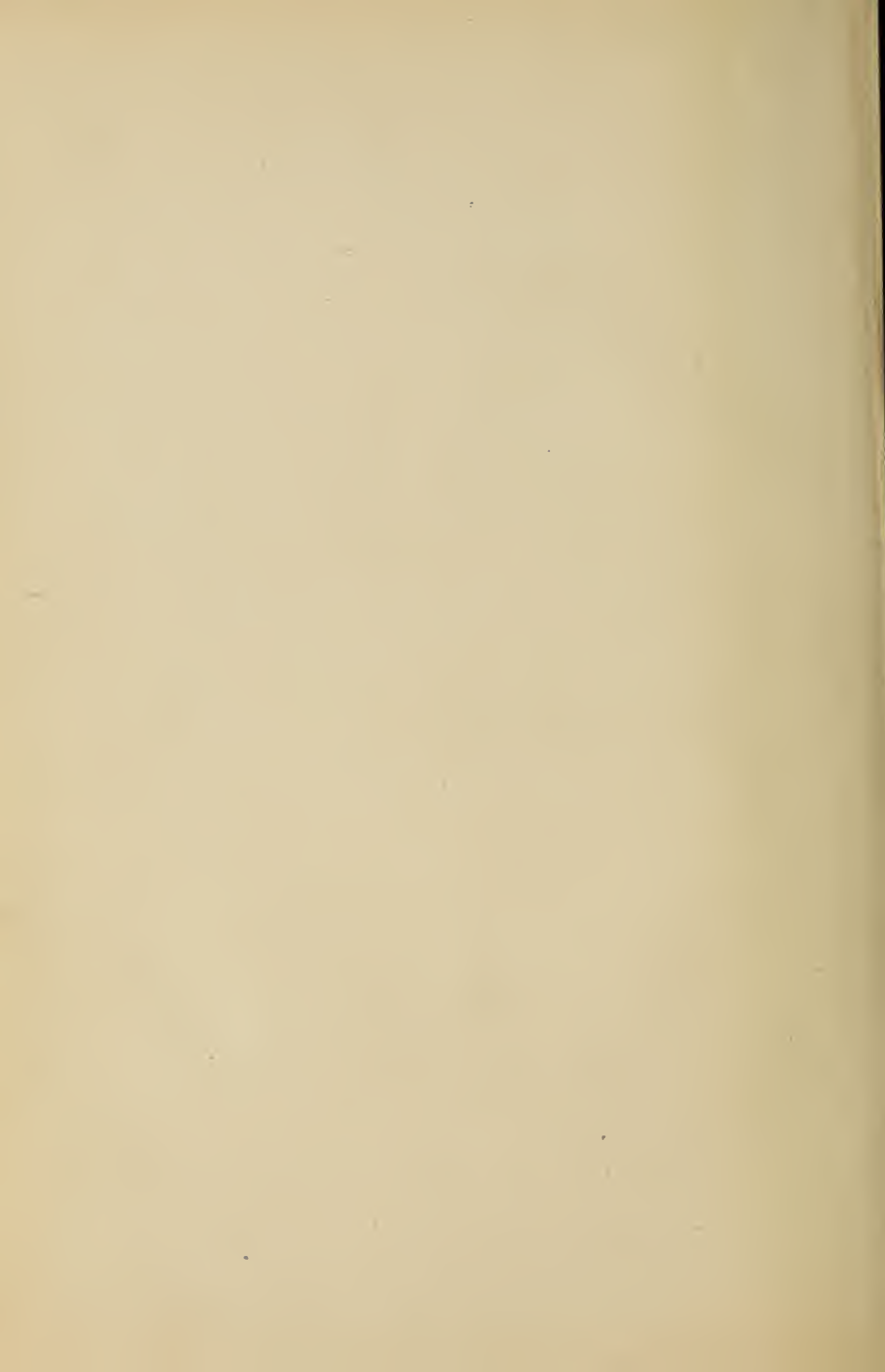
New and Old

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Gospel Melodies

New and Old

FOR USE IN THE
UNIVERSALIST CHURCH



Chester Gore Miller
Editor



BOSTON
Universalist Publishing House

1904

PRICE LIST NEXT PAGE

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Gospel Melodies
New and Old.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

Preface.



THIS HYMNAL has been compiled expressly for use in the **Universalist Church** and with the sole purpose of intensifying the evangelical spirit of the denomination. It has been designed to supplement the existing Universalist hymnals in the services of **Conventions, Conferences, Morning and Evening Congregations and Young People's Christian Union Societies.**

With the exception of a few standard hymns included to make the work quite ample in its general use, the book is made up of that class of compositions commonly known as the "**Gospel Hymns.**" Of these, the **choicest** of the **older** collections and the **best** of the **new** have been included. Without exception, **all** of the pieces are **singable** and easily learned. The hymnal contains no experiments or difficult music and has no compositions arranged for particular occasions or for special features of church liturgy, although a few solos and pieces especially adapted to the needs of the choir have been introduced.

The **text** has been carefully revised so that no expressions will be found to run counter to the accepted doctrines of the Universalist Church.

It should be remembered, however, that these hymns are not professions of faith but confessions of experience, of vision and of need, and they are to be sung, not in the spirit of theological enquiry, but with a devotion born of the religious sentiments.

These productions are expressions of the inner life and display a sublime faith in the Fatherhood of God, the leadership of Jesus and the certainty of Divine revelation and inspiration. It is the peculiar function of these imperishable melodies to emphasize man's dependence on God through Jesus Christ, and denominational history bears out the statement that they are powerful dynamics to this end.

Whatever arguments may be advanced in favor of an exclusive use in congregational worship of the classically standard church compositions, these "**Gospel Hymns**" have a distinct psychological value with the Christian congregation which the standard hymn does not possess. These melodies are evangelical and loved. They inspire a willingness to serve the Master and with a degree of success not attained by music of more formal character.

The peculiar virtue of these hymns is in the fact that they ring with the note of personal victory over sin, sorrow and doubt. Repeatedly and beautifully do they express, and with remarkable certainty, an absolute faith in a more glorious world than the one in which we live.

This is the **only book** of "**Gospel Hymns**" so far issued that, doctrinally speaking, is wholly suitable for use in the Universalist Church. It is also the only book in print, with the exception of "**Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6 Complete**," published by **The Biglow & Main Co.** of New York, which contains practically all of the masterpieces of this school of music. These tunes, simple in composition, subordinating as they do harmony to melody, are nevertheless products of the inspiration of genius and are in consequence comparatively few in number.

Owing to copyright restrictions, a few of the more familiar hymns are without their respective tunes, and it is recommended that every church using "**Gospel Melodies, New and Old**," be provided with at least one copy of "**Gospel Hymns Nos. 1 to 6 Complete**," in which will be found all of the omitted tunes.

The undersigned wishes to acknowledge the unfailing courtesy and valuable suggestions of Mr. I. Allan Sankey, son of the famous evangelist Ira D. Sankey, and President of The Biglow & Main Company, without whose responsible interest this book as arranged and purposed would not have been possible.

I am further very greatly indebted to the Rev. Charles H. Leonard, D.D., Dean of the Divinity School of Tufts College, and to Professor George T. Knight, D.D., of the department of systematic theology, for valuable counsel touching the doctrinal review and revision of hymns; to Mr. Eugene F. Endicott, General Agent of the Universalist Publishing House, for cordial and necessary co-operation in the production of this work; and to the Rev. Frederick A. Bisbee, S.T.D., editor of the "**Universalist Leader**," and to many other ministerial and lay brethren for hearty encouragement.

To the following named firms and individuals, I hereby tender my sincere thanks for their very generous gifts and concessions on the copyrighted pieces contained in this collection: The Biglow & Main Co., The Oliver Ditson Co., The John Church Co., The Century Co., Mr. Ira D. Sankey, Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins, Mr. Hubert P. Main, Mr. W. H. Doane, Dr. H. R. Palmer, Mr. John J. Hood, Mr. C. C. Case, Rev. Dr. J. E. Rankin, LL.D., President of Howard University, Mrs. Robert Lowry, Mrs. Mary Hudson, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

C. G. MILLER.

JAMAICA PLAIN, BOSTON, MASS.,
September, 1904.

GOSPEL MELODIES

NEW AND OLD

No. 1.

In God's Eternity.

HOSEA BALLOU.

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

G. F. HANDEL.

1. In God's e - ter - ni - ty, There shall a day a - rise
 2. As night be - fore the rays Of morn-ing flees a - way,
 3. As mu - sic fills the grove When storm-y clouds are past
 4. Redeemed from death and sin, Shall Ad - am's numerous race

When all the race of man shall be With Je - sus in the skies.
 Sin shall re - tire be - fore the blaze Of God's e - ter - nal day.
 Sweet an - thems of re - deem-ing love Shall all em - ploy at last.
 A cease - less song of praise be - gin, And shout re - deem-ing grace.

CHORUS. CHAS. DUNBAR.

There'll be no sor - row there; There'll be no sor - row there;

In heav'n a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 2.

O Morning Land.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

DUET.

1. "Some day" we say, and turn our eyes Tow'rd the fair hills of Par - a - dise;
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong;

Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get,

SOLO. *Alto.*

Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The fa - ces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;

SOLO. *Soprano.*

DUET.

Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo - ry;
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;

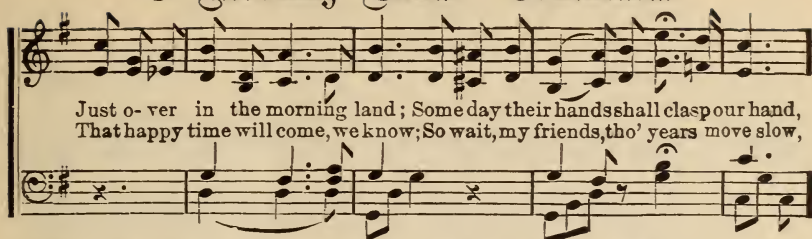
Slowly.

Tempo.

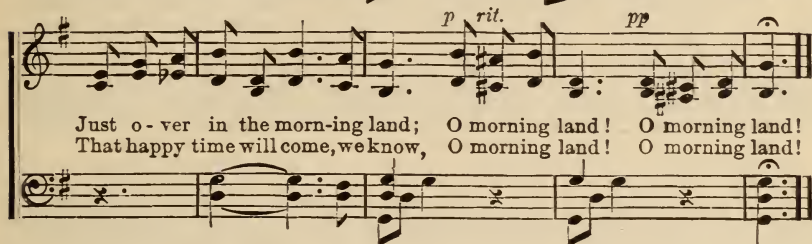
Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land,
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,

Arranged by Geo. C. Stebbins and Copyright, 1897, by Ira D. Sankey.

O Morning Land.—Concluded.



Just o-ver in the morning land; Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
That happy time will come, we know; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,



Just o-ver in the morn-ing land; O morning land! O morning land!
That happy time will come, we know, O morning land! O morning land!

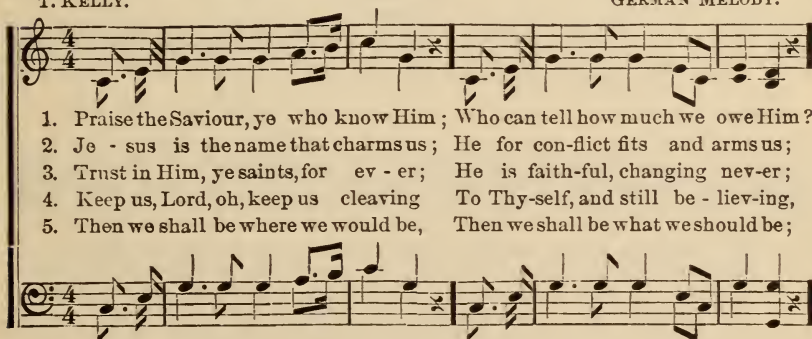
No. 3.

Praise the Saviour.

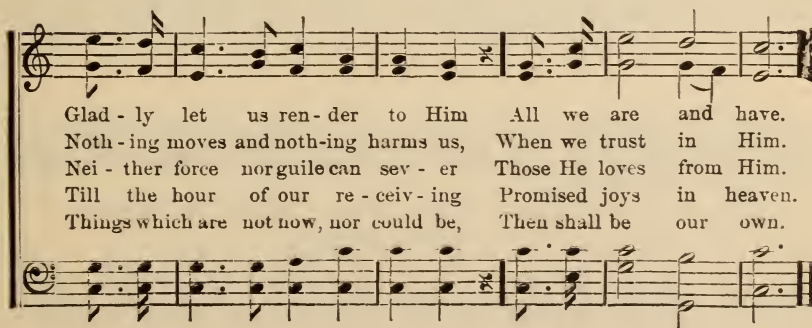
T. KELLY.

HEB. 13: 15.

GERMAN MELODY.



1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con-flict fits and arms us;
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith-ful, changing nev - er;
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleaving To Thy-self, and still be - liev-ing,
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;



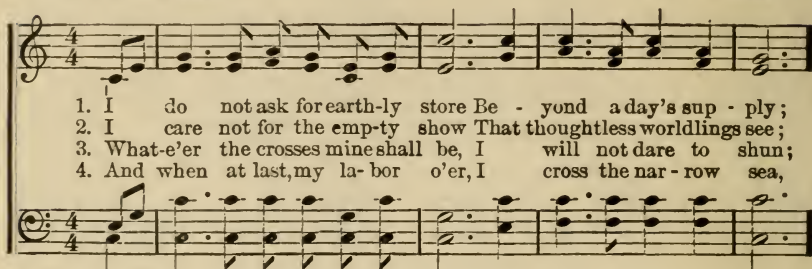
| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| Glad - ly let us ren - der to Him | All we are and have. |
| Noth - ing moves and noth - ing harms us, | When we trust in Him. |
| Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er | Those He loves from Him. |
| Till the hour of our re - ceiv - ing | Promised joys in heaven. |
| Things which are not now, nor could be, | Then shall be our own. |

The Eye of Faith.

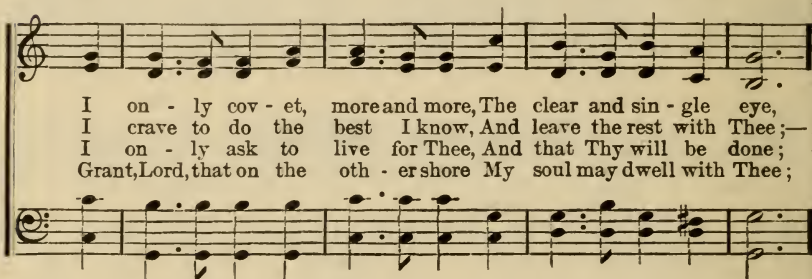
"Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not."—JER. 45: 5.

Rev. J. J. MAXFIELD.

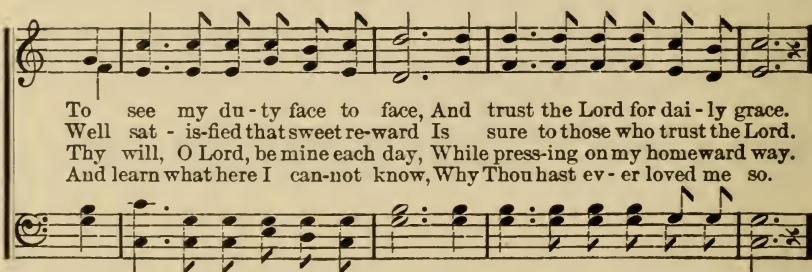
W. A. OGDEN.



1. I do not ask for earth-ly store Be - yond a day's sup - ply;
 2. I care not for the emp-ty show That thoughtless worldlings see;
 3. What-e'er the crosses mine shall be, I will not dare to shun;
 4. And when at last, my la-bor o'er, I cross the nar - row sea,

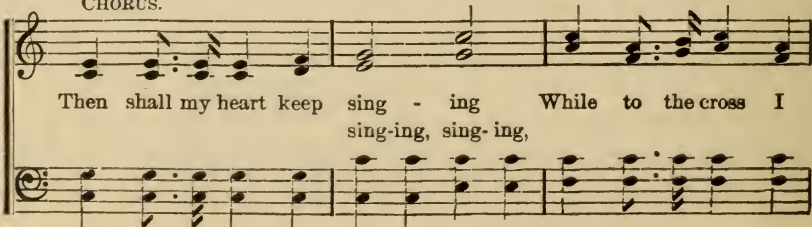


I on - ly cov - et, more and more, The clear and sin - gle eye,
 I crave to do the best I know, And leave the rest with Thee;
 I on - ly ask to live for Thee, And that Thy will be done;
 Grant, Lord, that on the oth - er shore My soul may dwell with Thee;



To see my du - ty face to face, And trust the Lord for dai - ly grace.
 Well sat - is-fied that sweet re - ward Is sure to those who trust the Lord.
 Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day, While press - ing on my homeward way.
 And learn what here I can - not know, Why Thou hast ev - er loved me so.

CHORUS.



Then shall my heart keep sing - ing While to the cross I
 sing-ing, sing-ing,

The Eye of Faith.—Concluded.

clinging; For rest is sweet at Je - sus' feet, While
clinging, I cling;
home-ward faith keeps wing - ing, While homeward faith keeps wing - ing.

No. 5.

Light after Darkness.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weakness, Crown after cross;
2. Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun aft-er rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain;
3. Near aft-er distant, Gleam after gloom, Love after loneliness, Life after tomb;
Sweet aft-er bit - ter, Hope after fears, Home after wand'ring, Praise after tears.
Joy aft-er sor - row, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft-er long ag - ony, Rapture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

The Many Mansions.

"Let not your heart be troubled."—JOHN 14: 1.

CHARLES BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. How oft our souls are lift - ed up, When clouds are dark and drear,
 2. How oft a - mid our dai - ly toil, With anxious care oppressed,
 3. O may our faith in Him be strong, Who feels our ev - 'ry care,
 4. Then let us work, and watch and pray, Re - ly - ing on the love

For Je - sus comes, and kind - ly speaks These loving words of cheer.
 We hear a - gain the pre - cious word That tells of joy and rest.
 And will for us, as He hath said, A place in heaven prepare.
 Of Him who now prepares a place For us in heav'n a - bove.

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JOHN 14: 2.

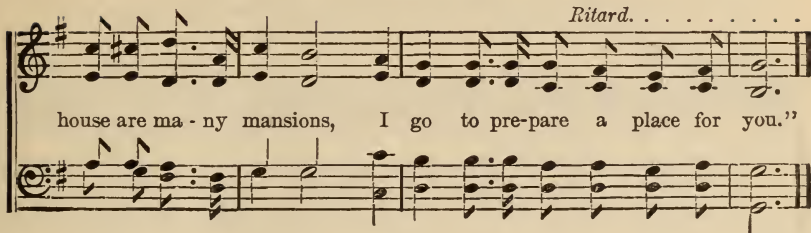
CHORUS.

"In my Fa - ther's house are ma - ny man - sions; If it

were not so I would have told you; In my Fa - ther's

The Many Mansions.—Concluded.

Ritard.



house are ma - ny mansions, I go to pre-pare a place for you."

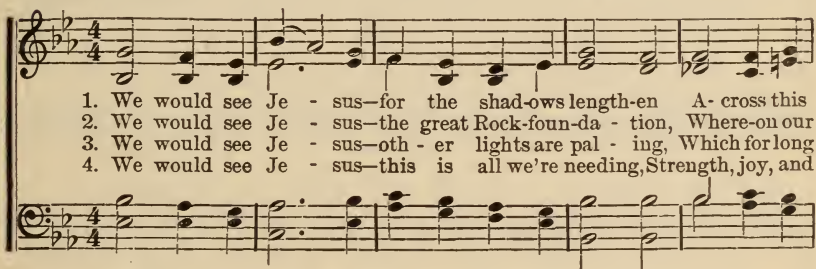
No. 7.

We would see Jesus.

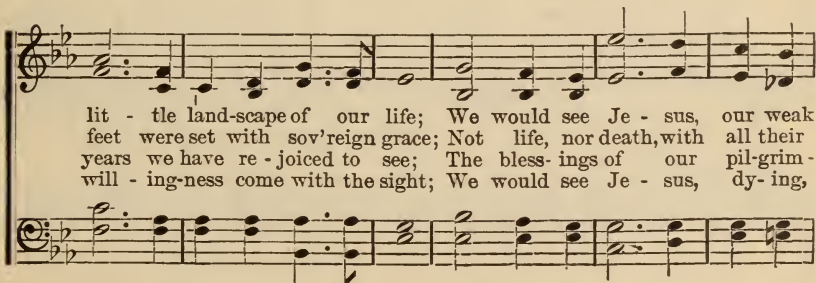
"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN 12: 21.

ANNA B. WARNER.

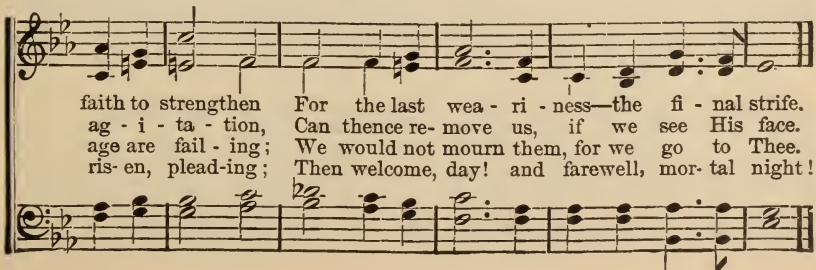
F. MENDELSSOHN. ARR.



1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length-en A- cross this
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock-foun-da - tion, Where-on our
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
 4. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sov'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 years we have re - joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil-grim -
 will - ing-ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face.
 age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 ris - en, plead - ing; Then welcome, day! and farewell, mor - tal night!

No. 8.

Yield Not to Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 COR. 10: 13.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev' - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

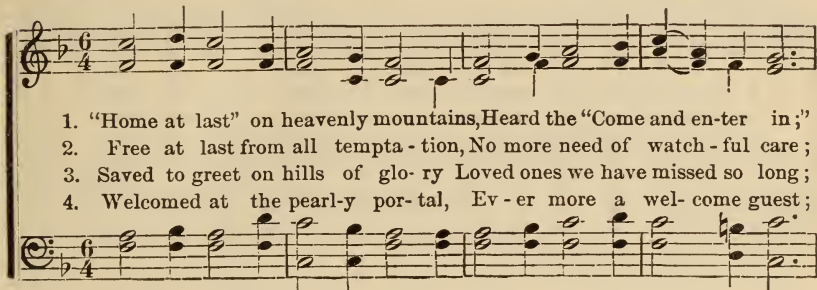
He is will - ing to aid you, He will ear - ry you through.

"In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

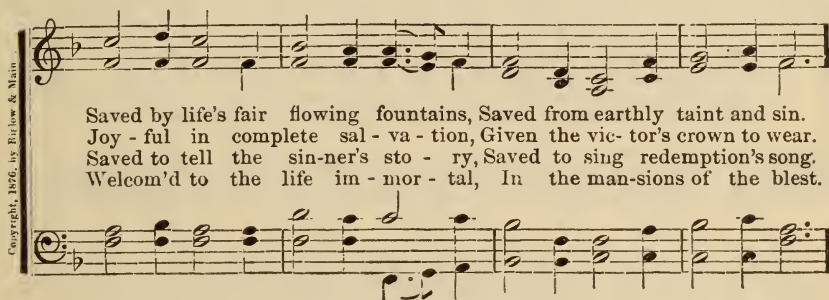
"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."—Rev. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

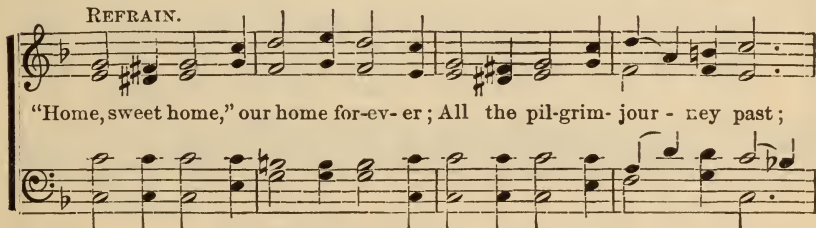


1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"
 2. Free at last from all tempta - tion, No more need of watch - ful care;
 3. Saved to greet on hills of glo - ry Loved ones we have missed so long;
 4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por - tal, Ev - er more a wel - come guest;



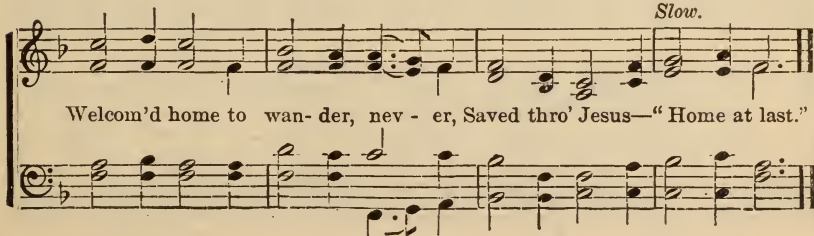
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.
 Joy - ful in complete sal - va - tion, Given the vic - tor's crown to wear.
 Saved to tell the sin - ner's sto - ry, Saved to sing redemption's song.
 Welcom'd to the life im - mor - tal, In the man - sions of the blest.

REFRAIN.



"Home, sweet home," our home for-ev - er; All the pil-grim - jour - ney past;

Slow.



Welcom'd home to wan - der, nev - er, Saved thro' Jesus—"Home at last."

Come near Me.

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. LLOYD.

J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

Tenderly.

1. Come near me, O my Sav - iour; Thy ten - der-ness re - veal; O,
 2. Come near me, my Redeem - er, And nev - er leave my side; My
 3. Come near me, bless - ed Je - sus, I need Thee in my joy, No
 4. Be near me, might-y Sav - iour, When comes the lat - est strife; For

let me know the sym - pa - thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I
 bark, when toss'd on trou - ble's sea, The storm can - not out - ride, Un -
 less than when the dir - est ills My hap - pi - ness de - stroy; For
 Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And

need Thee ev' - ry mo - ment; Thine absence brings dis - may; But
 less Thy word of pow - er Ar - rest the surg - ing wave; No
 when the sun shines o'er me And flow - ers strew my way, With -
 when a - mong the ran - som'd I stand with crown and palm, To

when the tempt - er hurls his darts, 'Twere death with Thee a - way.
 voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.
 out Thy wise and guid - ing hand More eas - i - ly I stray.
 Thee, Di - vine, un - fail - ing Friend, I'll raise e - ter - nal psalm.

Calling to thee.

"Arise, he calleth Thee."—Mark 10: 49.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Out on the mount-ain, sad and for-sak-en, Lost in its
 2. Far on the mount-ain, why wilt thou wan-der? Deep-er in
 3. Flee from thy bond-age, Je-sus will help thee, On-ly be-

maz-es, no light can'st thou see; Yet in His mer-cy,
 dark-ness thy path-way will be; Turn from thy roam-ing,
 lieve Him, and thou shalt be free; Won-der-ful mer-cy,

full of com-pass-ion, Lo! the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
 fly from its dangers, While the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.
 boundless com-pass-ion, Still the Good Shep-herd is call-ing to thee.

CHORUS.

Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee; Je-sus is call-ing, "Come unto me;"

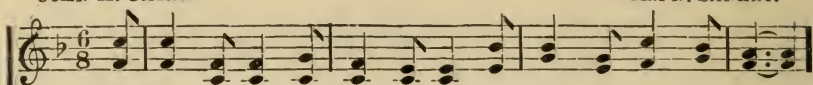
Call-ing to thee, call-ing to thee, Hear the Good Shepherd calling to thee.

Faith is the Victory.

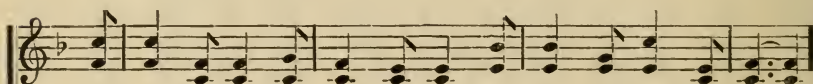
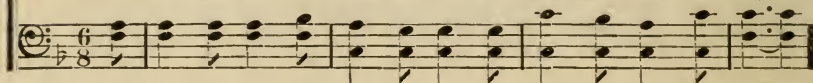
"The victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

JOHN H. YATES.

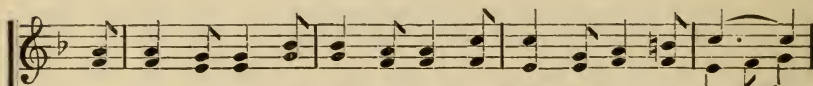
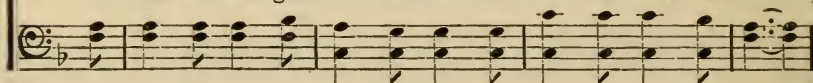
IRA D. SANKEY.



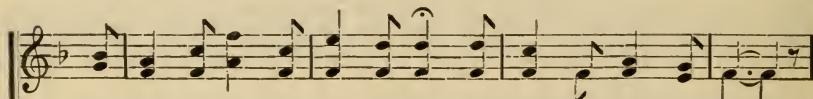
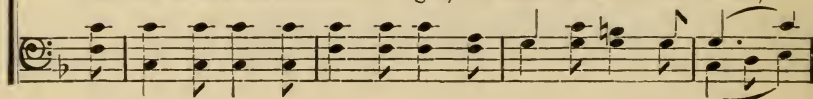
1. Encamped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris - tian sol - diers, rise,
2. His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the word of God;
3. On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
4. To him that o - ver-comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be giv'n;



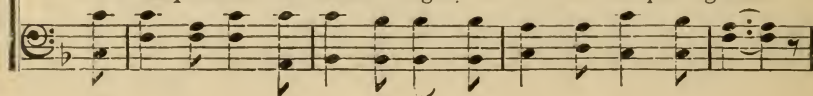
And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And on - ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heaven;



A - gainst the foe in vales be - low, Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;



Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
 The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
 We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.



Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver-comes the world.

No. 13.

Mission Hymn.

"All nations shall come and worship before thee."—REV. 15: 4.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Great Je-ho- vah, mighty Lord, Vast and boundless is Thy word;
2. Jew and Gentile, bond and free, All shall yet be one in Thee;
3. From her night shall China wake, Af-ric's sons their chains shall break;
4. In - dia's groves of palm so fair Shall resound with praise and prayer;
5. North and South shall own Thy sway; East and West Thy voice o - bey;

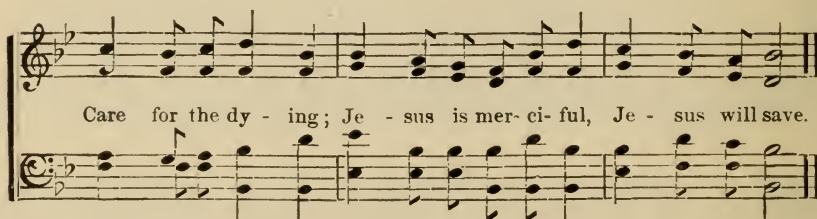
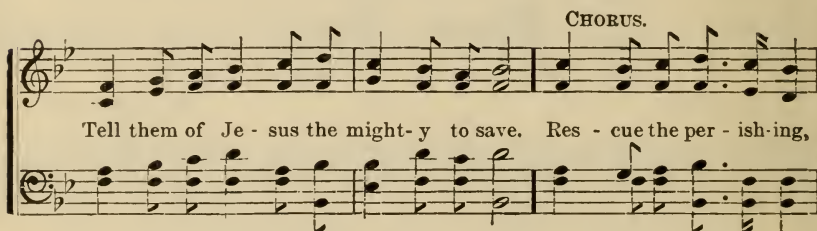
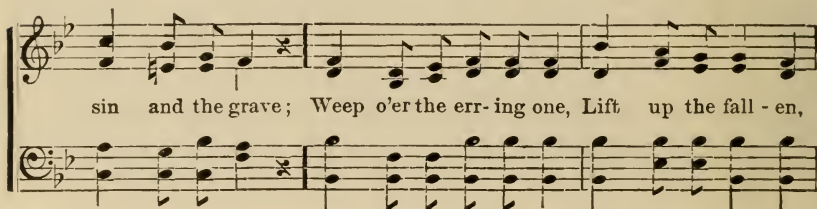
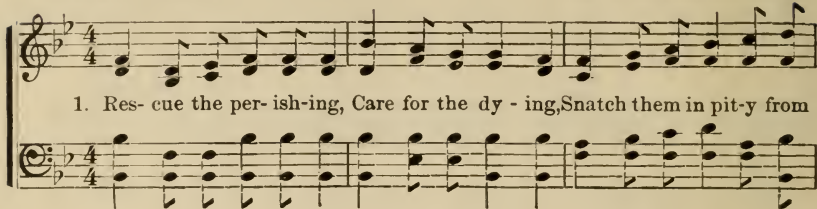
King of kings, from shore to shore Thou shalt reign for ev - er - more.
All con - fess Mes-si - ah's name, All His wondrous love proclaim.
E - gypt, where Thy peo-ple trod, Shall a - dore and praise our God.
Cey - lon's isle with joy shall sing, Glo - ry be to Christ our King.
Crowns and thrones before Thee fall, King of kings and Lord of all.

Rescue the Perishing.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



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2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore: Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it; [provide:
Strength for thy labor the Lord will
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;

No. 15.

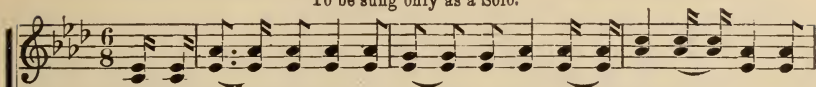
The Ninety and Nine.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

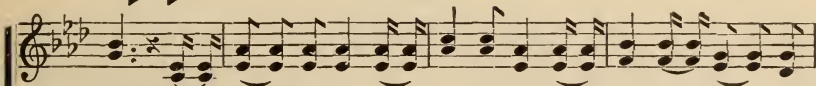
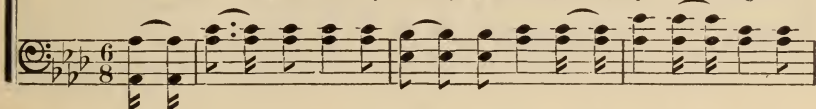
ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

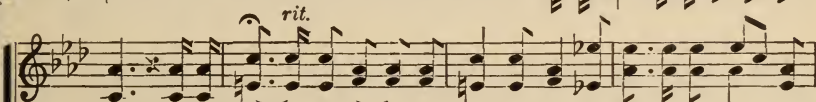
To be sung only as a Solo.



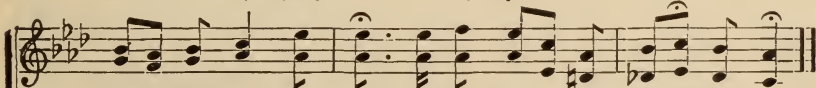
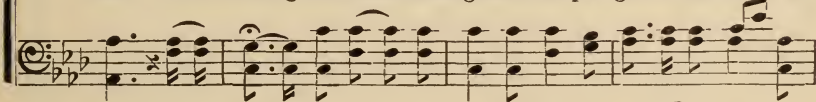
1. There were ninety and nine that safe-ly lay In the shel-ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not e-nough for



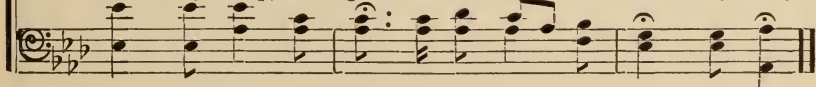
fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wan-dered away from



gold—A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A way from the tender me. And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to



Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care. find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."



3

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone
astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."

5

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
own!"

He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—PSALM 23: 2,

Rev. J. H. GILMORE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, *ly per.*

1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 25.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its por-tals gleaming,

A radiance from the Cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.

REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me,..... for me?..... Was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

3 Press onward then, though foes may
While mercy's gate is open: [frown,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

Holy is the Lord.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God."—Ps. 67: 5.

F. J. C.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for joy, Watchman of Zi - on,
 3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains tremble at His word,
 her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy;
 glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
 All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
 When we cast our bright crowns before Him; There in His likeness

boundless in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
 ye who be - hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
 joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

Holy is the Lord.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him.

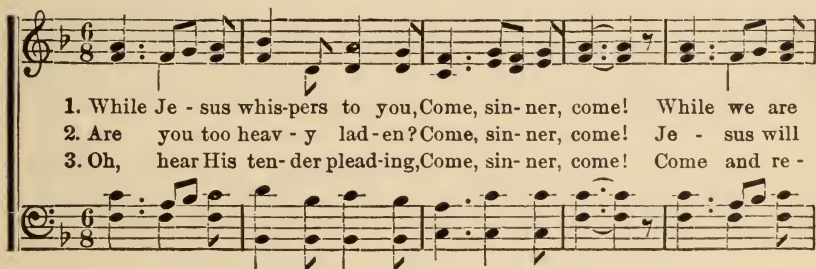
No. 19.

Come, Sinner, Come.

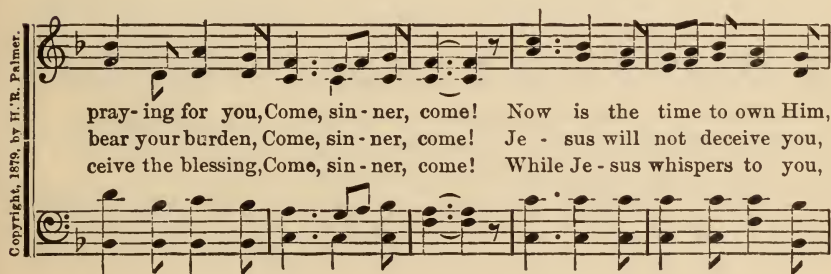
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER.

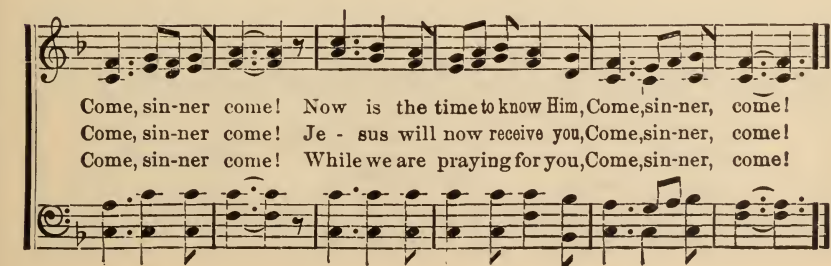
H. R. PALMER, by per.



1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -



pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your burden, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not deceive you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,



Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will now receive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
Come, sin - ner come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Ps. 9: 1.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by Thy
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest al-le-giance Yielding henceforth to our
 3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all-glorious! Take Thy great power and

grace we will be; Un - der the stan - dard ex - alt - ed and roy - al,
 glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience,
 reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious,

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CHORUS.

Strong in Thy strength we will battle for Thee. } Peal out the watchword!
 Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. }
 Free - ly sur - rendered and whol - ly Thine own. } Peal

si - lence it nev - er! Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free;
 silence Song rejoicing and free;

Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-iour, am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, child of our God,
 burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest. Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, raised by His power. This is my sto - ry,
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
 Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my

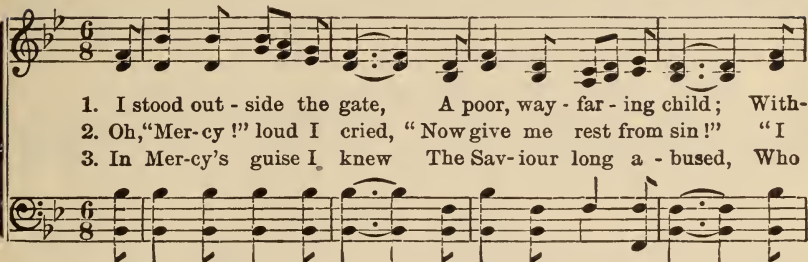
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

I Stood Outside the Gate.

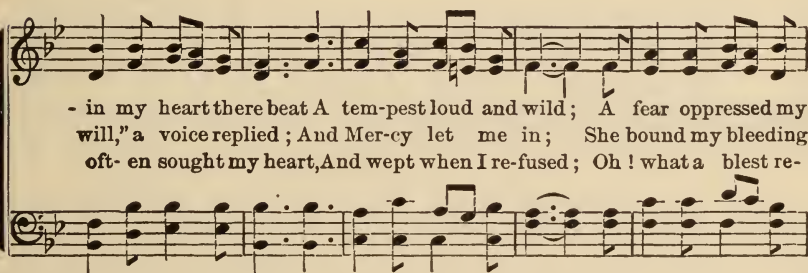
"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7:13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

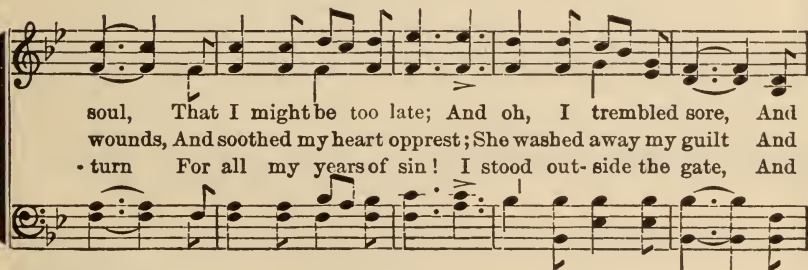
HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



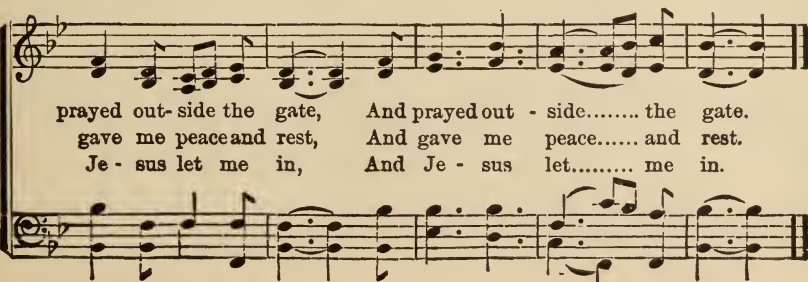
1. I stood out - side the gate, A poor, way - far - ing child; With-
 2. Oh, "Mer-cy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I
 3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a - bused, Who



- in my heart there beat A tem-pest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my
 will," a voice replied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding
 oft-en sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a blest re-



soul, That I might be too late; And oh, I trembled sore, And
 wounds, And soothed my heart opprest; She washed away my guilt And
 • turn For all my years of sin! I stood out-side the gate, And



prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out - side..... the gate.
 gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace..... and rest.
 Je - sus let me in, And Je - sus let..... me in.

No. 24. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills, And the sun-light
 2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wear-y burden'd heart; Oft we toil a -
 3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with

fall in glad-ness On the riv - er and the rills, We re - call our Father's promise
 mis the shad-ows, And our fields are far a - part: But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed"
 those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of our re - demption,

rit.
 In the rainbow of the spray: We shall know each other better When the mists have rolled away.
 All our la - bor will repay, When we gather in the morning Where the mists have rolled away.
 Shall resound tho' endless day, When the shadows have departed, And the mists have rolled away.

CHORUS.
 known, as we are known,
 We shall know . . . as we are known, . . . Nev - er - more . . . to walk a -
 as we are known,

We shall know as we are known, Never - more to walk a -
 lone, . . . In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:
 - lone, to walk a - lone,

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When the Mists, etc.—Concluded.

rit.

We shall know each oth- er bet-ter, When the mists have rolled a- way.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, ending with a trill. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and common time, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 25.

Saviour, Again.

"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav- iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in

The musical score is in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats. It features a simple melody on the top staff and a chordal accompaniment on the bottom staff. The lyrics are printed below the top staff.

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
 us its dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

This section continues the musical score with the same notation and key signature. The lyrics continue below the top staff.

wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing wait Thy word of peace.
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

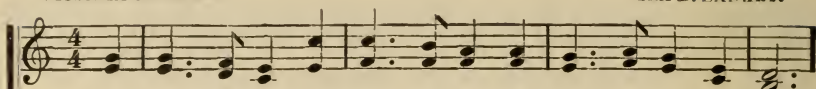
The final section of the musical score concludes the piece with the same notation and key signature. The lyrics conclude below the top staff.

Oh, Wondrous Name!

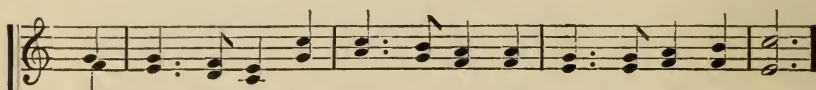
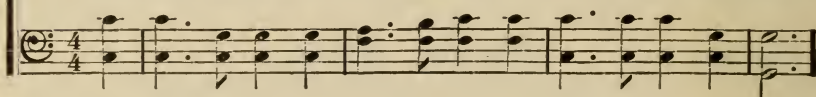
"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES.

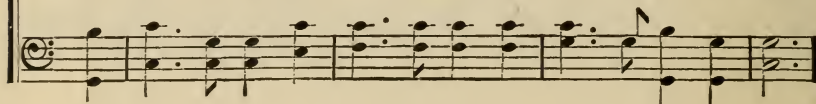
IRA D. SANKEY.



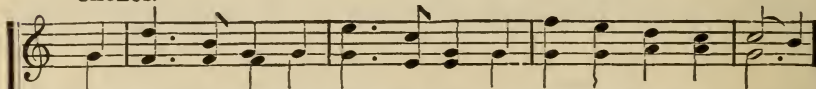
1. Oh, won-drous Name, by proph-ets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo-rious Name the an-gels praise, And ransomed saints a-dore,—
3. Oh, pre-cious Name, ex-alt-ed high, To Him all pow'ris given;



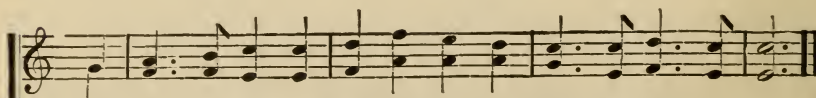
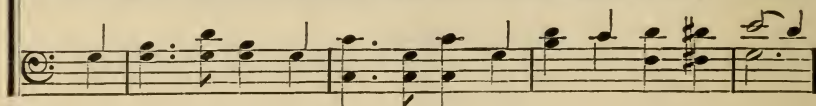
They saw Him com-ing from a-far, The Prince of Peace on earth.
 The Name a-bove all oth-er names, Our Ref-uge ev-er-more.
 Thro' Him we tri-umph o-ver sin, By Him we en-ter heaven.



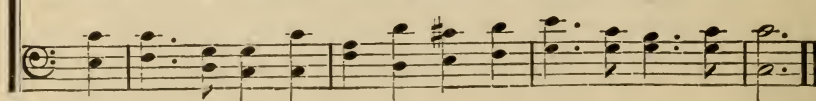
CHORUS.



The Won-der-ful! The Coun-sel-lor! The Great and Might-y Lord!



The ev-er-last-ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!



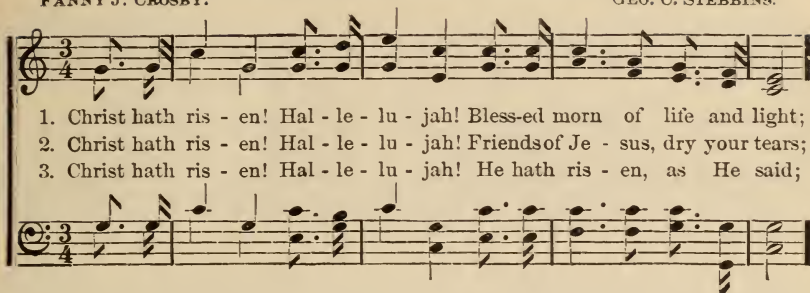
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Christ is Risen.

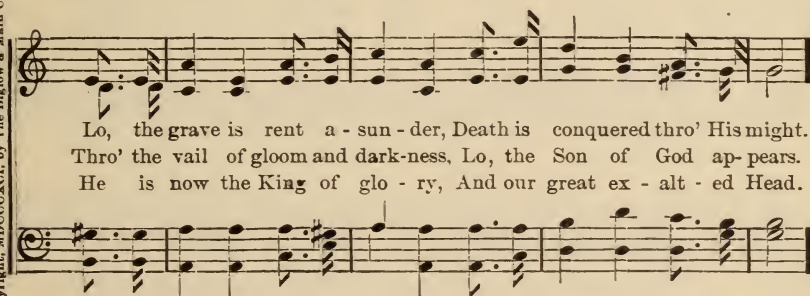
"For he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

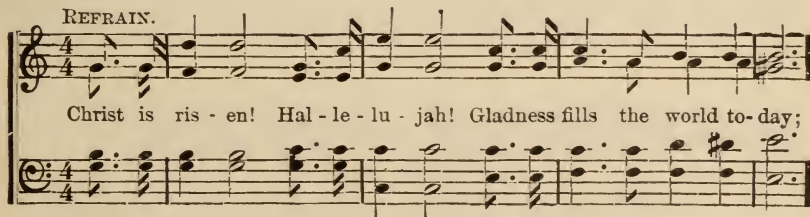


1. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Bless-ed morn of life and light;
 2. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Friends of Je - sus, dry your tears;
 3. Christ hath ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! He hath ris - en, as He said;

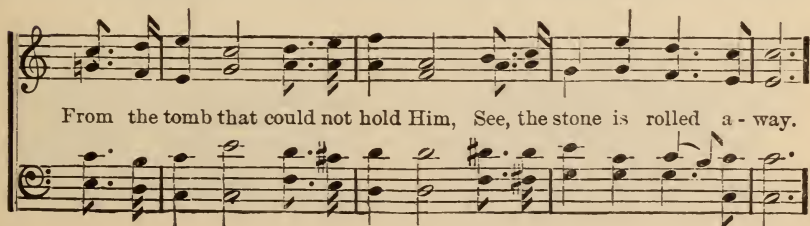


Lo, the grave is rent a - sun - der, Death is conquered thro' His might.
 Thro' the vail of gloom and dark-ness, Lo, the Son of God ap-pears.
 He is now the King of glo - ry, And our great ex - alt - ed Head.

REFRAIN.



Christ is ris - en! Hal - le - lu - jah! Gladness fills the world to-day;



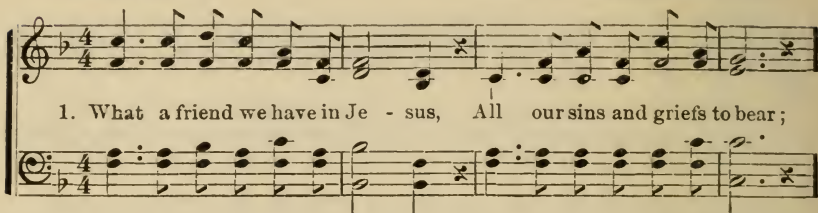
From the tomb that could not hold Him, See, the stone is rolled a - way.

No. 28. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

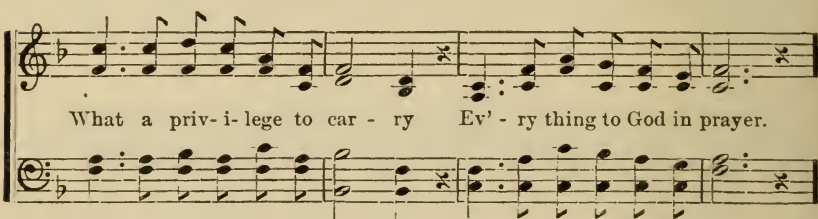
"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

"JUBILEE HARP."

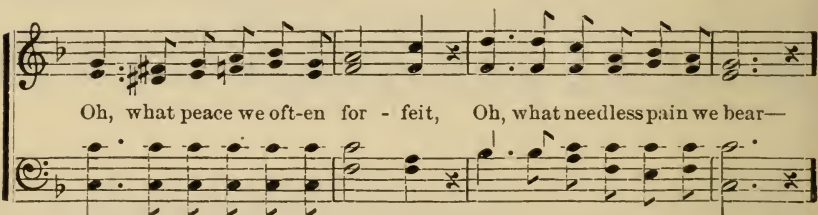
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, 1868, by per.



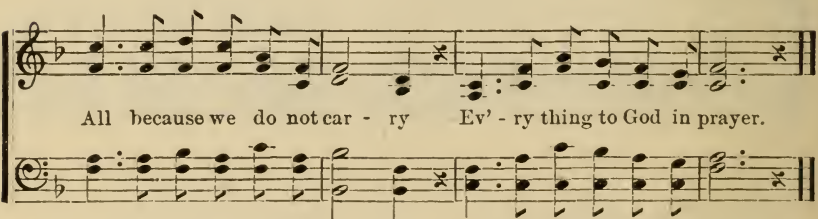
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;



What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev' - ry thing to God in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—



All because we do not car - ry Ev' - ry thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

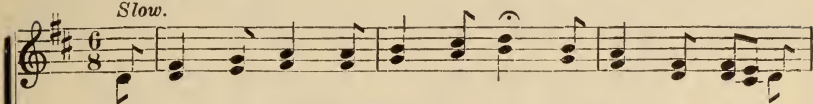
"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4: 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, *l*

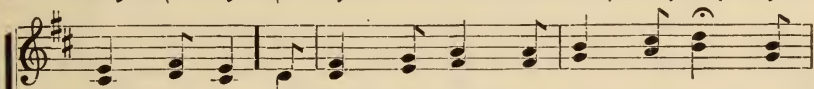
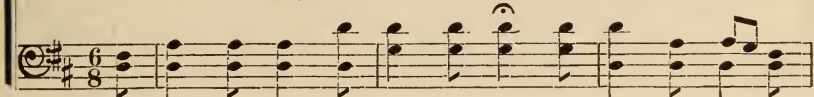
WM. B. BRADBURY,

Slow.

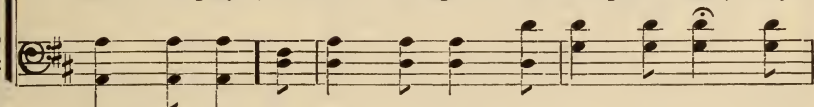
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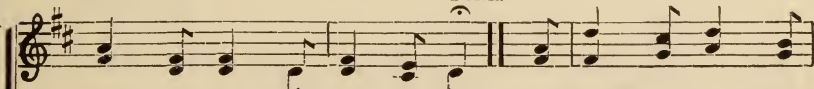
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet



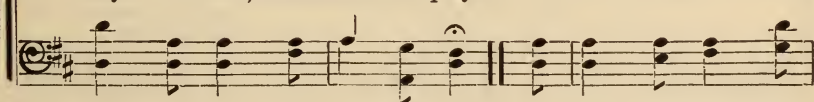
world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make
hour of prayer, And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By



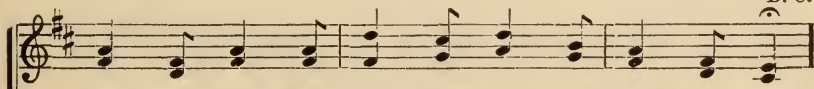
FINE.



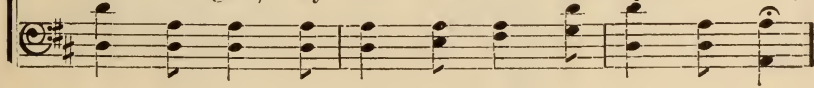
all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis -
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!



D. C.



- tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;



2.

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! ||:

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

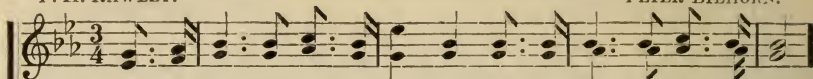
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing through the
air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! ||:

No. 30. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

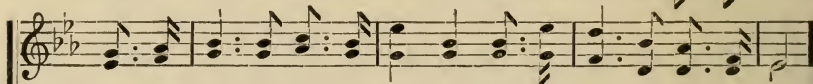
"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. RAWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.



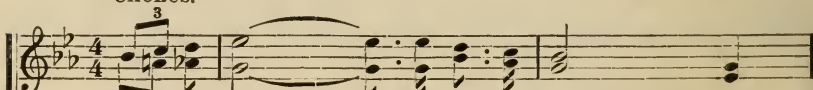
1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,
2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
4. Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;



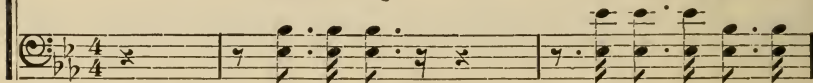
How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.
But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.



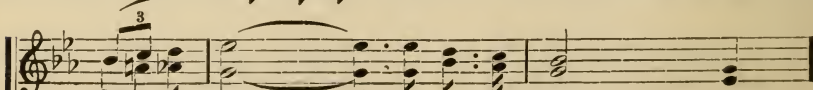
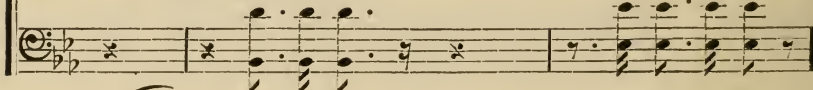
CHORUS.



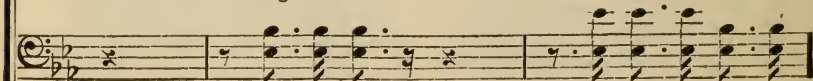
Yes, I'll sing Yes I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry the wondrous sto - ry



Of the Christ . . . who died for me, who died for me,

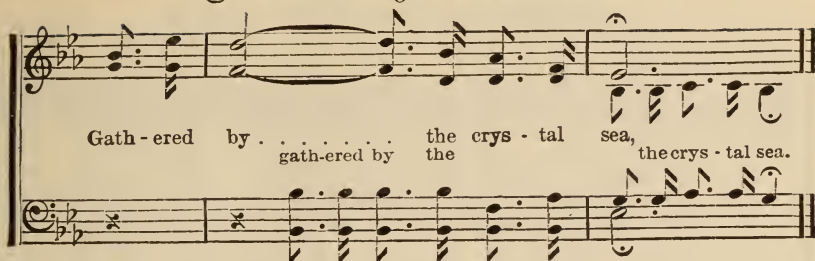


Sing it with . . . the saints in glo - ry, the saints in glo - ry,



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I will Sing.—Concluded.



Gath-ered by . . . gath-ered by the the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.

No. 31.

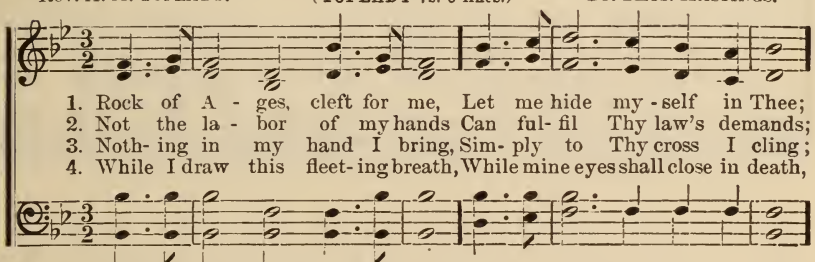
Rock of Ages.

"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

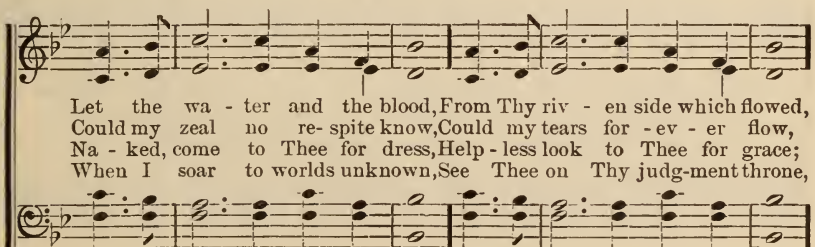
REV. A. M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY 7s, 6 lines.)

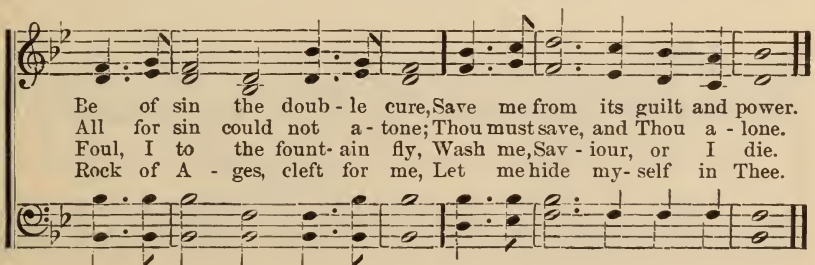
DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's demands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, While mine eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds unknown, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Hiding in Thee.

"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31: 2.

REV. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high-er than I, My soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temp-
 3. How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

con-flicts and sor-rows would fly; So sin-ful, so wea-ry, Thine,
 -ta-tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem-pests of life, on its
 Ref-uge and breathed out my woe; How oft-en, when tri-als like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A-ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.
 sea-bil-lows roll, Have I hid-den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

Take Time to be Holy.

"Be ye holy: for I am the Lord your God."—LEV. 20: 7.

W. D. LONGSTAFF.

GEO. C. STARRING.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
 2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on;
 3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
 4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
 Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
 Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;

Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
 In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy Lord.
 Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,

For - get - ing in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

I Love to Tell the Story.

"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

W. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the Story! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden

Glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -
fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It

cause I know it's true; It sat - isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son, I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

3 I love to tell the Story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the Story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

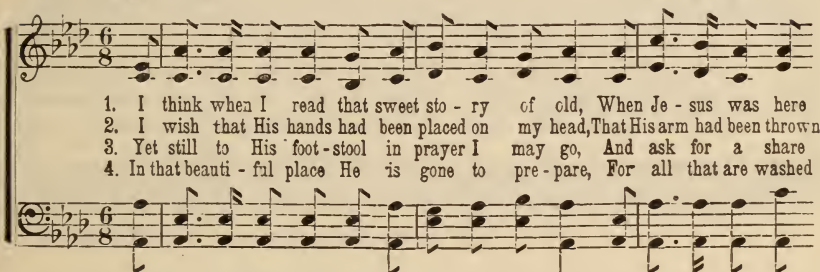
4 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG.
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

No. 35. The Sweet Story of Old.

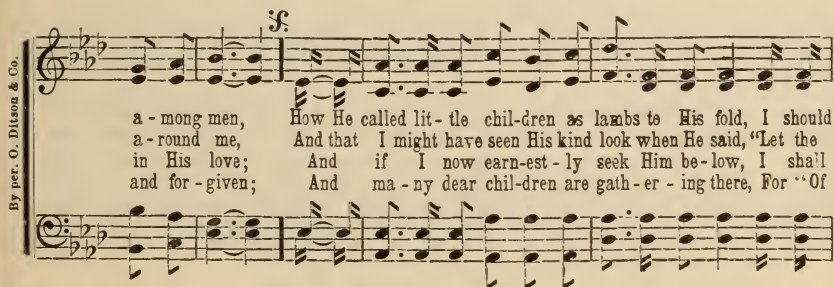
"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."—MARK 10: 16.

Mrs. JEMIMA LUKE.

J. C. ENGLEBRECHT.



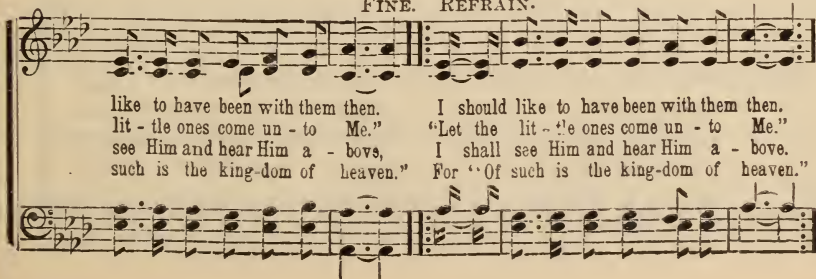
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown
3. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share
4. In that beauti - ful place He is gone to pre - pare, For all that are washed



a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should
a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
in His love; And if I now earn - est - ly seek Him be - low, I shall
and for - given; And ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, For "Of

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.



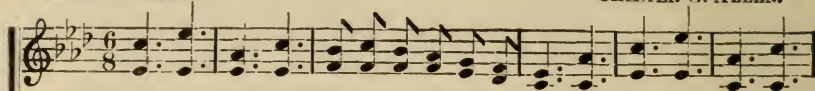
like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then.
lit - tle ones come un - to Me." "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
see Him and hear Him a - bove, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
such is the king - dom of heaven." For "Of such is the king - dom of heaven."

Praise Him! Praise Him!

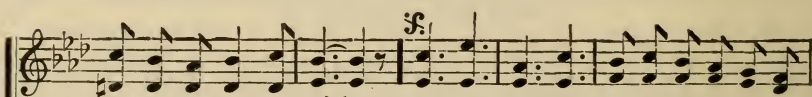
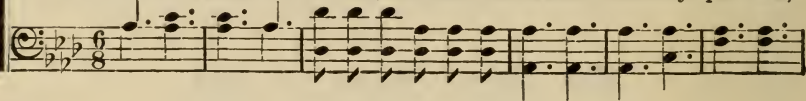
"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

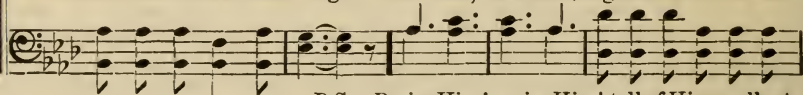
CHESTER G. ALLEN.



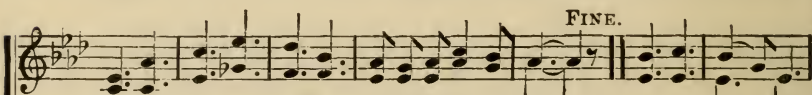
1. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Sing, O earth—His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed Redeemer! Heav'nly por - tals,



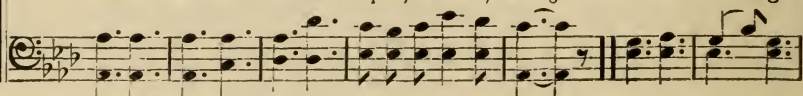
won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch - angels in
suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e - ter - nals sal -
loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for ev - er and



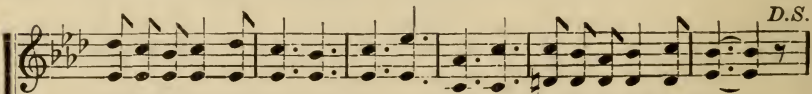
D.S. — Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excellent



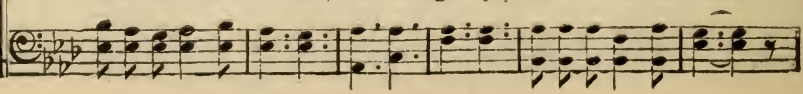
glory; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd,
vation, Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus, the cruci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!



greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song!



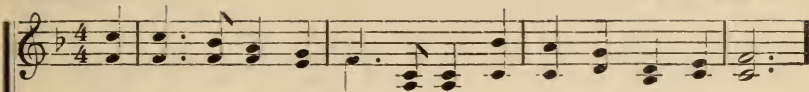
Jesus will guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long;
Jesus who bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong;
o - ver the world victorious, Pow'rand glo - ry unto the Lord be - long;



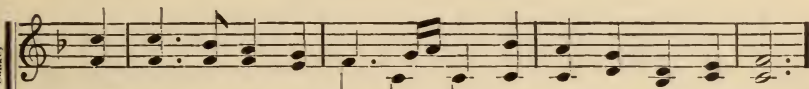
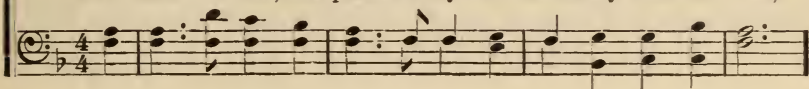
"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

F. J. CROSBY.

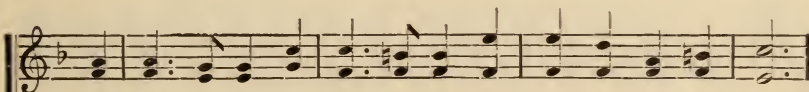
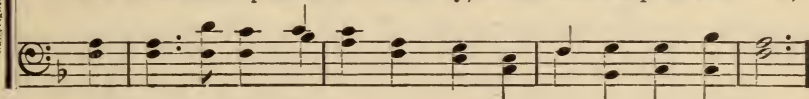
IRA D. SANKEY.



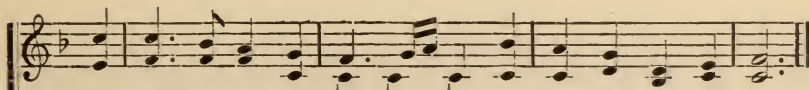
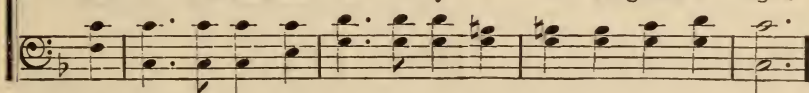
1. O child of God, wait pa - tient-ly When dark thy path may be,
2. O child of God, He lov - eth thee, And thou art all His own;
3. O child of God, how peace-ful - ly He calms thy fears to rest,



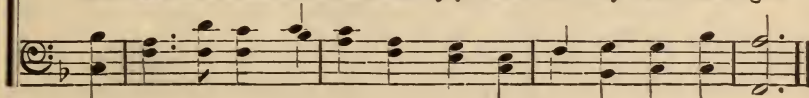
And let thy faith lean trust - ing - ly On Him who cares for Thee;
 With gen - tle hand He lead - eth thee, Thou dost not walk a - lone;
 And draws thee up - ward ten - der - ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;



And though the clouds hang drear - i - ly Up - on the brow of night,
 And though thou watchest wea - ri - ly The long and storm - y night,
 And He who bend - eth si - lent - ly A - bove the gloom of night,



Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
 Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.
 Will take thee home where end - less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.

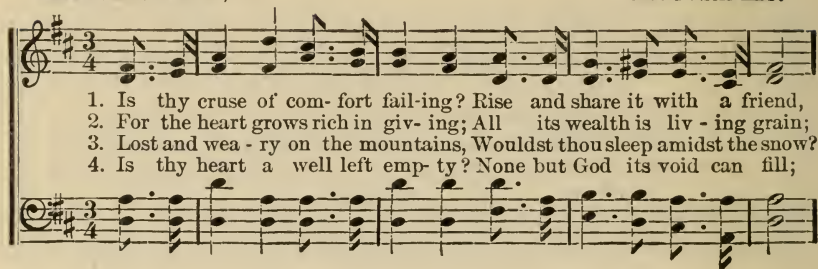


No. 38. *Is Thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?*

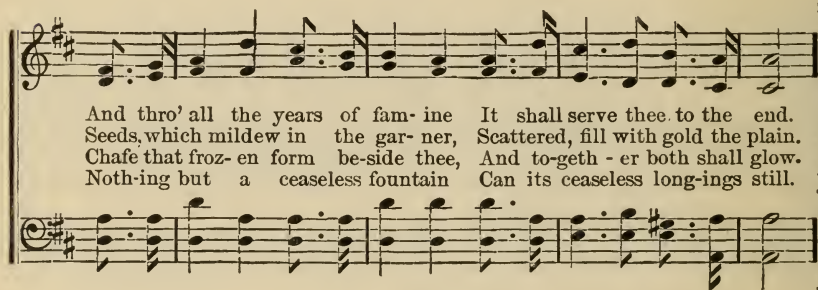
"Neither did the cruse of oil fail."—1 KING. 17: 16.

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, arr.

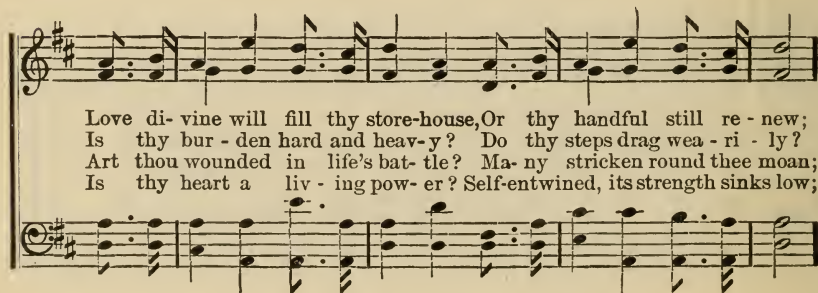
IRA D. SANKEY.



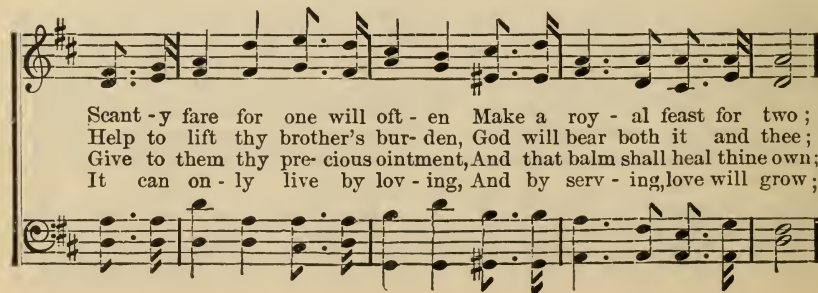
1. Is thy cruse of com- fort fail- ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
 2. For the heart grows rich in giv- ing; All its wealth is liv- ing grain;
 3. Lost and wea- ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
 4. Is thy heart a well left emp- ty? None but God its void can fill;



And thro' all the years of fam- ine It shall serve thee to the end.
 Seeds, which mildew in the gar- ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Chafe that froz- en form be- side thee, And to- geth- er both shall glow.
 Noth- ing but a ceaseless fountain Can its ceaseless long- ings still.



Love di- vine will fill thy store- house, Or thy handful still re- new;
 Is thy bur- den hard and heav- y? Do thy steps drag wea- ri- ly?
 Art thou wounded in life's bat- tle? Ma- ny stricken round thee moan;
 Is thy heart a liv- ing pow- er? Self- entwined, its strength sinks low;



Scant- y fare for one will oft- en Make a roy- al feast for two;
 Help to lift thy brother's bur- den, God will bear both it and thee;
 Give to them thy pre- cious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own;
 It can on- ly live by lov- ing, And by serv- ing, love will grow;

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Is Thy Cruse, etc.—Concluded.

Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.
 Help to lift thy brother's bur - den, God will bear both it and thee.
 Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own.
 It can on - ly live by lov - ing, And by serv - ing love will grow.

No. 39.

There is a land.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

ISAAC WATTS.

(VARINA. C. M. D.)

GEO. F. ROOT, 1849.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor - tal reign; }
 { E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban - ish pain. }
2. { Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dressed in liv - ing green, }
 { So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled between. }

There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - with - 'ring flowers;
 Could we but climb where Mos - es stood, And view the landscape o - 'er,

Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.
 Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

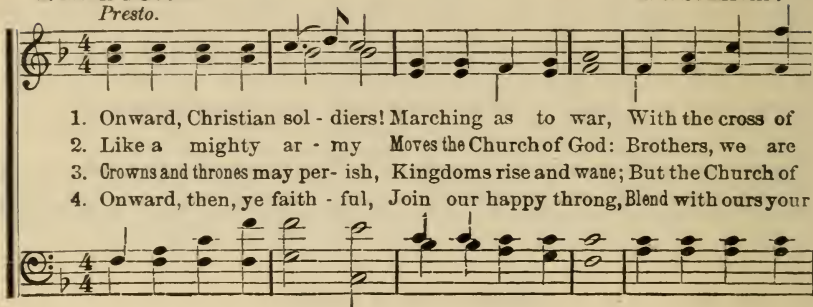
No. 40. . Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of a good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

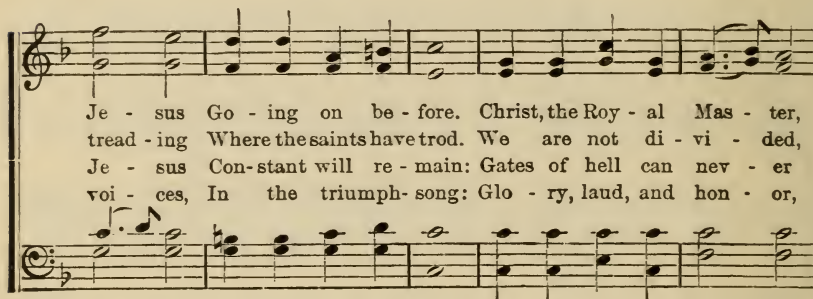
S. BARING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

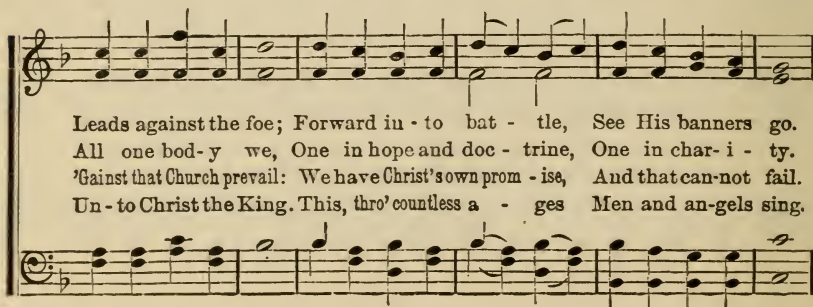
Presto.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, Kingdoms rise and wane; But the Church of
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your

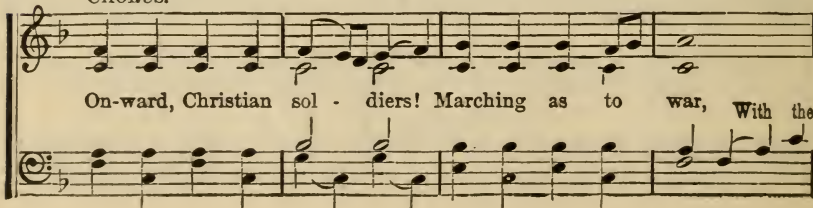


Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces, In the triumph - song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See His banners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King. This, thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the

Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

No. 41. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER.

(PILOT, 7s 6 lines.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

The first system of the musical score for 'Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.' features a treble staff with a 3/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt time and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff shows a continuation of the melodic line, while the bass staff maintains the harmonic support with chords.

Chart and com - pass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

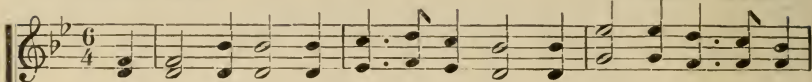
The third system concludes the piece. The treble staff features a final melodic phrase, and the bass staff provides a concluding accompaniment with chords.

Wonderful Love!

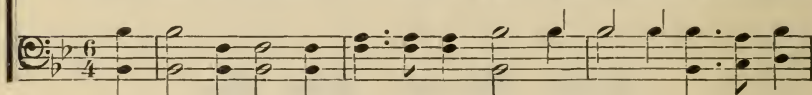
"As the Father loved me, so have I loved you."—JOHN 15: 9.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

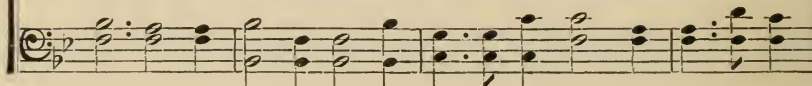
HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. O Lord, my soul re-joic-eth in Thee, My tongue Thy mer-cy is
2. I came to Thee o'er-burdened with care, My guilt with sor-row con-
3. To Thee, my hope and ref-uge di-vine, My faith is fer-vent-ly
4. I look be-yond this val-ley of tears, Where Thou, a man-sion pre-

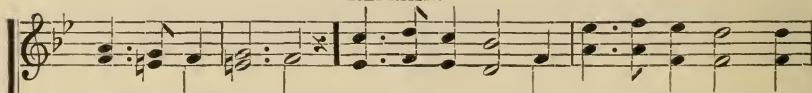


tell-ing; I've found Thy love so pre-cious to me, My heart with its
fess-ing; 'Twas love, Thy love, that ban-ish'd my fear, And gave me for
cling-ing; And ev-'ry hour some to-ken of love New joy to my
par-ing, Wilt call me home for-ev-er with Thee, The bliss of the



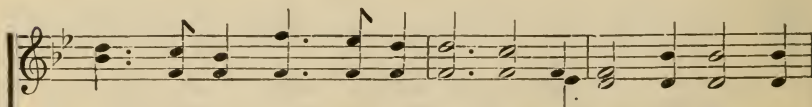
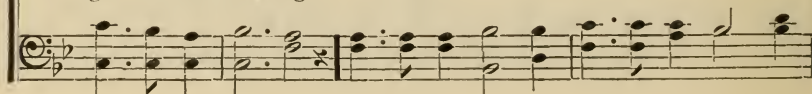
Copyright, MDCCLXXC, by Ira D. Sankey.

REFRAIN.

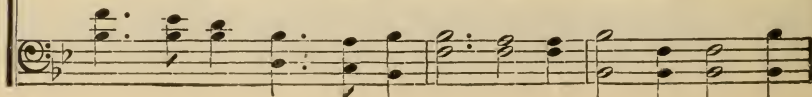


rapt-ure is swell-ing.
sad-ness a bless-ing.
spir-it is bring-ing.
glo-ri-fied shar-ing.

} Won-der-ful love! O won-der-ful love! I'll



sing of its ful-ness for-ev-er; I've found the way that



Wonderful Love!—Concluded.

lead - eth a - bove, The way to the life giv - ing riv - er.

No. 43. *Lead, Kindly Light.*

"Send thy light and truth, let them lead me."—Ps. 43: 3.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on. Keep Thou my feet; I

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step enough for me.

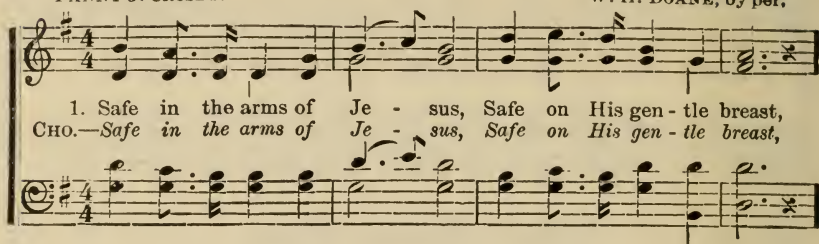
| | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Shouldst lead me on; [Thou I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.</p> | <p>3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure Will lead me on [it still O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, The night is gone, [till And with the morn those angel faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 44. Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

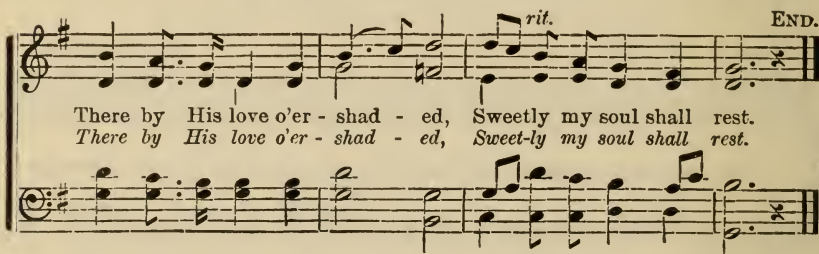
"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

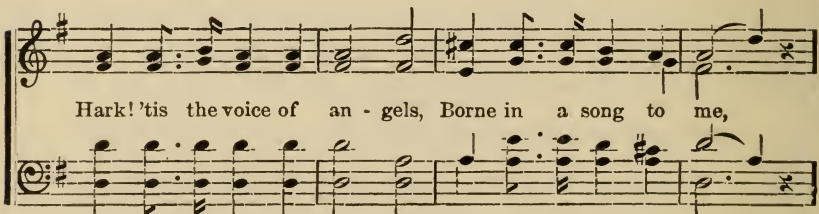
W. H. DOANE, by per.



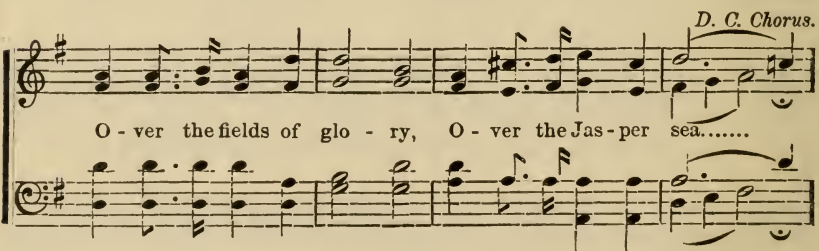
1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,



There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the Jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

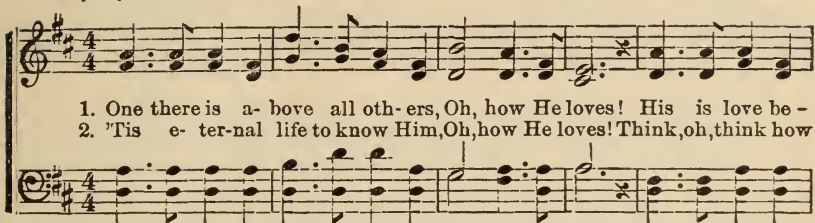
3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

Oh, how He Loves.

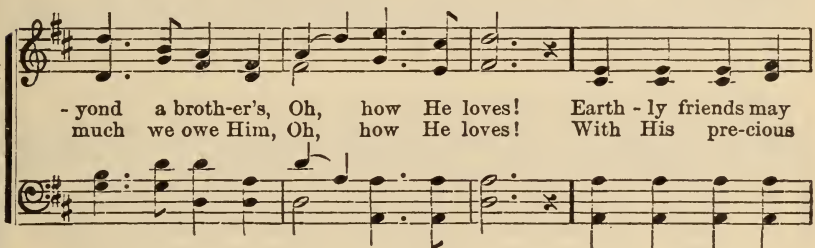
"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Adp. by Miss MARIANNE NUNN.

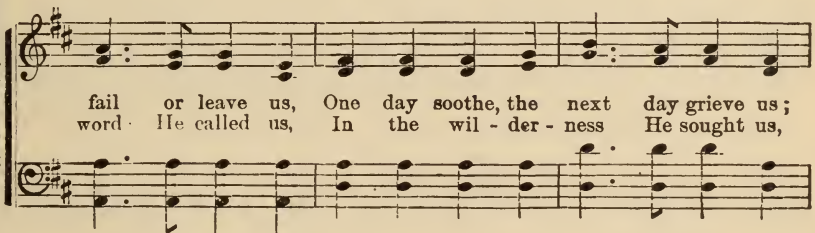
HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



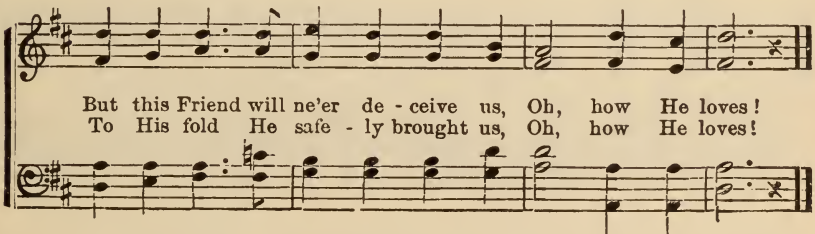
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Oh, how He loves! His is love be -
 2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how



- yond a broth - er's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may
 much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre - cious



fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;
 word - He called us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,



But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!
 To His fold He safe - ly brought us, Oh, how He loves!

3

Blessed Jesus! would you know him,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Think no longer of the morrow,
 From the past new courage borrow,
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,
 Oh, how He loves!

4

All your sins shall be forgiven,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Backward shall your foes be driven,
 Oh, how He loves!
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,
 Safe to glory He will guide you,
 Oh, how He loves!

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6: 61.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of

Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of
 Life; Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of

Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

Beau - ti - ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.

Hear the Call.

"Put on the whole armour of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

March movement.

1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
 2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
 3. Onward marching, firm and stead-y, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
 4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

Sons of earth from slum-ber wak-ing, Hail the Brightaund Morning star.
 Je - sus leads the gath'r-ing legions, In His name we shall prevail.
 For the Lord is with you al-ways, Till you wear the victor's crown.
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.

Hear the call! O gird your armour on, Grasp the Spir - it's mighty Sword:

Take the hel-met of sal - va-tion, Pressing on to bat-tle for the Lord!

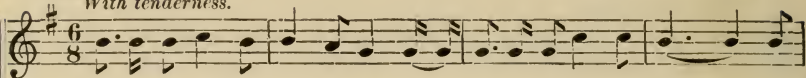
No. 48. Where is my Boy to-night?

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10 : 1.

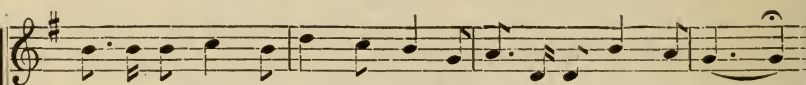
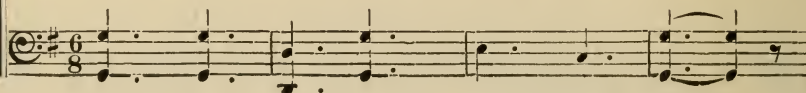
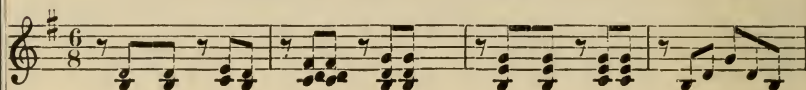
R. L.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

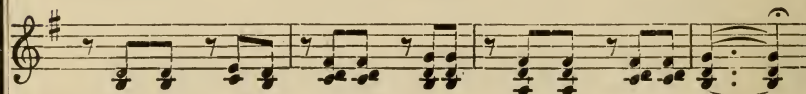
With tenderness.



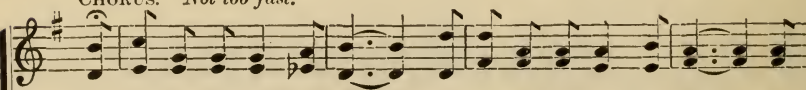
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee ; No
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old- en time, When
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night ; Go, search for him where you will ; But



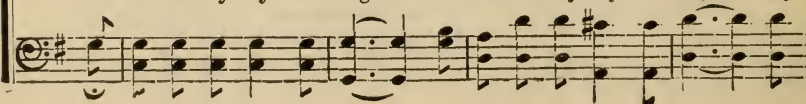
boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer ?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat- tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime !
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to - night ? O where is my boy to - night ? My



Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.

heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

No. 49. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours ;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs ;

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun ;

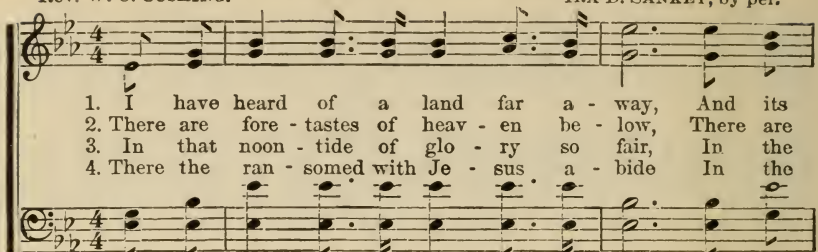
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more ;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

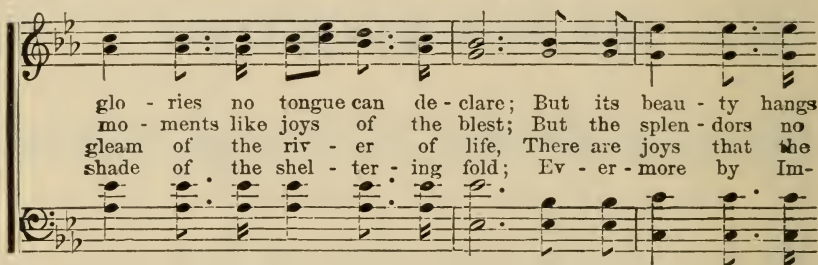
"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

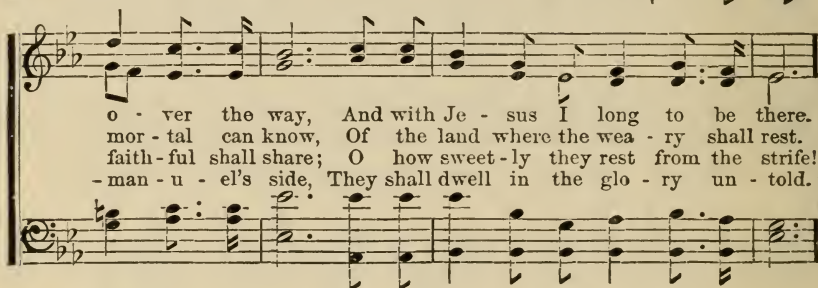
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. I have heard of a land far a - way, And its
 2. There are fore - tastes of heav - en be - low, There are
 3. In that noon - tide of glo - ry so fair, In the
 4. There the ran - somed with Je - sus a - bid In the

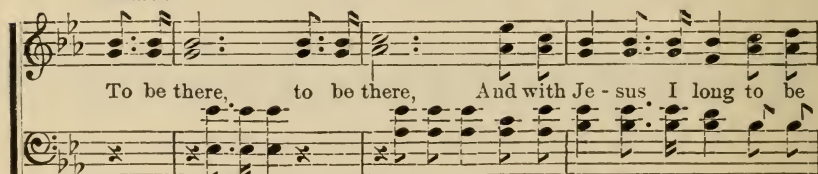


glo - ries no tongue can de - clare; But its beau - ty hangs
 mo - ments like joys of the blest; But the splen - dors no
 gleam of the riv - er of life, There are joys that the
 shade of the shel - ter - ing fold; Ev - er - more by Im -

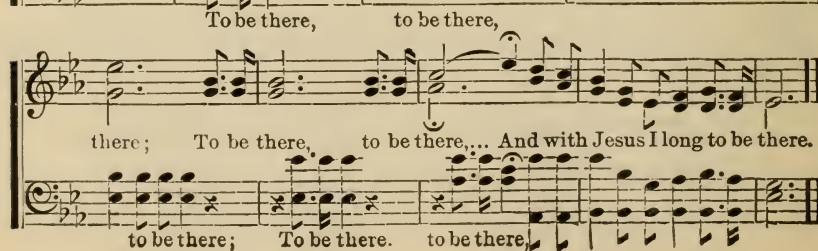


o - ver the way, And with Je - sus I long to be there.
 mor - tal can know, Of the land where the wea - ry shall rest.
 faith - ful shall share; O how sweet - ly they rest from the strife!
 - man - u - el's side, They shall dwell in the glo - ry un - told.

REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, And with Je - sus I long to be



To be there, to be there,
 there; To be there, to be there, ... And with Jesus I long to be there.
 to be there; To be there. to be there,

Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world,"—MATT. 13: 39.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our

and the dew - y eve; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end-ed,
 spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.
 We shall come, re - joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves.

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic - ing, Bringing in the sheaves;

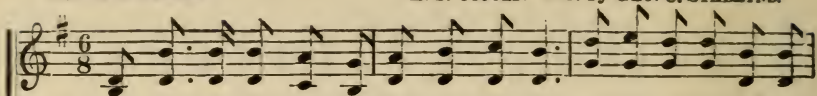
Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

Throw Out the Life-Line.

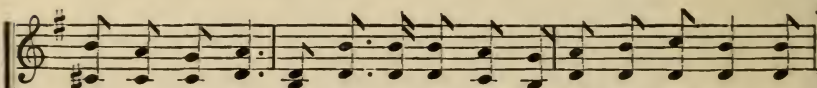
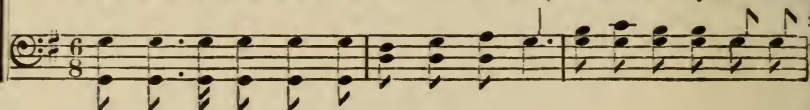
(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

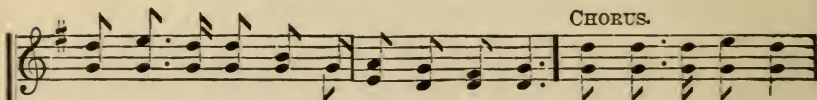
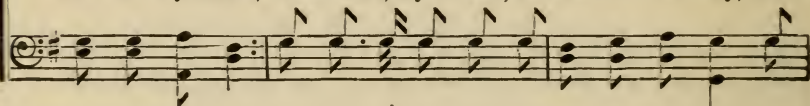
E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the sea - son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

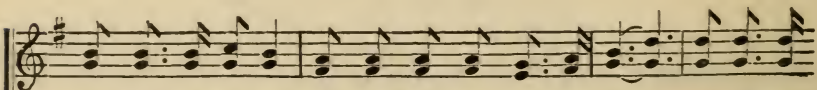
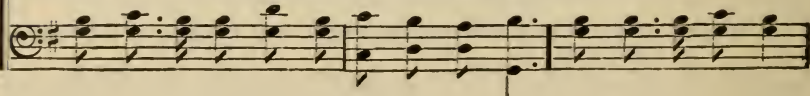


some one should save; Some-bod-y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink - ing; oh, has - ten to - day—And
 you've nev - er been: Winds of tempta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But

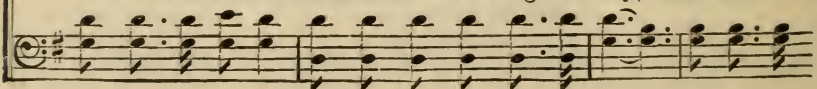


CHORUS.

throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! } Throw out the Life-Line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift - ing a - way; Throw out the



Throw Out the Life-Line.—Concluded.

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.

No. 53. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. TAYLOR, D.D. Alt.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Clos-er, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos-er still to Thee; Safe beneath Thy
 2. Clos-er yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref-uge of my soul; Dread I not the
 3. Clos-er still, my Help, my Stay, Clos-er, clos-er still; Meek-ly there I
 4. Clos-er, Lord, to Thee I come, Light of life Di-vine; Thro' the ev-er

sheltering wing I would ev-er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as
 tempest-shock, Tho' the billows roll. Wildest storm can-not alarm, For, to
 learn to say, "Father, not my will;" Learn that in affliction's hour, When the
 Bless-ed Son, Joy and peace are mine; Let me in Thy love a-bide, Keep me

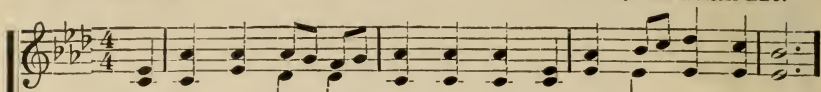
saults without, within, Help me, Lord, the battle win;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
 me, can come no harm, Leaning on Thy loving arm;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
 clouds of sorrow lower, Love directs Thy hand of power;—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.
 ev-er near Thy side, In the "Rock of A-ges" hide,—Clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

The Prodigal's Return.

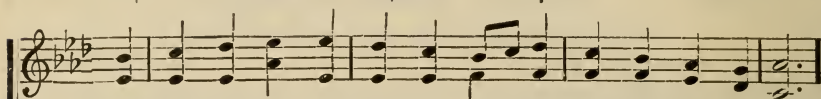
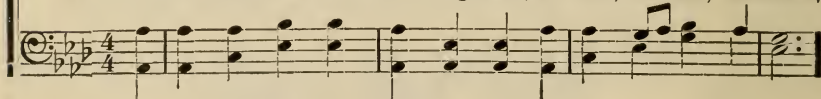
"I will arise, and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON.

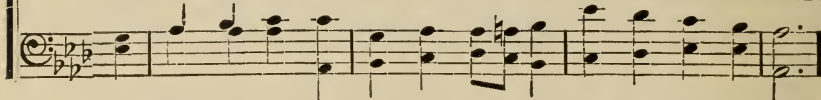
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Af-flic-tions, tho' they seem se-vere, In mer-cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?"
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done, Fall down be-fore his face;
4. His fa-ther saw him com-ing back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,



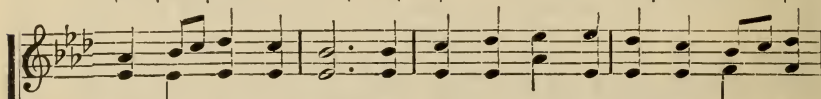
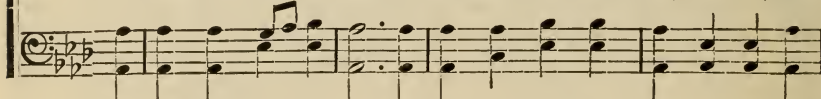
They stopp'd the prod-i-gal's ca-reer, And caused him to re-pent.
 My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread, While I am starv-ing here!
 Un-wor-thy to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."
 And threw his arms a-round the neck Of his re-bell-i-ous child!



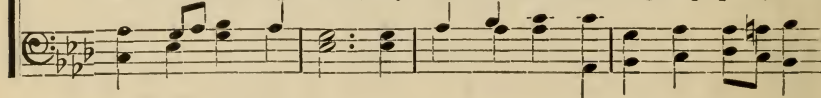
CHORUS.



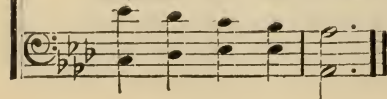
"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor



starve in for-eign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup-plies, And



bounteous are his hands."



- 5 "O father, I have sinned—forgive!"
 "Enough," the father said;
 "Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
 For whom I mourned as dead!"

- 6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love He feels,
 And welcomes all that come.

I Left it All with Jesus.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

Miss H. M. WARNER.

1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter

And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert garden

'Tis for thee, From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way--Hap - py day!
Bloom a - while: When my weakness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way—Hap - py day!
When my weak - ness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it all with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

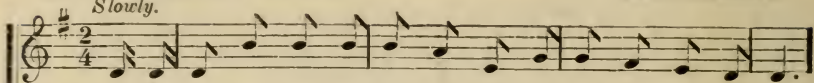
No. 56. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM XXXI. 20.

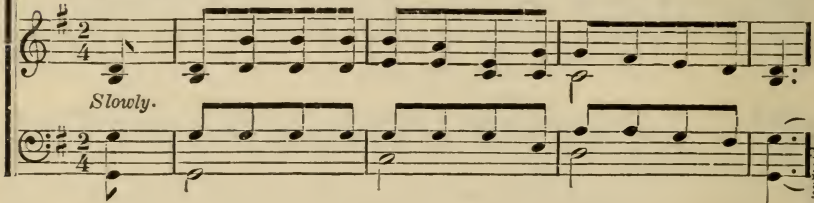
ELLEN LAKSHMI GORZEH, of India.

GEO. C. STEBRINA.

Slowly.

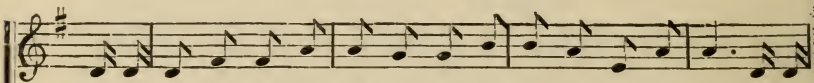


1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord?

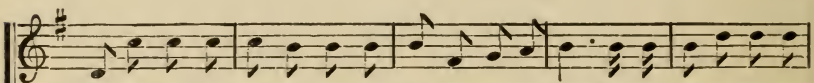


Slowly.

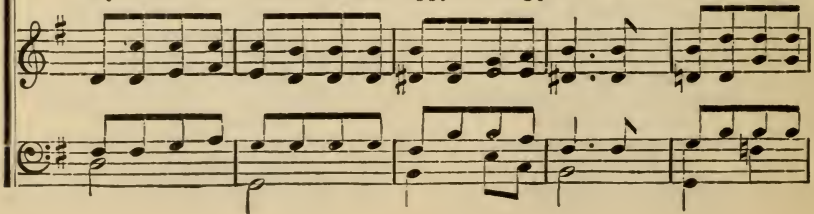
Copyright, 1885, by T. T. Sankey.



Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Je - sus side ! Earthly
There is cool and pleasant shel - ter, and a fresh and crystal spring ; And my
Oh, how pa - tient - ly He list - ens ! and my drooping soul He cheers : Do you
Go and hide beneath His shad - ow : this shall then be your reward ; And when -



cares can nev- er vex me, neither tri- als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Saviour rests be- side me, as we hold communion sweet: If I tried, I could not
think He nev-er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er
e-very you leave the si- lence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the



In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.

rit.

tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.
 ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
 im - age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.

No. 57.

The Shining Shore.

Rev. DAVID NELSON.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger.
 2. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our sing-ing;
 3. Let sor-row's rud-est temp-est blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;

FINE.

Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
 That per-fect rest naught can mol-est, Where gold-en harps are ring-ing.
 Our King says "Come!" and there's our home, For ev-er, oh! for ev-er!

D.S.—just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov-er.

CHORUS.

D.S.

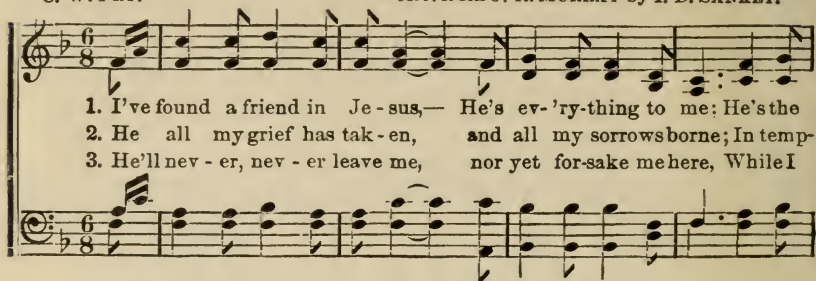
For, oh! we stand on Jordan's strand; Our friends are pass-ing o-ver; And,

The Lily of the Valley.

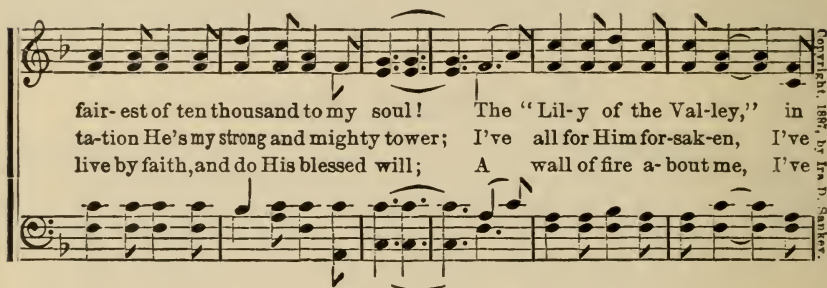
"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 1.

C. W. FRY.

Arr. from J. R. MURRAY by I. D. SANKEY.

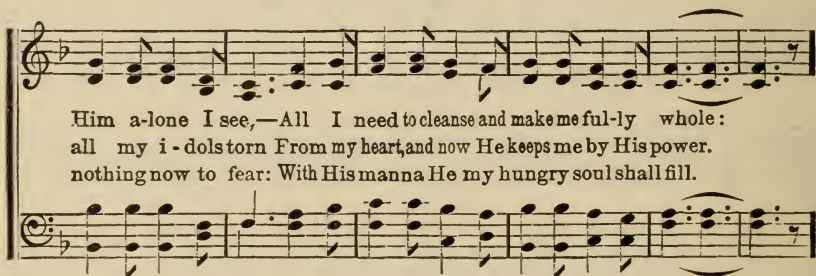


1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,— He's ev-'ry-thing to me; He's the
 2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp -
 3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I

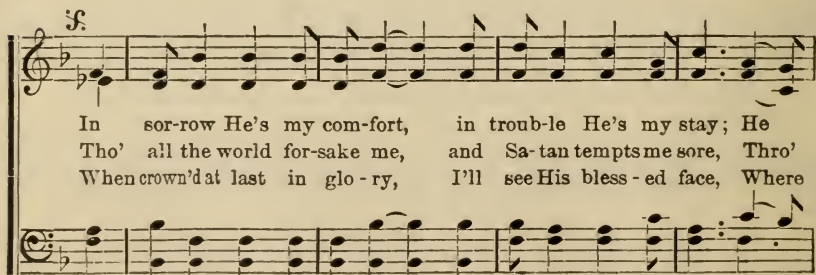


fair - est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lil - y of the Val - ley," in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him for-sak - en, I've
 live by faith, and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

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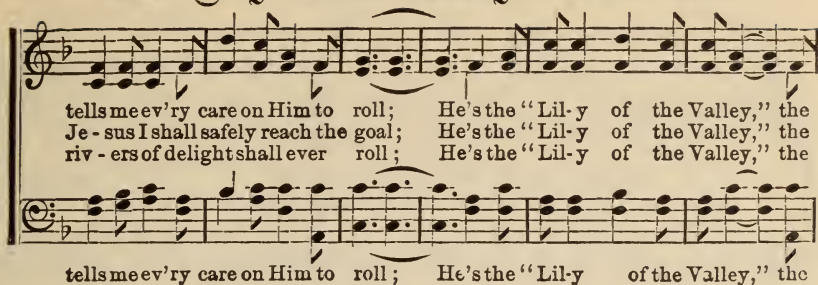
Him a - lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole:
 all my i - dolstorn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
 nothing now to fear: With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.



In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay; He
 Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro'
 When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where

D.S.—In sor - row He's my com - fort, in trouble He's my stay; He

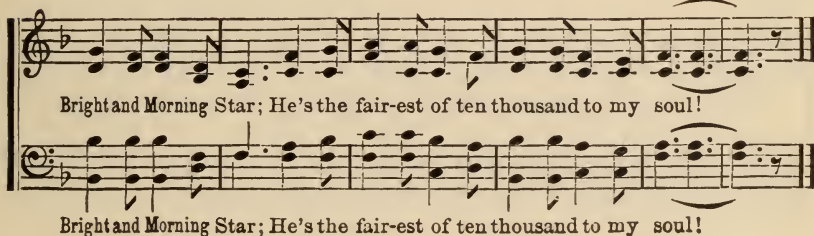
The Lily of the Valley. — Concluded.



tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
 Je - sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the
 riv - ers of delight shall ever roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the

tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Valley," the

D.S. for CHORUS.



Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

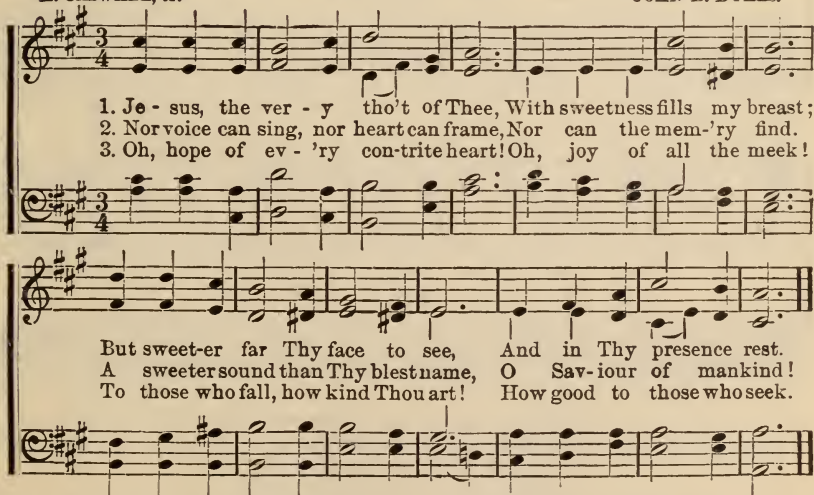
Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thousand to my soul!

No. 59. Jesus, the very Thought.

E. CASWALL, tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Je - sus, the ver - y tho't of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'-ry find.
 3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest.
 A sweeter sound than Thy blest name, O Sav-iour of mankind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
 Nor tongue nor pen can show;
 The love of Jesus, what it is
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be;
 Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

"The Lord also will be a refuge.....in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740,

JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy ho - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me:

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make me, keep me, pure within,
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 60 a. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(Second Tune.)

SIMEON B. MARSH.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high;
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 61.

"'Tis Midnight."

WM. B. TAPPAN.

"It is finished."—JOHN 19: 30.

VIRGIL C. TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all remov'd, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt, The Man of sor-row weeps in blood;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now The suff-'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.
Ev'n that dis - ci - ple whom He lov'd Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt, Is not for - sak - en by His God.

The Home Over There.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest."—PSALM 55 6.

REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.

1. Oh, think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have

light. Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
o-ver there,

REFRAIN.
robed in their garments of white, over there. Over there, O-ver
home in the pal-ace of God, o-ver there. Over there, O-ver
o-ver there,

there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver
there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there, o-ver there; O-ver
o-ver there, o-ver there,

there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o-ver there.
there, over there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.
over there,

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

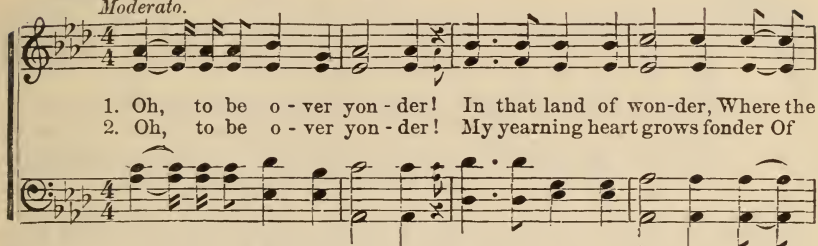
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

In the Presence of the King.

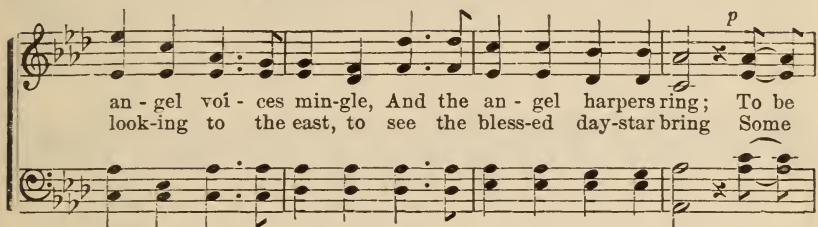
"In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG, 1864.

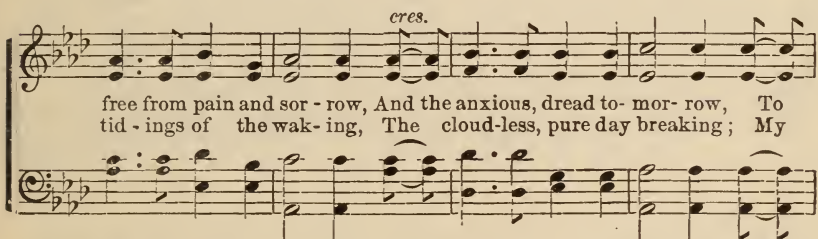
English.

Moderato.


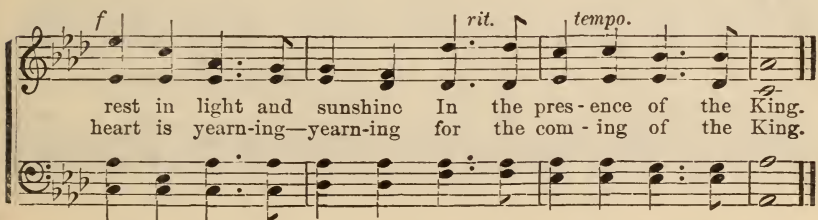
1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der, Where the
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of



an - gel voi - ces min - gle, And the an - gel harpers ring; To be
look - ing to the east, to see the bless - ed day - star bring Some



free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to - mor - row, To
tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloud - less, pure day breaking; My



rest in light and sunshine In the pres - ence of the King.
heart is yearn - ing - yearn - ing for the com - ing of the King.

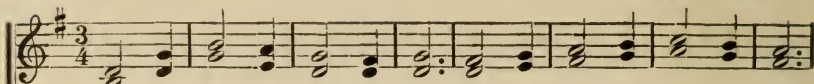
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Oh, to be over yonder! Alas! I sigh and wonder Why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart In to any earthly thing; Each tie of earth must sever, And pass away for ever; But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.</p> | <p>4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling Where angel voices, swelling triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring? Where the pearly gates are gleam - ing, And the morning star is beaming? Oh, when shall I be yonder in the pres - ence of the King?</p> |
|---|---|

Holy Spirit, Teacher Thou.

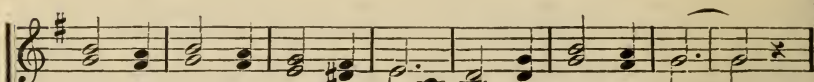
"He shall teach you all things."—JOHN 14: 26.

L. W. MUNHALL.

ROBERT LOWRY.



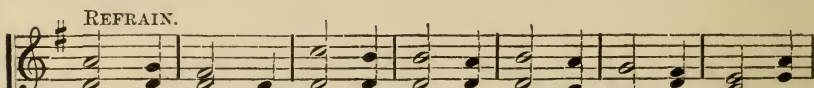
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Teacher Thou, At the throne of grace we bow;
 2. Com-fort - er in - deed Thou art, Giving strength to ev - 'ry heart;
 3. Sent to be our Guide to - day, Keep us in the nar - row way;
 4. Teacher, Com-fort - er, and Guide, In our hearts do Thou a - bide;



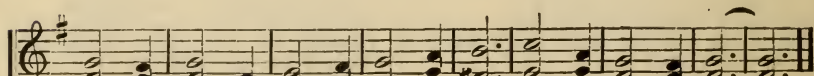
Come, per- form Thine of - fice now, Teach us ev - er - more.
 Let Thy presence ne'er de - part, Com- fort ev - er - more.
 Grant that we may nev - er stray, Guide us ev - er - more.
 And in life, what-e'er be - tide, Help us ev - er - more.

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REFRAIN.



Ho - ly Spir - it, teach us ev - er, Com- fort, guide, and leave us



nev - er; Dwell with-in us, we im-plore, Now and ev - er - more.

Jesus Shall Reign.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10: 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

KARL WILHELM. ARR.

f

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till
crown His head; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the prin - ces meet,
ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their hom - age at His feet; While west - ern em - - pires
Dwell on His love with sweet - est song, And in - fant voic - - es

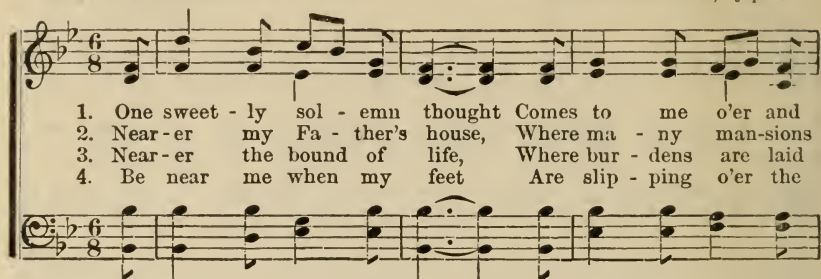
own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

No. 66. One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

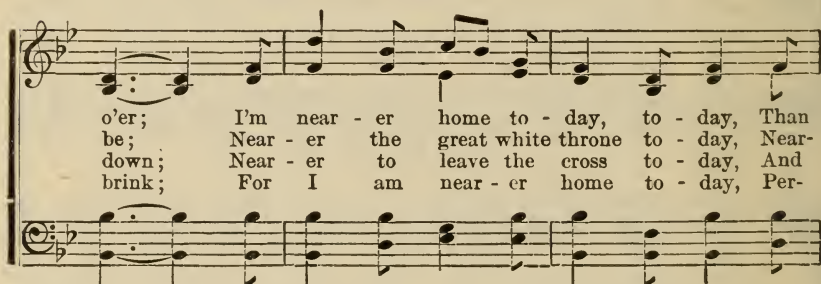
"Now they desire a better country that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

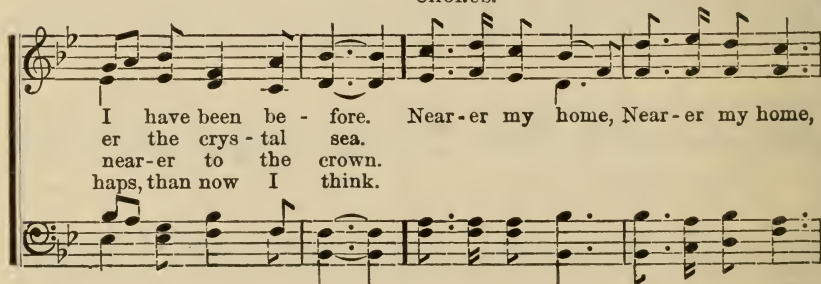


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man-sions
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slip - ping o'er the

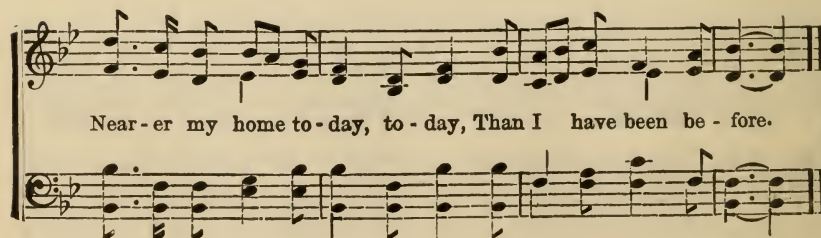


o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than
 be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near-
 down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And
 brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per-

CHORUS.



I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home,
 er the crys - tal sea.
 near - er to the crown.
 haps, than now I think.



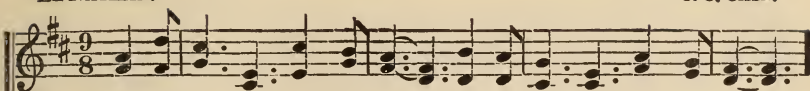
Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

Why Not Now?

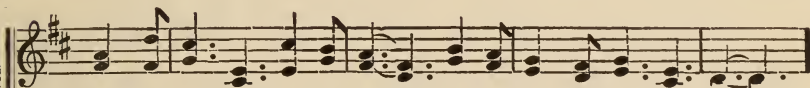
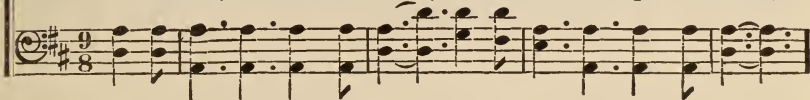
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

EL NATHAN.

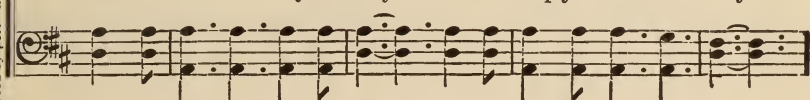
C. C. CASE.



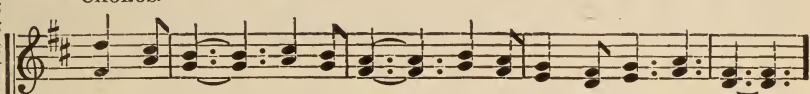
1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've fail'd to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;



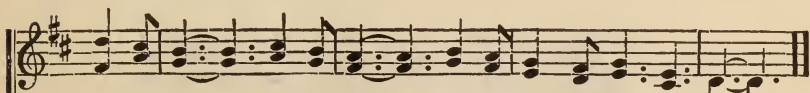
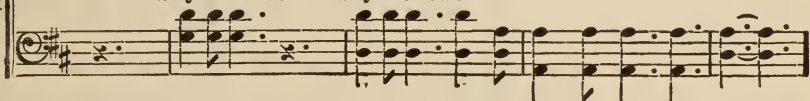
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



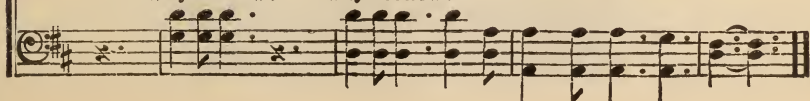
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? why not now?



Dark is the Night.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. { Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blow - ing, Near - er and
Where shall I go, or whith - er fly for ref - uge? Hide me, my

CHORUS.

nearer comes the breakers' roar; } { With His loving hand to guide, let the
Father, till the storm is o'er; } I can brave the wildest storm, with His

1st time.
clouds a - bove me roll, And the bil - lows in their fu - ry dash a -
glo - ry in my soul, I can (Omit.....)

2d time.
- round me. } sing a - midst the tem - pest—Praise the Lord!

2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

A Sinner Forgiven.

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

JEREMIAH J. CALLAHAN.

Arr. by I. B. WOODBURY.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the
2. The frown and the murmur went round thro' them all, That one so un-

cit - y that Je - sus was there; Un - heed - ing the splendor that
hallowed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be

blazed on the board, She si - lent - ly knelt at the feet of the
ob - jects more meet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on His

Lord, She si - lent - ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.
feet, As the wealth of her per - fume she shower'd on His feet.

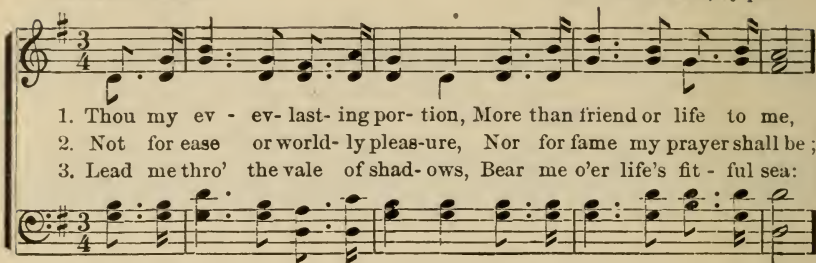
3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

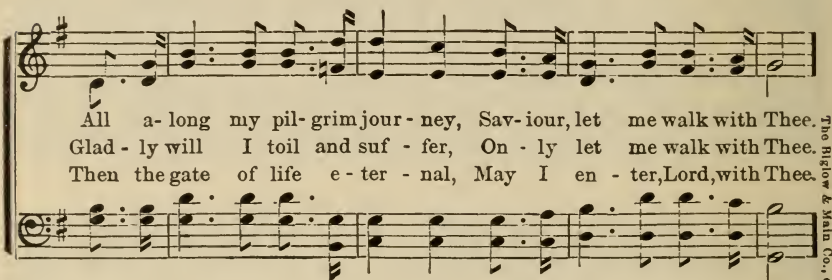
"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

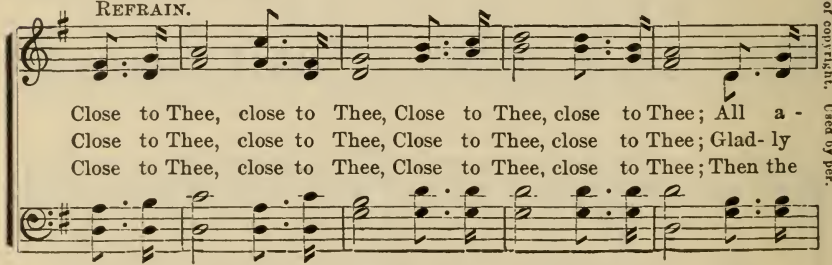


1. Thou my ev - ev - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea:

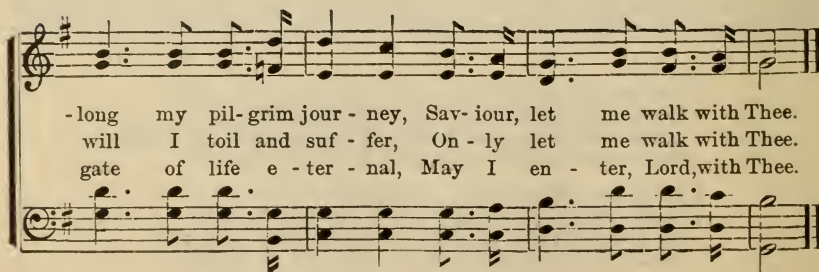


All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the



- long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

O Rock of Ages.

"The Lord Jehovah is the Rock of Ages."—ISA. 26: 4.

REV. H. L. HASTINGS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
 2. I'll hide me in this refuge strong, From ev-'ry storm-y blast;
 3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op - prest,
 4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crystal wa - ters spring;

A sure and cer - tain anch'rage ground In Christ with - in the vail.
 And sit and sing un - til the waves Of wrath are o - ver - past.
 Ye tempt-ed, troub - led, ru - ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
 There hide from ev - 'ry storm - y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.

O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;
 O Rock In Thee

My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe - ly there a - bide.

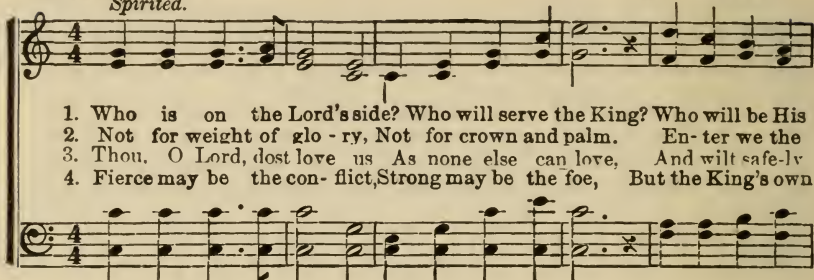
No. 72. Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."—1 CHRON. 12: 18.

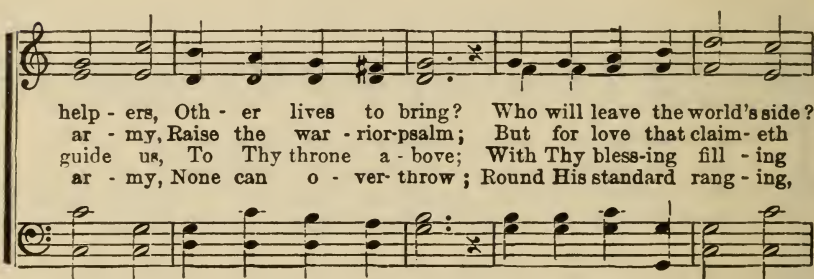
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

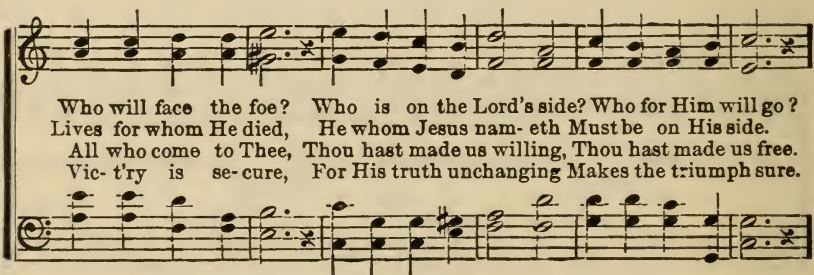
Spirited.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown and palm. En - ter we the
 3. Thou, O Lord, dost love us As none else can love, And wilt safe - ly
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own

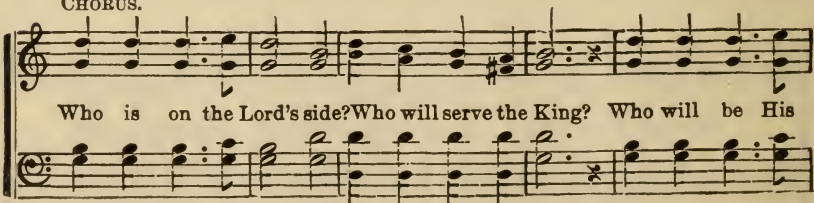


help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior - psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 guide us, To Thy throne a - bove; With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
 ar - my, None can o - ver - throw; Round His standard rang - ing,



Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 Lives for whom He died, He whom Jesus nam - eth Must be on His side.
 All who come to Thee, Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
 Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure.

CHORUS.



Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His

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Who is on the Lord's Side.—Concluded.

help - ers, Oth - er lives to bring? By Thy grand re-demp - tion,

By Thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.

No. 73.

Lead me on.

"For Thy name's sake lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31 : 3.

C. C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. Trav'-ling to the bet - ter land, O'er the de - sert's scorching sand,
 2. When at Ma - rah, parched with heat, I the sparkling fountain greet,
 3. When the wil - der - ness is drear, Show me E - lim's palm - groves near,

Fa - ther! let me grasp Thy hand; Lead me on, lead me on!
 Make the bit - ter wa - ters sweet; Lead me on, lead me on!
 And her wells as crys - tal clear; Lead me on, lead me on!

4 Through the water, through the fire,
 Never let me fall or tire,
 Every step brings Canaan nigher :
 Lead me on !

5 Bid me stand on Nebo's height,
 Gaze upon the land of light,
 Then transported with the sight,
 Lead me on !

6 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
 Never let me fear or shrink ;
 Hold me, Father, lest I sink ;
 Lead me on !

7 When the victory is won,
 And eternal life begun,
 Up to glory lead me on !
 Lead me on, lead me on

No. 74. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

"Then I shall know."—1 COR. 13: 12.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 2. At the crys - tal riv-er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
 3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the
 find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the
 gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be

loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we
 star that, fad-ing here, Left our hearts and homes so dear, We shall
 fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall

REFRAIN.

come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by,
 see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by. }
 know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, yes, by and by,

(Copyright, 1884, by Biglow & Main.)

Some Sweet Day, etc.—Concluded.

Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

No. 75.

Happy Day.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."—PSA. 144: 15.

P. DODDRIDGE.

From E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad.

♩ CHORUS.

FINE.

D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D.S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev'-ry day;

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd.

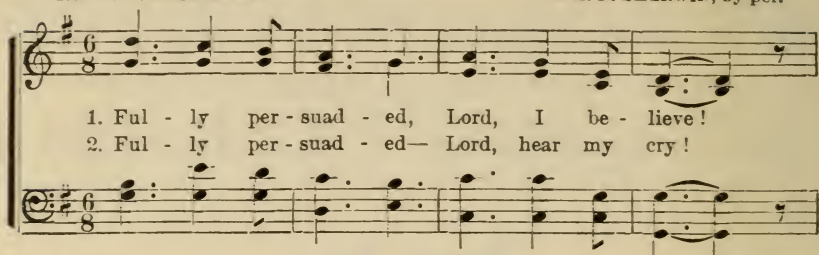
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Fully Persuaded.

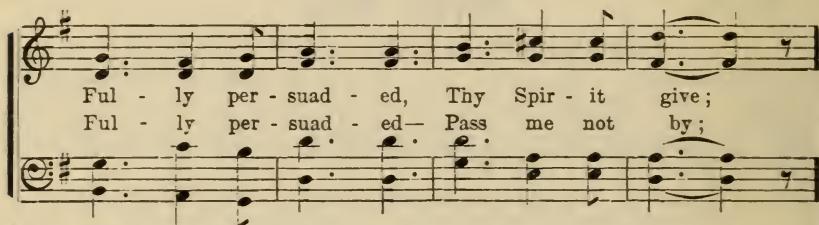
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

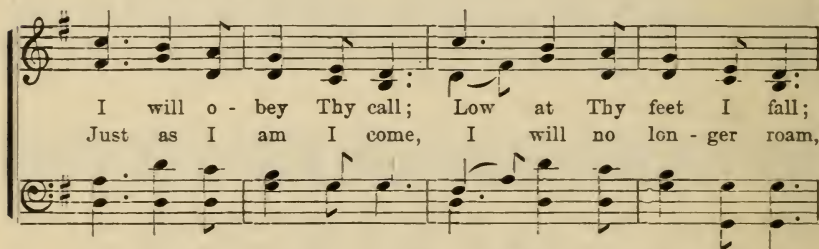
WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.



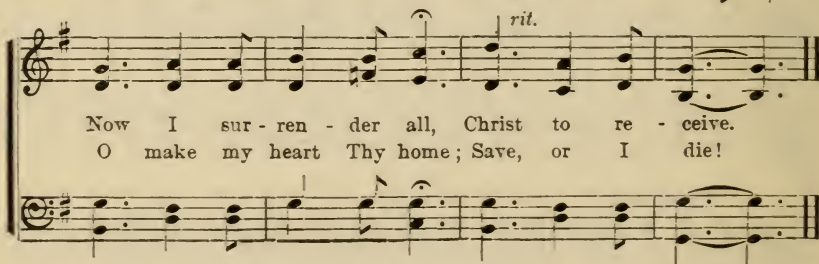
1. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve!
2. Ful - ly per - suad - ed— Lord, hear my cry!



Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Thy Spir - it give;
Ful - ly per - suad - ed— Pass me not by;



I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall;
Just as I am I come, I will no lon - ger roam,



Now I sur - ren - der all, Christ to re - ceive.
O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!

3.

Fully persuaded, no more opprest,
Fully persuaded, now I am blest:
Jesus is now my Guide,
I will in Christ abide;
My soul is satisfied
In Him to rest!

4.

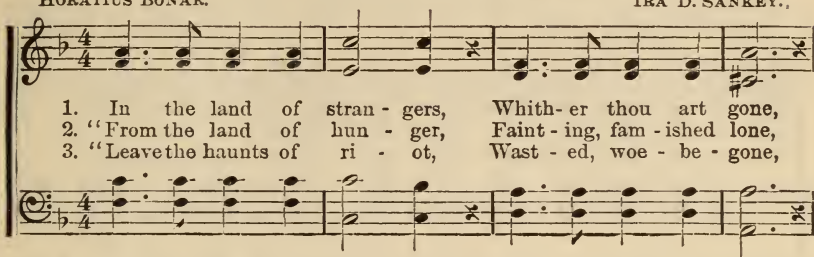
Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;
Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!
O make my love to Thee
Like Thine own love to me,
So rich, so full and free,
Saviour divine!

No. 77. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

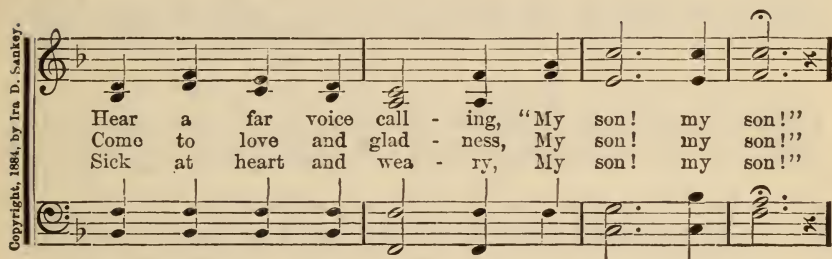
"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—LUKE 15: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR.

IRA D. SANKEY.

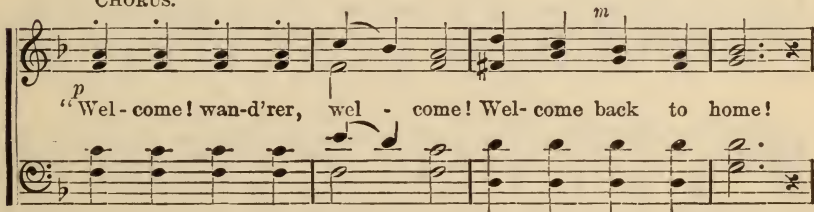


1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith - er thou art gone,
 2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished lone,
 3. "Leaveth haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe - be - gone,

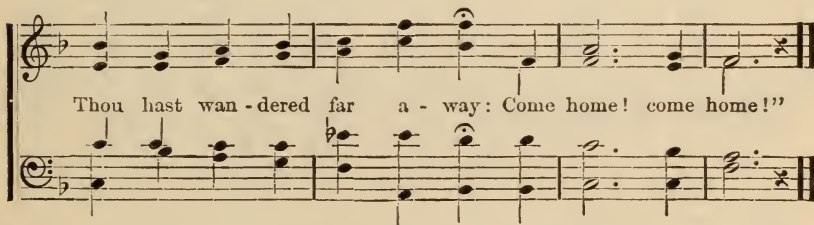


Hear a far voice call - ing, "My son! my son!"
 Come to love and glad - ness, My son! my son!"
 Sick at heart and wea - ry, My son! my son!"

CHORUS.



^p "Wel - come! wan - d'r'er, wel - come! Wel - come back to home!



Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open!
 Thou art still my own;
 Eyes of love are on thee,
 My son! my son!"

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
 Wilt thou farther roam?
 Come, and all is pardoned,
 My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,
 Unforgotten one!
 Here is rest and plenty,
 My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
 Hopeless, and undone;
 Mine is love unchanging,
 My son! my son!"

Holy, Holy, Holy!

"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,
which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

REV. JOHN. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee,

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see,

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and Might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee,

All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea.
Thou who wast, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
In - fi - nite in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O wan - d'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God,
 2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night
 3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun -
 4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him

a - way from home; The Sav - iour calls, O hear Him say,
 are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still;
 dant grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill,
 sweet rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, ech - o still,

REFRAIN.

Who - ev - er will may come to - day.
 Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
 Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.
 The bless - ed who - so - ev - er will.

} Who - ev - er will,

who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;

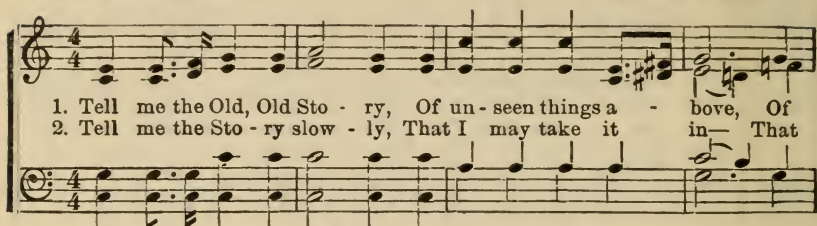
Who - ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

No. 80. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

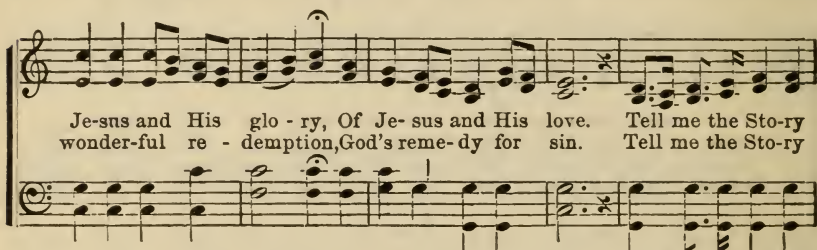
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

Miss KATE HANKEY.

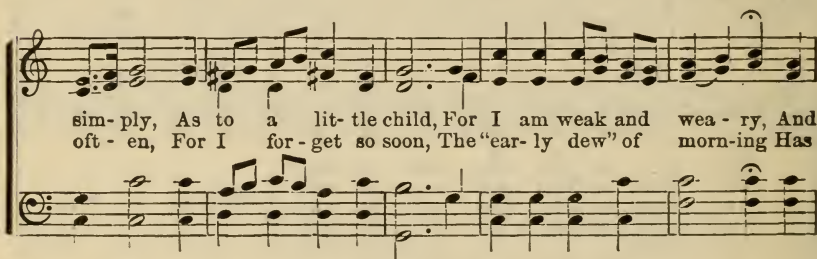
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That

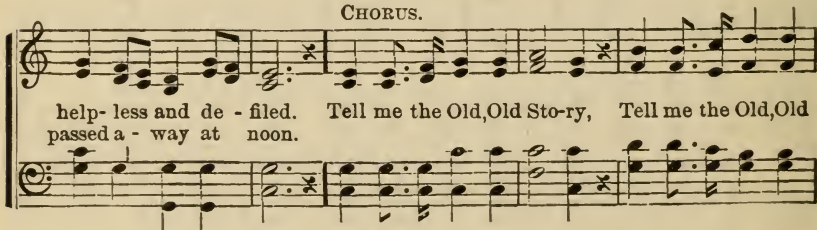


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry
wonder - ful re - demption, God's reme - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry

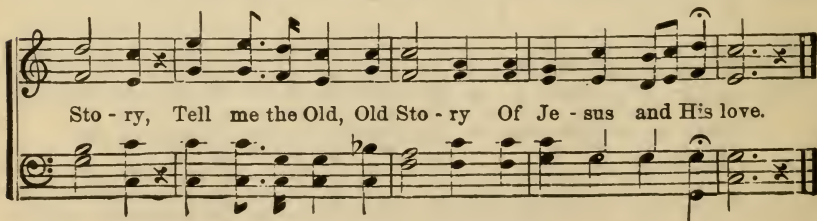


sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has

CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
passed a - way at noon.



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Tell Me the Old Story.—Concluded.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

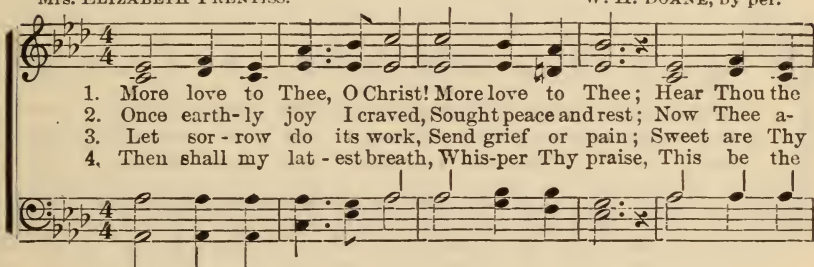
4 Tell me the same old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old Story :
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 81. More Love to Thee, O Christ.

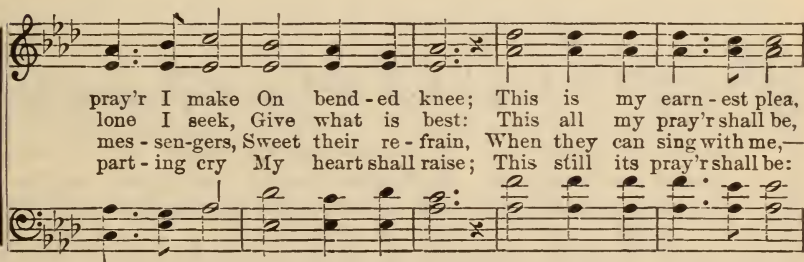
"Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

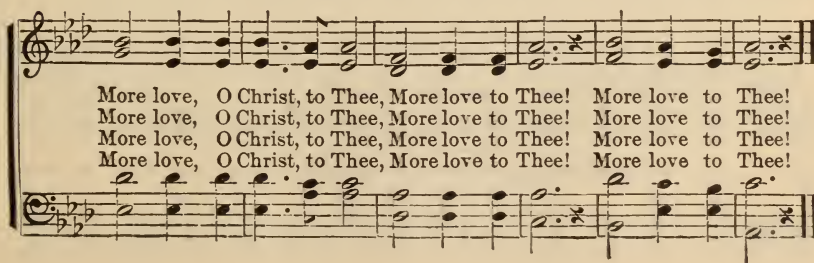
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whis-per Thy praise, This be the



pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:



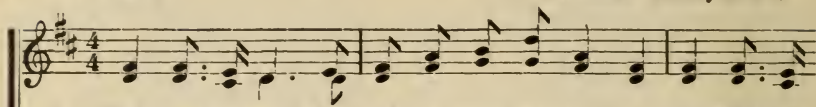
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

Hark, Hark! my Soul!

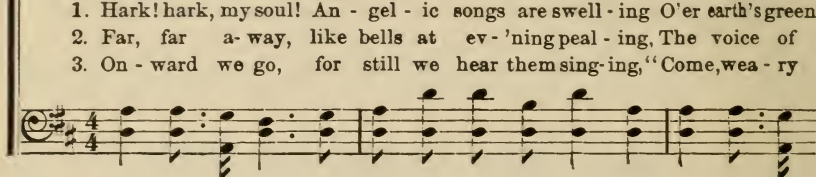
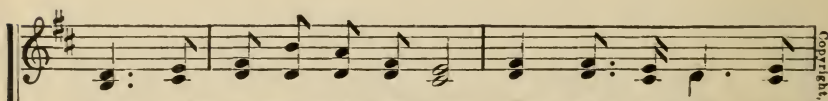
"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1: 14.

F. W. FABER.

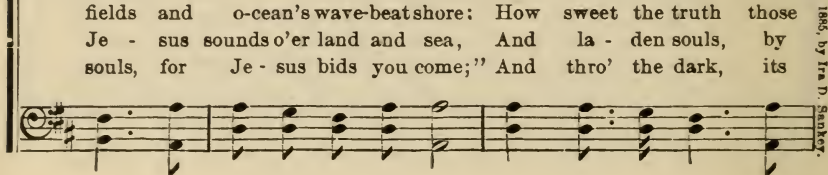
C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.



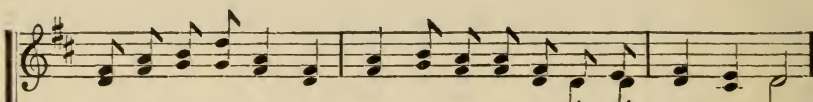
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
 2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev - 'ning peal - ing, The voice of
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry

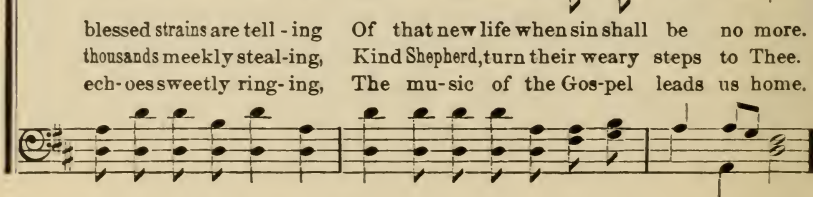
fields and o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its



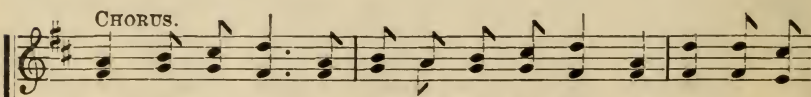
Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.



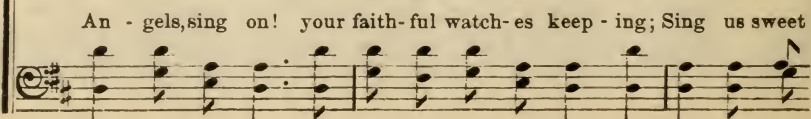
blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
 thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
 ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.



CHORUS.



An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet



Hark, Hark! my Soul!—Concluded.

frag-ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall

end the night of weep-ing, And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.

No. 83.

Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

W. WILLIAMS.

WM. L. VINER.

FINE.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this barren land ;
D.C. { Bread of heav - en, Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow ;
D.C. { Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

D.C.

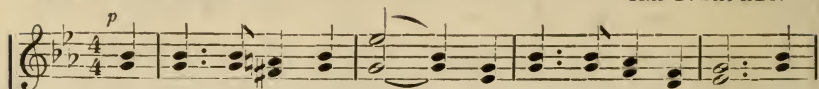
I am weak, but Thou art might - y ; Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
Let the fie - ry, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro' :

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises, Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

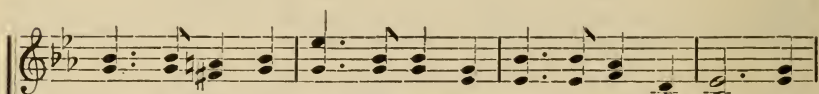
"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE.

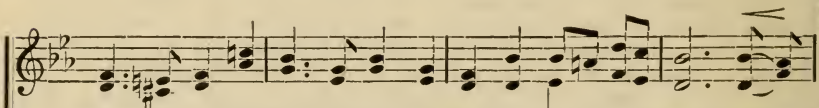
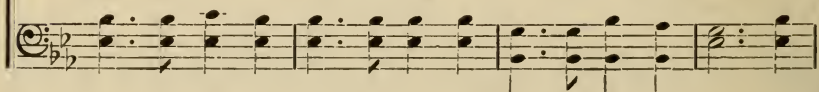
IRA D. SANKEY.



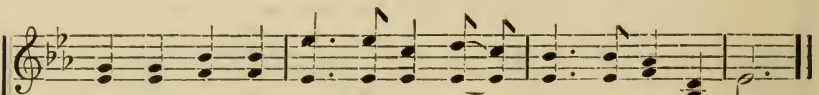
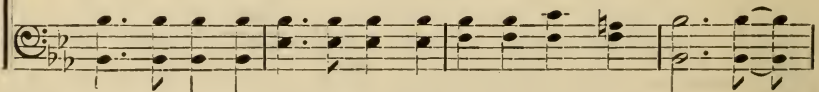
1. Be-neath the cross of Christ I fain would take my stand—The
2. O safe and hap-py shel-ter, O ref-uge tried and sweet, O
3. I take, O Cross, thy shad-ow, For my a-bid-ing place; I



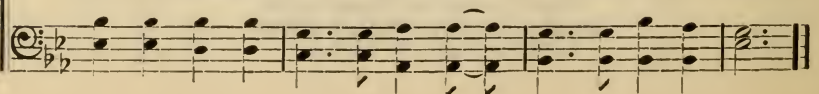
shad-ow of a might-y Rock, With-in a wea-ry land. A
tryst-ing-place where Heav-en's love, And Heav-en's jus-tice meet! As
ask no oth-er sun-shine than The sun-shine of His face: Con-



home with-in the wil-der-ness, A rest up-on the way, From the
to the Ho-ly Pa-tri-arch That wondrous dream was giv'n, So
tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,—My



burn-ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur-den of the day.
seems my Sav-iour's Cross to me, A lad-der up to heav'n.
sin-ful self, my on-ly shame,—My glo-ry all the Cross.

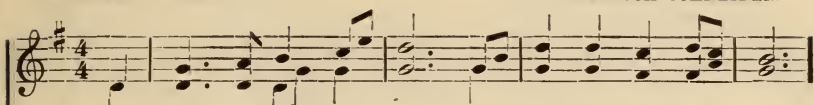


No. 85. On Wings of Living Light.

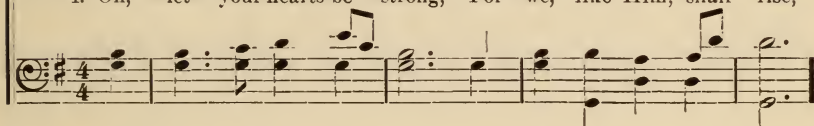

(LISCHEE, H. M.)

WILLIAM W. HOW.

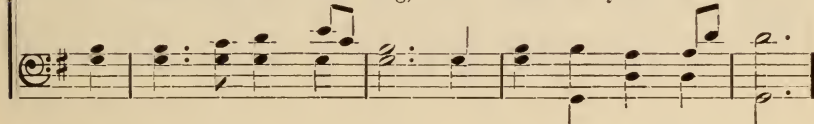
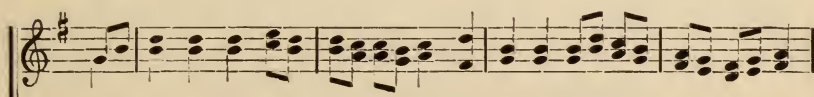
FRIEDRICH SCHNEIDER.




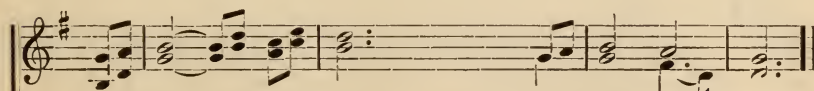
1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,
 2. The keep - ers watch - ing near, At that dread sight and sound,
 3. Then rose from death's dark gloom, Un - seen by mor - tal eye,
 4. Oh, let your hearts be strong, For we, like Him, shall rise,

Came down the an - gel bright, And roll'd the stone a - way.
 Fell down with sud - den fear, Like dead men to the ground.
 Tri - umph - ant o'er the tomb, The Lord of earth and sky!
 To dwell with Him ere long, In bliss be - yond the skies!

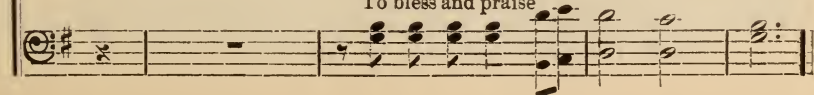



Your voices raise with one ac - cord To bless and praise your ris - en Lord!

To bless and praise your ris - en Lord!

To bless and praise



Shall we Meet?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 35 : 10.

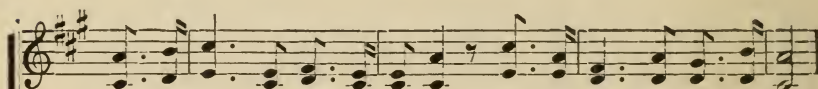
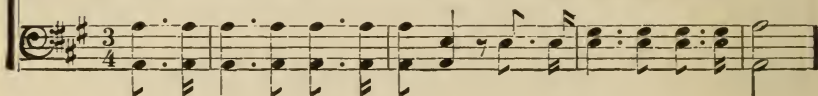
HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858.

ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

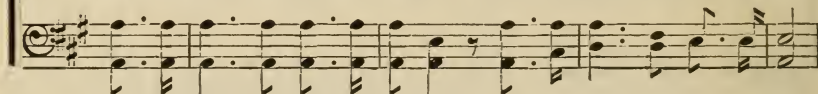
Moderato



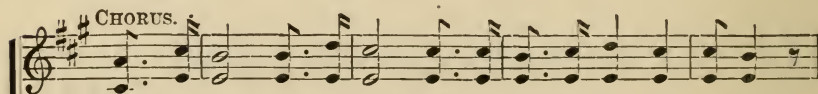
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?



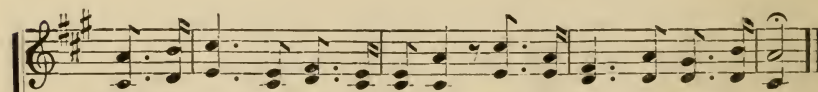
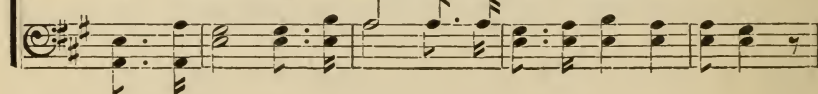
Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an-chor By the fair, ce-le-s-tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas-per, Built by work-man-ship divine?—
Shall we know His bless-ed fa-vor, And sit down up-on His throne?



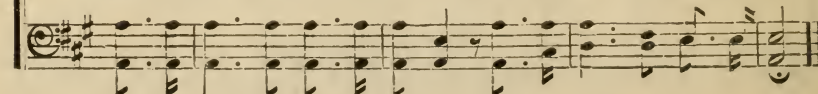
CHORUS.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv-er?



Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?



No. 87. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON, D.D.

HUBERT P. MAIN,

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1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;

With the toil-some jour-ney done, And the glorious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re-sound in sweet-ness o'er

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon-der ev - er - last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us,
By and by, by and by;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will
Shall attend, and love us still,
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By and by, by and by;
And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By and by, by and by;
All the blest ones, who have gone,
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoice,
By and by, by and by.

Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4: 6.

Mrs. CATHERINE PENNEFEATHER.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

Slow, and with expression.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A
 2. Not now; for I have wanderers in the dis - tance, And

lit - tle lon - ger on the bil-lows' foam; A few more journeyings
 thou must call them in with pa-tient love; Not now, for I have

in the des-ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa-ther's Home!
 sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

- 3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
- 4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
 And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
 Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
 They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.
- 5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?
- 6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
 One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

Pass Me Not.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord
shall be saved."—ACTS 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:

CHORUS.

Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry,

While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

3.

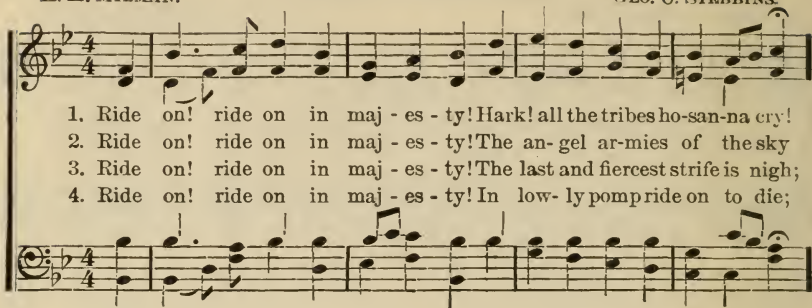
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.—*Cho.*

Ride on in Majesty.

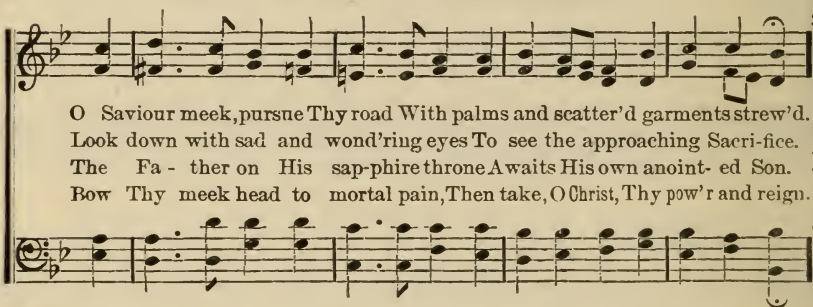
"And in thy majesty ride prosperously."—Ps. 45: 4.

H. H. MILMAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



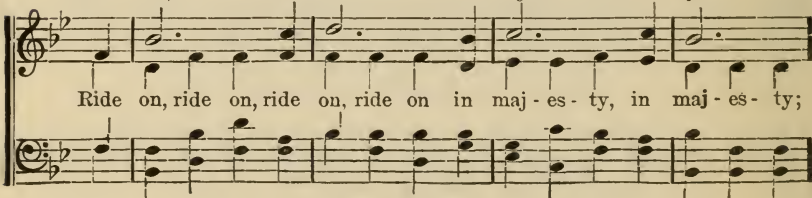
1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry!
 2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an-gel ar-mies of the sky
 3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low-ly pomp ride on to die;



O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes To see the approaching Sacri-fice.
 The Fa-ther on His sap-phire throne Awaits His own anoint-ed Son.
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain, Then take, O Christ, Thy pow'r and reign.

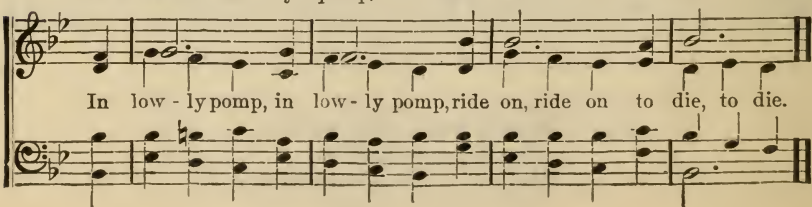
CHORUS.

Ride on, ride on in maj - - es - ty!



Ride on, ride on, ride on, ride on in maj - es - ty, in maj - es - ty;

In low - - ly pomp, ride on to die. . . .



In low-ly pomp, in low-ly pomp, ride on, ride on to die, to die.

At the Cross.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A follower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease,
 3. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith
 rolled a-way,

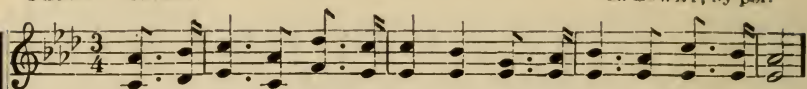
I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day

Parting Hymn.

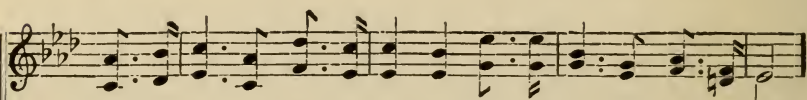
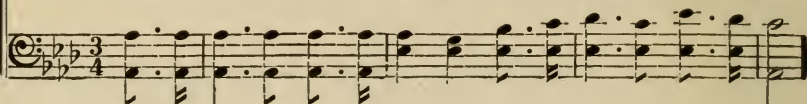
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

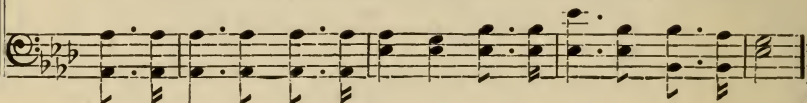
R. LOWRY, hy per.



1. Heavenly Fa-ther, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;
2. Lov-ing Sav-iour, go Thou with us, Be our com-fort and our stay;
3. Ho - ly Spir-it, dwell with-in us, May our souls Thy tem-ple be;
4. Heavenly Fa-ther, go Thou with us, Till our crown of joy is won:



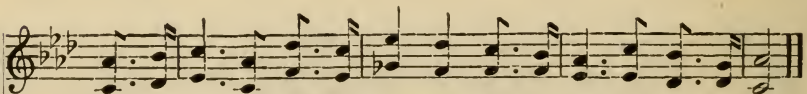
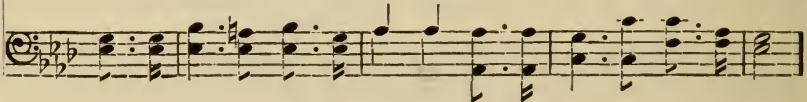
Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard frome - vil ev' - ry heart.
 Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren - der, For the joy we feel to - day.
 May we tread the path to glo - ry, Led and guid-ed still by Thee.
 As a-mong Thy saints and an - gels, So on earth, Thy will be done.



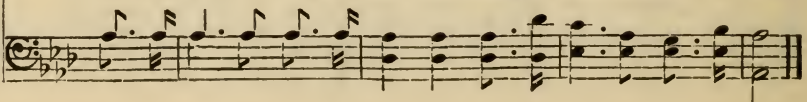
CHORUS.



Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered pray'r and cheerful strain;



If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet a - gain.



"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

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1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be
 2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro-vide: It may not be

my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in His own way, "The
 my time, It may not be thy time; And yet, in His own time, "The

CHORUS.

Lord will pro - vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro -
 Lord will pro - vide."

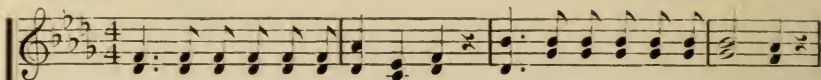
vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;
 And this be the token—
 No word He hath spoken
 Was ever yet broken:
 "The Lord will provide."

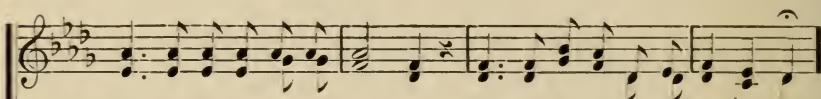
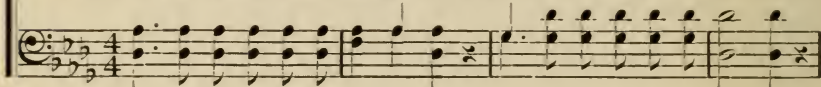
4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide
 The pathway made glorious,
 With shoutings victorious,
 We'll join in the chorus,
 "The Lord will provide."

J. E. RANKIN.

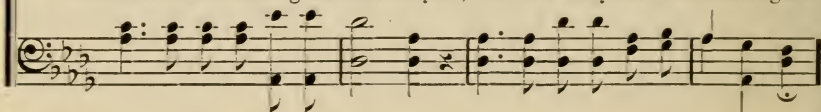
W. G. TOMER.



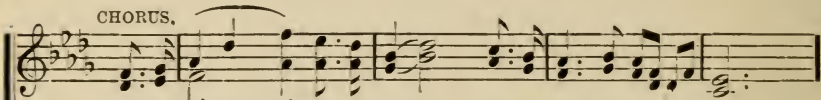
1. God be with you till we meet again!—By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,



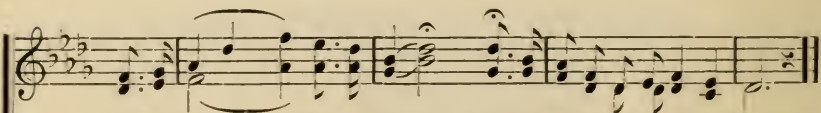
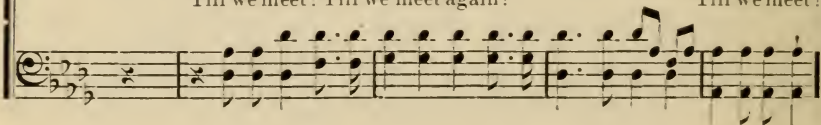
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet again!
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet again!
 Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet again!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet again!



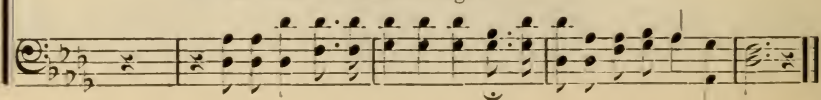
CHORUS.



Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
 Till we meet! Till we meet again! Till we meet!



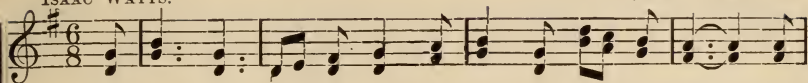
Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
 Till we meet! Till we meet again!



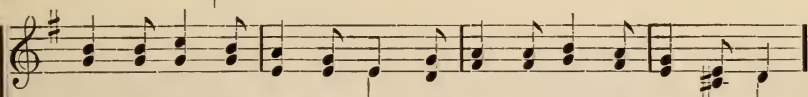
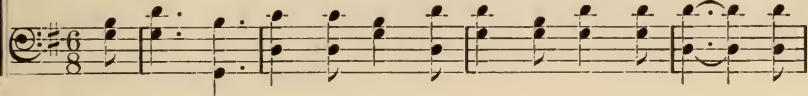
We're Marching to Zion.

ISAAC WATTS.

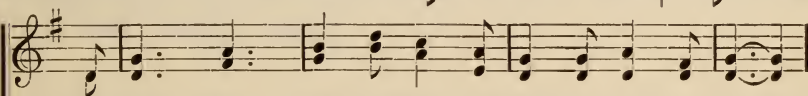
ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil-dren of the heav'nly King, But chil-dren of the heav'nly King,
 fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

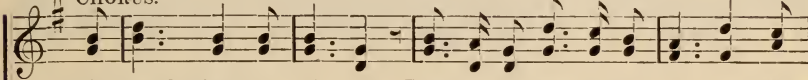


And thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

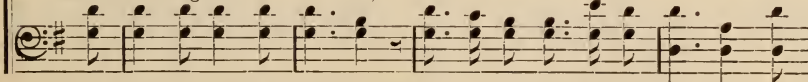
And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.



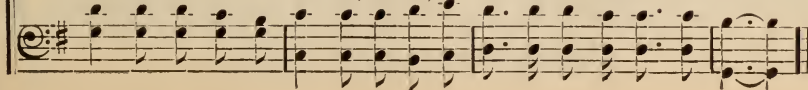
CHORUS.

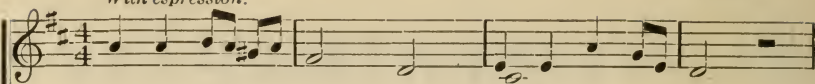


We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on,

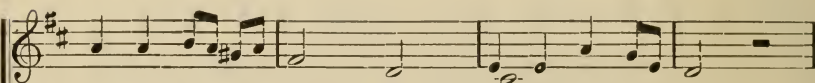
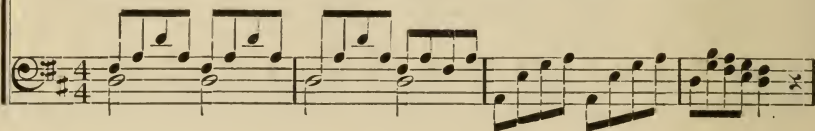


marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

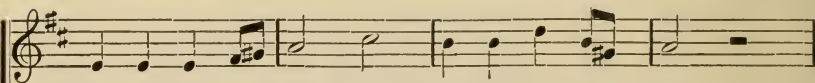


With expression.

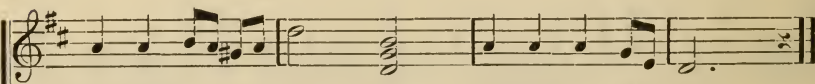
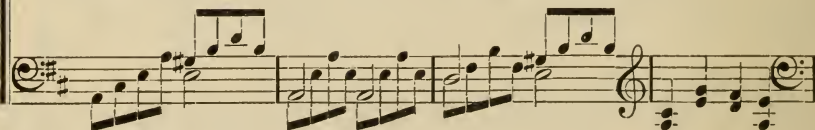
1. Hark! the lil - ies whis - per Ten - der - ly and low,
 2. And if toil and trou - ble Be our lot be - low,



"In our grace and beau - ty, See how fair we grow."
 Think up - on the lil - ies, See how fair they grow.



Hark! the ros - es speak - ing, Tell - ing all a - broad,
 Flow'rs of field and gar - den— All their voi - ces blend;



Their sweet, won - drous sto - ry Of the love of God.
 And their Ma - ker's prais - es To our souls com - mend.

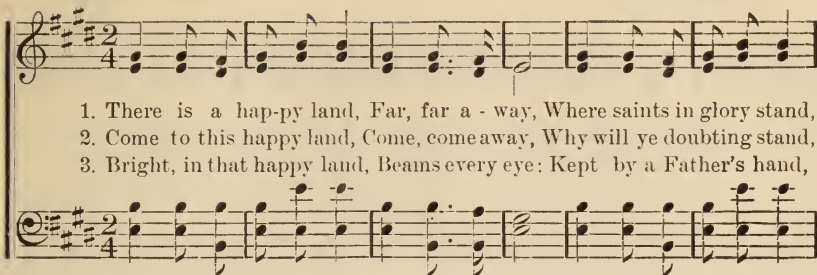


No. 97.

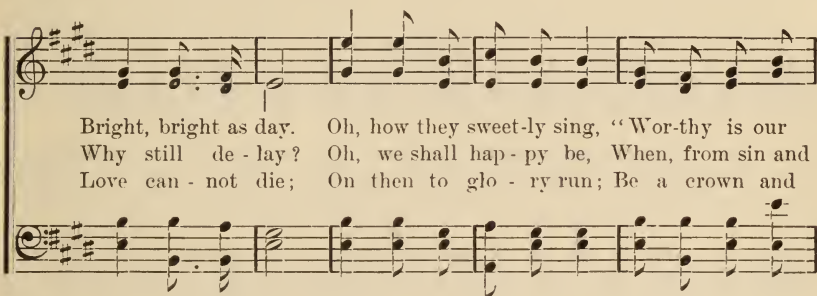
There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG.

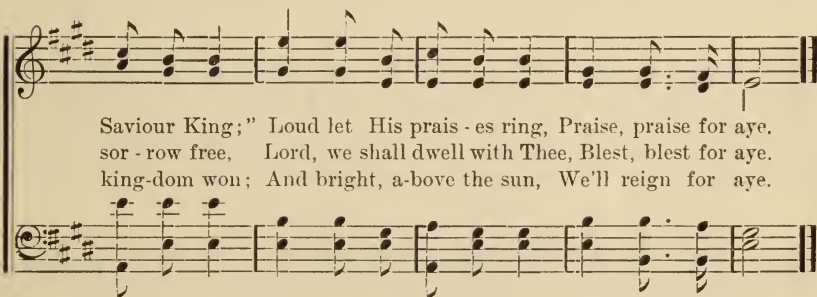
Hindustan Air.



1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glory stand,
2. Come to this happy land, Come, come away, Why will ye doubting stand,
3. Bright, in that happy land, Beams every eye: Kept by a Father's hand,



- Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor-thy is our
Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and
Love can - not die; On then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and



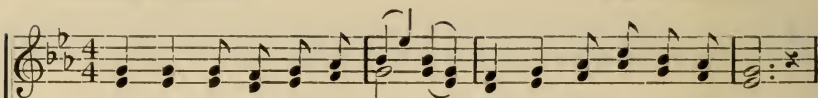
- Saviour King;" Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye.
sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with Thee, Blest, blest for aye.
king-dom won; And bright, a - bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

No. 98. Jewels.

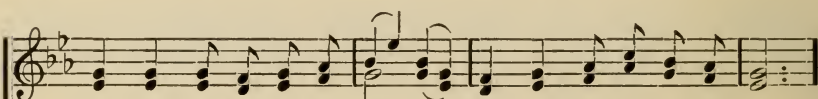
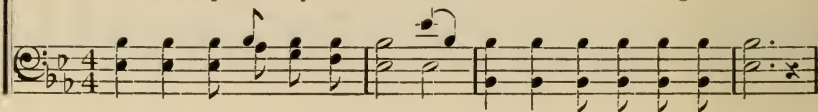
Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 638.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 When He cometh, when He cometh To make up His jewels, All His jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.</p> | <p>2 He will gather, He will gather The gems for His kingdom; All the pure ones, all the bright ones His loved and His own.</p> |
| <p>CHO.—Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.</p> | <p>3 Little children, little children, Who love their Redeemer, Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and His own.</p> |

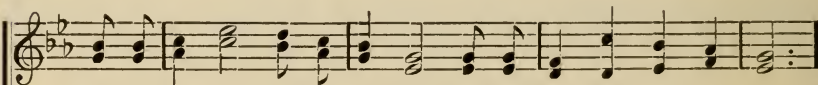
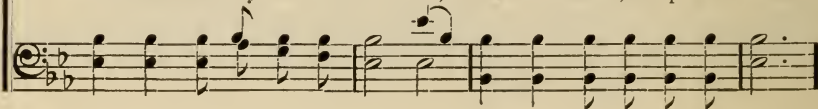
REV. W. O. CUSHING.



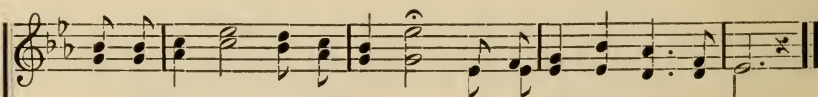
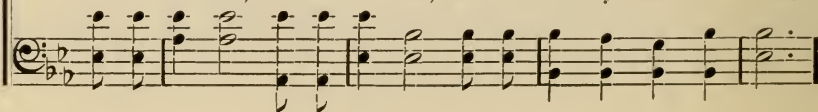
1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care;
2. We are Thine, do Thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way;
3. Thou hast promised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;



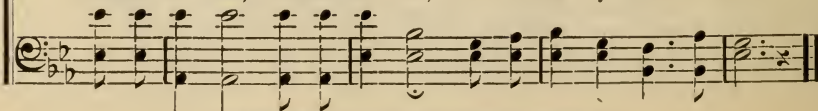
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use Thy folds prepare.
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free.



Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;



Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.



No. 100.

Sound the Battle Cry!

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

Vigorously, in march time.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high
 2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know
 3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all

For the Lord; Gird your ar - mor on, Stand firm ev - 'ry one; Rest your
 Must pre - vail; Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling
 By Thy grace; When the bat - tle's done, And the vict'ry won, May we

CHORUS. *ff*

cause up-on His ho - ly word. }
 for the right We ne'er can fail. } Rouse then, soldiers! rally round the banner!
 wear the crown Before Thy face. }

Read - y, stead - y, pass the word a - long; On - ward, for - ward,

shout a - loud Ho - san - nah! Christ is Cap - tain of the might - y throng.

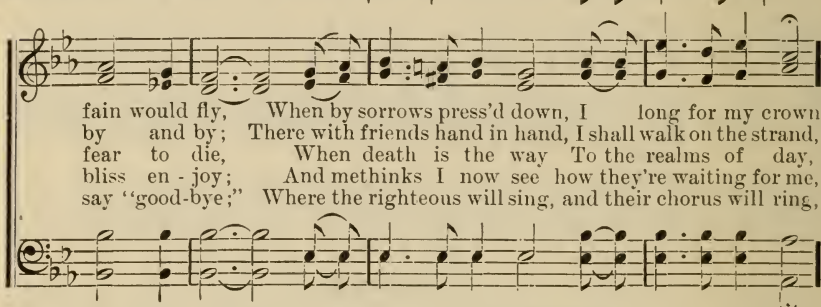
No. 101. The Beautiful Land on High.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. U. BUTCHER.

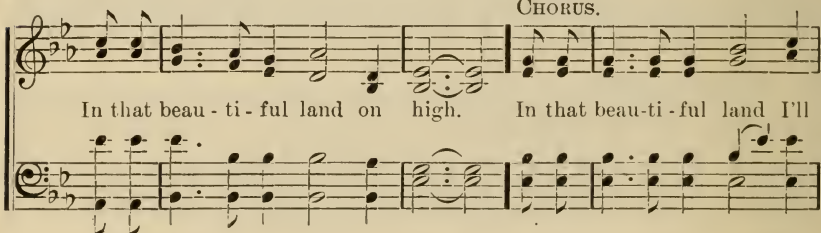


1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, To its glo - ries I
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, I shall en - ter it
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Then why should I
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, And my kindred its
 5. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, Where we nev - er shall

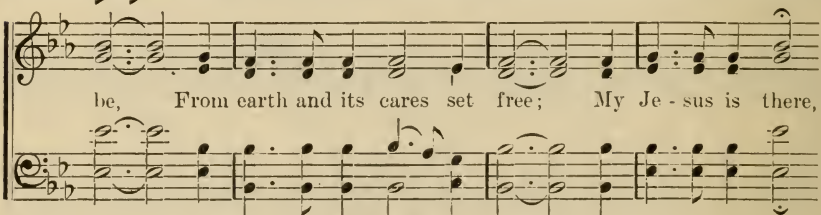


fain would fly, When by sorrows press'd down, I long for my crown
 by and by; There with friends hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
 fear to die, When death is the way To the realms of day,
 bliss en - joy; And methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
 say "good-bye;" Where the righteous will sing, and their chorus will ring,

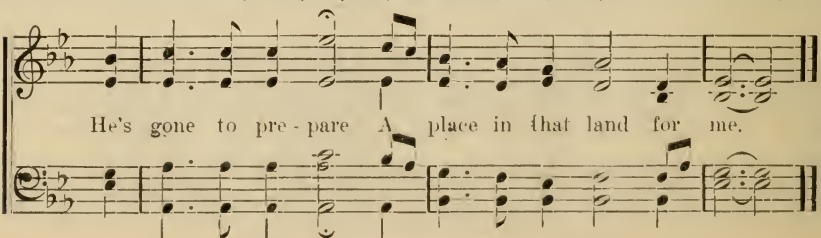
CHORUS.



In that beau - ti - ful land on high. In that beau - ti - ful land I'll



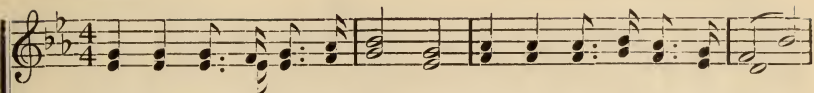
be, From earth and its cares set free; My Je - sus is there,



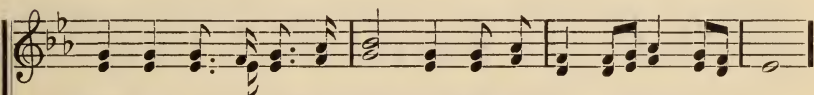
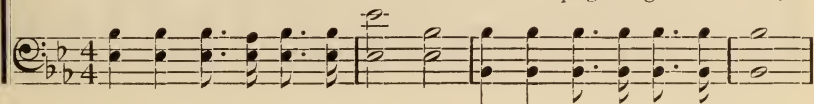
He's gone to pre - pare A place in that land for me.

R. LOWRY.

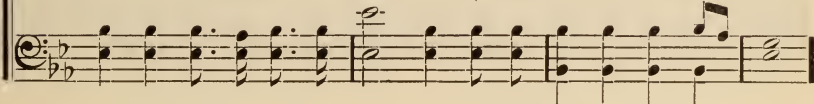
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



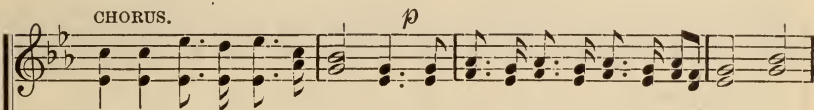
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray;
3. Ere we reach the shining riv - er, Lay we ev - ery bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Saviour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pilgrimage will cease;



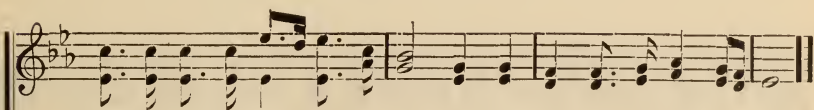
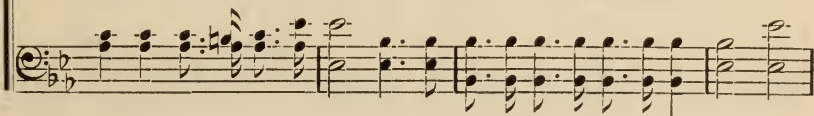
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and worship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Saints whom death will never sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er, With the mel - o - dy of peace.



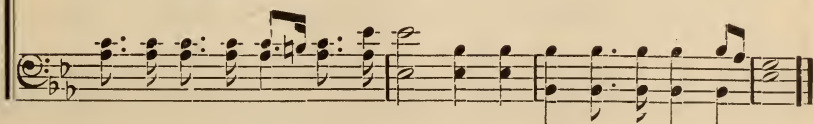
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—

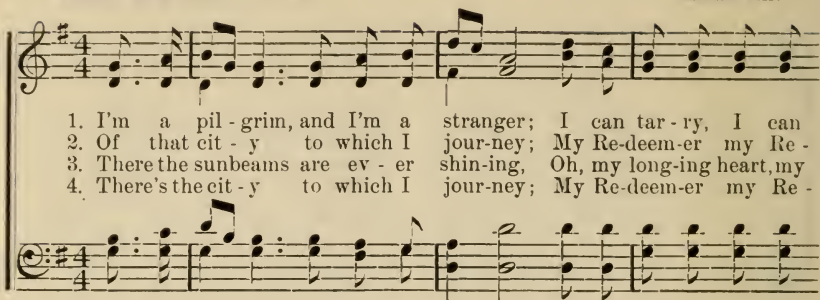


Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

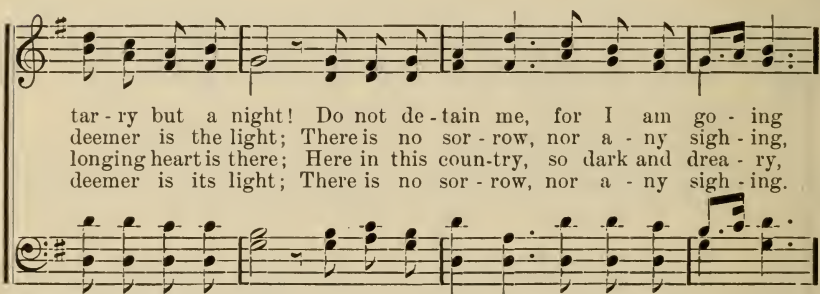


Mrs. M. S. B. D. SHINDLER.

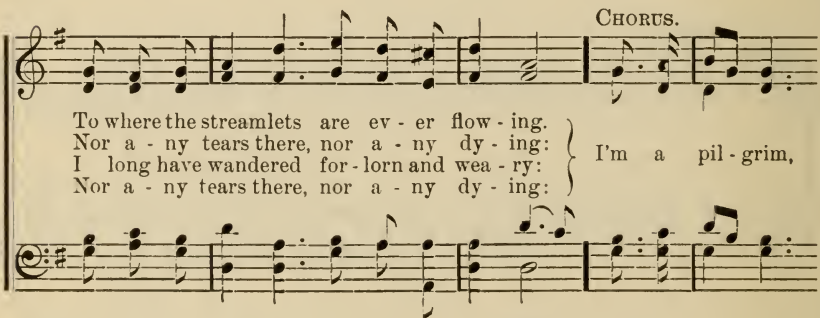
Italian Air.



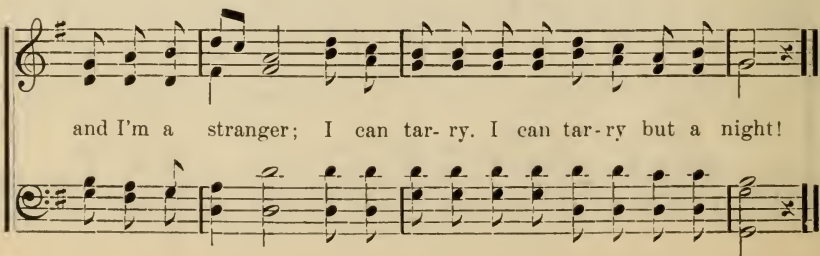
1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can
 2. Of that cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er my Re-
 3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin-ing; Oh, my long-ing heart, my
 4. There's the cit-y to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er my Re-



tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing
 deemer is the light; There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing,
 longing heart is there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drea-ry,
 deemer is its light; There is no sor-row, nor a-ny sigh-ing.



CHORUS.
 To where the streamlets are ev-er flow-ing.
 Nor a-ny tears there, nor a-ny dy-ing: } I'm a pil-grim,
 I long have wandered for-lorn and wea-ry:
 Nor a-ny tears there, nor a-ny dy-ing: }

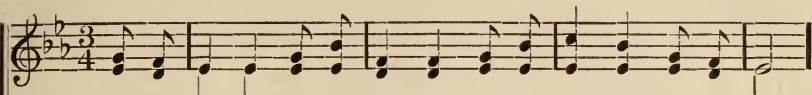


and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry. I can tar-ry but a night!

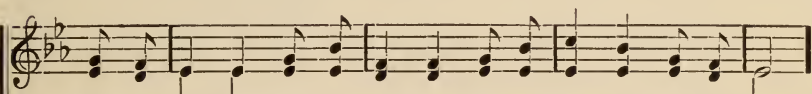
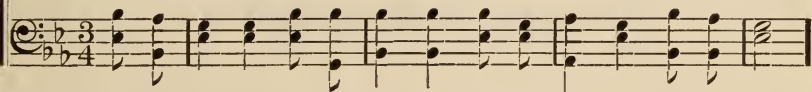
No. 104. Heavenly Father Send Thy Blessing.

C. WORDSWORTH.

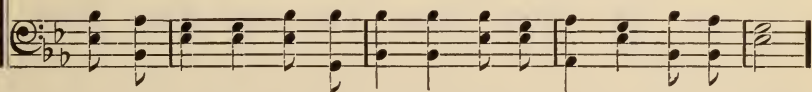
JOHN WYETH.



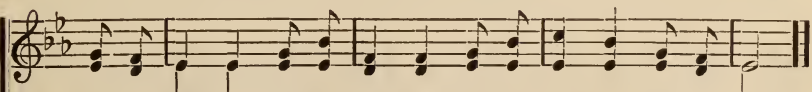
1. Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing On Thy children gathered here;
2. Ho - ly Saviour, who in meekness Didst vouchsafe a child to be,
3. Spread Thy golden pin-ions o'er them, Ho - ly Spir - it, from a - bove;



May they all, Thy name con-fess-ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear!
 Guide their steps and help their weakness, Bless and make them like to Thee.
 Guide them, lead them, go be - fore them, Give them peace, and joy and love;



May they be, like Jo-seph, lov-ing, Du-ti-ful, and chaste, and pure;
 Bear Thy lambs when they are wea-ry In Thine arms and at Thy breast;
 Tem-ples of Thy glo-rious God-head, May they with Thy presence shine,



And their faith, like Da-vid prov-ing, Steadfast un - to death en - dure!
 Thro' life's des-ert, dry and drea-ry, Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.
 And im-mor-tal bliss in - her - it, And for ev - er - more be Thine.

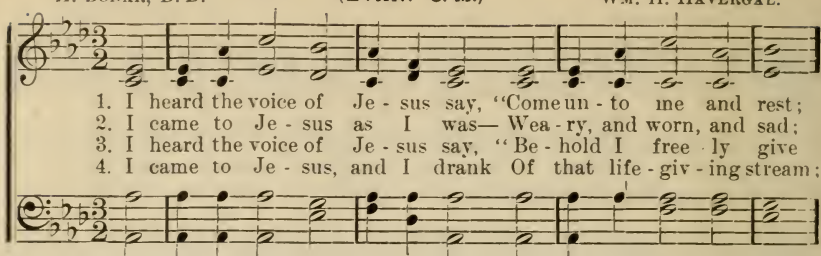


No. 105. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

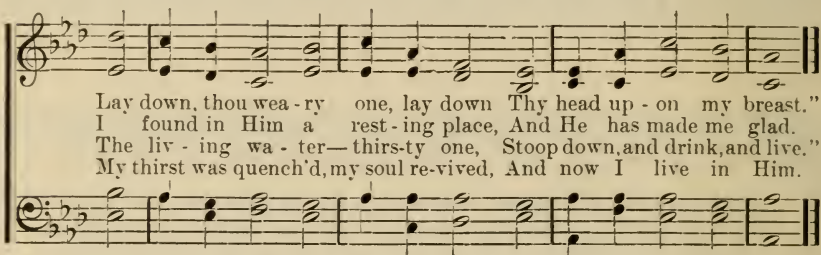
H. BONAR, D. D.

(EVAN. C. M.)

WM. H. HAVERGAL.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give
4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

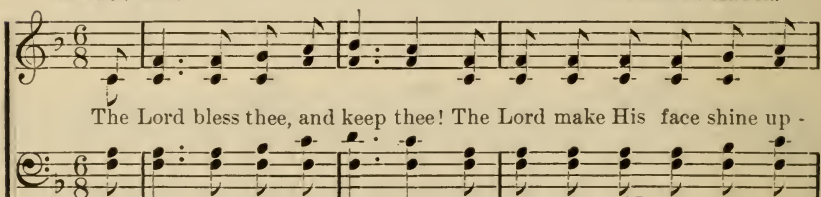


Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."
I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
The liv - ing wa - ter—thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.

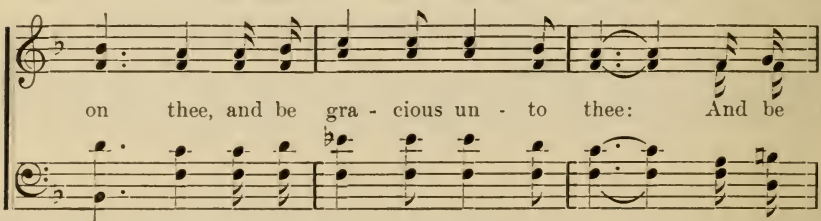
No. 106. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.

NUM. 6 : 24-26.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.



The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make His face shine up -



on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee: And be



gra - cious un - to thee: The Lord lift up His coun - te - nance, His

The Lord Bless Thee.—Concluded.

count-enance up-on thee, and give thee peace, and give thee peace.

dim.....

No. 107.

Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so:
 2. Je - sus loves me! loves me still! Tho' I'm ve - ry weak and ill;
 3. Je - sus loves me! you be - side. Heaven's gate is o - pen wide!
 4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol - ly Thine:

Lit - tle ones to Him be - long; They are weak but He is strong.
 From His shin - ing home on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
 He will wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
 Thou hast bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me!

Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

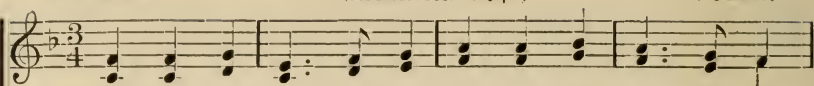
No. 108.

My Country, 'tis of Thee.

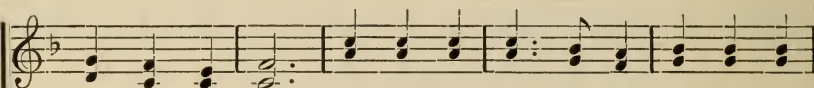
S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s. 4s.)

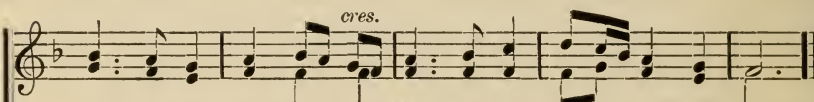
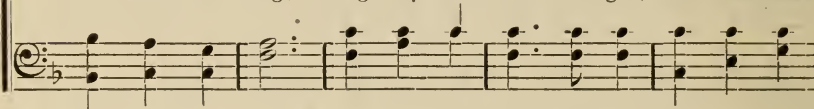
H. CAREY.



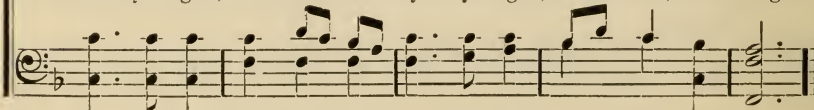
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - ther's God, to Thee, Au - thor of Lib - er - ty,



Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With free-dom's



cres.
 pil-grim's pride, From ev - ery moun-tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par-take, Let rocks their sil - ence break The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!



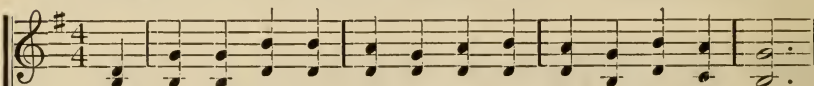
No. 109.

All Hail the Power.

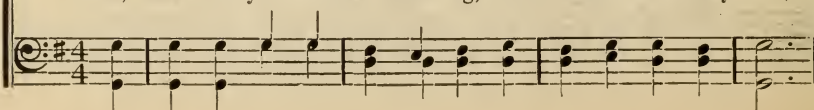
E. PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

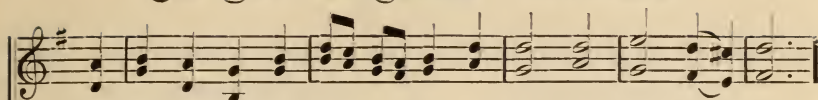
OLIVER HOLDEN.



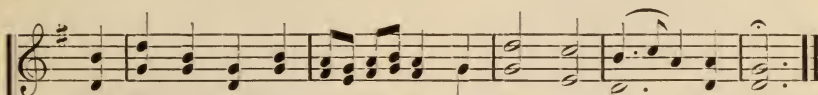
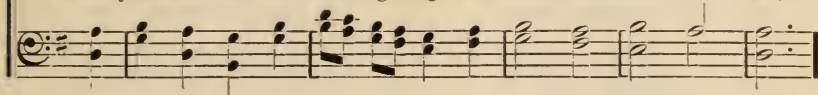
1. All hail the power of Je-sus' narze! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - ery kin-dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sacred throng, We at His feet may fall;



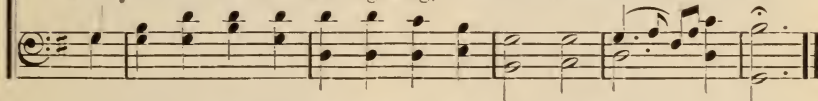
All Hail the Power.—Concluded.



Bring forth the roy - al dia - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

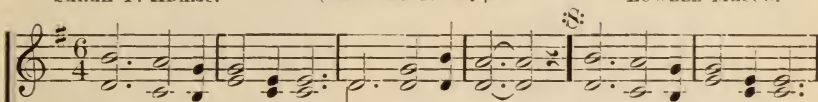


No. 110. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

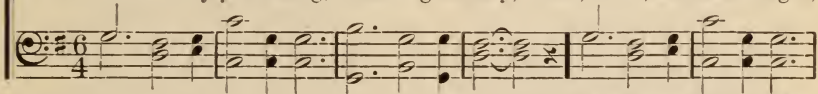
SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s. 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



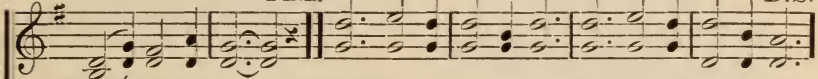
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee Near - er to Thee: E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heaven: All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my stony griefs,
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,



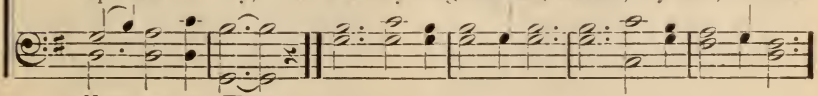
D. S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee!

FINE.

D. S.



That rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to Thee!
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Nearer my God, to Thee!
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee!



Near - er to Thee!

Hymns.

111 Give me the Wings of faith.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 96.

- 1 Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
Happy on the golden strand.
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band.
Calling us away, Calling us away,
Calling to the better land.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

- 3 I asked them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

Isaac Watts.

112 In Heavenly Pastures.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 483.

- 1 In the heavenly pastures fair,
'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
Let us rest beside the living stream to-day;
Calmly there in peace recline,
Drinking in the truth divine,
As His loving call we now with joy obey.

CHO.—Glorious stream of life eternal,
Beauteous fields of living green,
Though revealed within the word
Of our Shepherd and our Lord,
By the pure in heart alone can they be seen.

- 2 Far from all the noise and strife
That disturb our daily life,
Let us pause awhile in silence and adore;
Then the sound of His dear voice
Will our waiting souls rejoice,
As He nameth us His own for evermore.

- 3 O how good and true and kind,
Seeking His stray sheep to find,
If they wander into danger from His side;
Ever closely may we tread
Where His holy feet have led,
So at last with Him in heaven we may abide

M. A. Whitaker.

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113 I need Thee every Hour.

Tune—Gospel Hymns No. 1-6, 597.

- 1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

- 2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptation's lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

- 3 I need Thee every hour;
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

- 4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

- 5 I need Thee every hour
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

Annie S. Hawks.

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114 Sweet By-and-By.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 110.

- 1 There's a land that is fairer than day
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

CHO.—||: In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful
shore. :||

- 2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

- 3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer our tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

S. F. Bennett.

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Hymns.

115 The Precious Name.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 47.

- 1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then where'er you go.

CHO.—||: Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven. ||

- 2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations 'round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
- 3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;
How it thrills our soul with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

- 4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
Him,
When our journey is complete.

Used by per. W. H. Doane. Lydia C. Baxter.

116 Come to the Saviour.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 636.

- 1 Come to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHORUS.

Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice;
Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands, and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

Geo. F. Root.

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117 Hold the fort.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 11.

- 1 Ho! my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Re-inforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHO.—"Hold the fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to Heaven,—
"By Thy grace we will."

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on;
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

- 3 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our Great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

P. P. Bliss.

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118 What shall the Harvest be?

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 662.

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHORUS.

Sown in the darkness, or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will
spoil,
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

- 3 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops
start,
Sowing in the hope till the reapers come
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Emily S. Oakey.

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119 Pull for the Shore.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 51.

- 1 Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand!
 See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land,
 Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er,
 Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the shore.

CHORUS.

- Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore!
 Heed not the rolling waves, but bend to the oar,
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor, cling to self no more!
 Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail,
 Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,
 Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;
 Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.

- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;
 Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.

P. P. Bliss.

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120 Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 622.

- 1 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
 For a soul returning from the wild;
 See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
 Welcoming His weary, wandering child.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory. how the angels sing;
 Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring;
 'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
 Leaping forth the anthem of the free.

- 2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
 For the wanderer now is reconciled;
 Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
 And is born anew, a ransomed child.

- 3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day,
 Angels swell the glad triumphant strain!
 Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
 For a precious soul is born again.

Wm. O. Cushing.

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121 To the Work.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 576.

- 1 To the work! to the work! we are servants of God,
 Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
 With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
 Let us do in our might what our hands find to do.

CHO.—||: Toiling on, toiling on, :||
 Let us hope let us watch,
 And labor till the Master comes.

- 2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed,
 To the fountain of Life let the weary be led;
 In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
 While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"

- 3 To the work! to the work! there is labor for all,
 For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
 And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
 In the loud swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"

- 4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord
 And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward;
 When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
 And we shout with the ransomed "Salvation is free!"

Fanny J. Crosby.

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122 Nothing but Leaves.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 641.

- 1 Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
- 2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
- 3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day,
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered sheaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves? Nothing but leaves?
Mrs. L. Akerman.

123 Only Remembered.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 534.

- 1 Fading away like the stars of the morn-
ing,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and
its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have
done.

REFRAIN.

- Only remembered, only remembered,
Only remembered by what we have
done;
Thus would we pass from the earth and
its toiling,
Only remembered by what we have
done.
- 2 Shall we be missed, though by others suc-
ceeded,
Reaping the fields we in spring-time
have sown?
No, for the sowers may pass from their
labors,
Only remembered by what they have
done.

- 3 Only the truth that in life we have
spoken,
Only the seed that on earth we have
sown;
These shall pass onward when we are for-
gotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what we
have done.
- 4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His
jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing
are won;
Then shall His weary and faithful dis-
ciples,
All be remembered by what they have
done.

H. Bonar.

124 Hallelujah, 'tis Done!

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 5.

- 1 'Tis the promise of God, full salvation to
give
Unto him who on Jesus, His Son, will be-
lieve.

CHORUS.

- ||: Hallelujah, 'tis done! I believe on the
Son;
I am saved by the love of the crucified
One; :||
- 2 Though the pathway be lonely, and dan-
gerous too,
Surely Jesus is able to carry me through.
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
 - 3 Many loved have I in yon heavenly throng,
They are safe now in glory, and this is
our song:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
 - 4 Little children I see standing close by
their King,
And He smiles as their song of salvation
they sing:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
 - 5 There's a part in that chorus for you and
for me,
And the theme of our praises forever
will be:
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.

P. P. Bliss.

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125 Jesus is Calling.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 308.

- 1 Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day; [roam
 Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou
 Farther and farther away?

REFRAIN.

Calling to-day, calling to-day,
 Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

- 2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
 Calling to-day, calling to-day;
 Bring Him Thy burden, and thou shalt be
 blest;
 He will not turn thee away.

- 3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—
 Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
 Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
 Come, and no longer delay.

- 4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—
 Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
 They who believe on His name shall re-
 joice;
 Quickly arise and away.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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126 Beulah Land.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 608.

- 1 I've reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine;
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home for evermore.

- 2 The Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we;
 He gently leads me with His hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.

- 3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever vernal trees,
 And flowers that never fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.

- 4 The zephyrs seem to float to me,
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels, with the white-robed throng,
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

E. P. Stiles.

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127 My Song shall be of Jesus.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 65.

- 1 My song shall be of Jesus,
 His mercy crowns my days,
 He fills my cup with blessings,
 And tunes my heart to praise;
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 My life to Him I give,
 He'll teach me to be patient,
 He's shown me how to live.

- 2 My song shall be of Jesus,
 When, sitting at His feet,
 I call to mind His goodness,
 In meditation sweet;
 My song shall be of Jesus,
 Whatever ill betide;
 I'll sing the grace that saves me,
 And keeps me at His side.

- 3 My song shall be of Jesus,
 While pressing on my way
 To reach the blissful region
 Of pure and perfect day.
 And when my soul shall enter
 The gates of Eden fair,
 A song of praise to Jesus
 I'll sing forever there.

Fanny J. Crosby

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128 Now just a Word for Jesus.

Tune—Gospel Hymns 1-6, No. 77.

- 1 Now just a word for Jesus;
 Your dearest Friend so true,
 Come, cheer our hearts and tell us
 What He has done for you.

REF.—Now just a word for Jesus—
 'Twill help us on our way;
 One little word for Jesus,
 O speak, or sing, or pray.

- 2 Now just a word for Jesus;
 You feel your sins forgiven,
 And by His grace are striving
 To reach a home in heaven.

- 3 Now just a word for Jesus;
 A cross it cannot be
 To say, "I love my Saviour
 Who gave His life for me."

- 4 Now just a word for Jesus;
 Let not the time be lost;
 The heart's neglected duty
 Brings sorrow, to its cost.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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No Night There.

"For there shall be no night there."—REV. 21 : 25.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

H. P. DANKS.

(Solo or Semi Chorus.)

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the city four-square," It shall
 2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the city four-square," All the
 3. And the gates shall nev-er close To "the city four-square," There life's
 4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that city four-square," For the

nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 Lamb with God is light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS.

mf

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

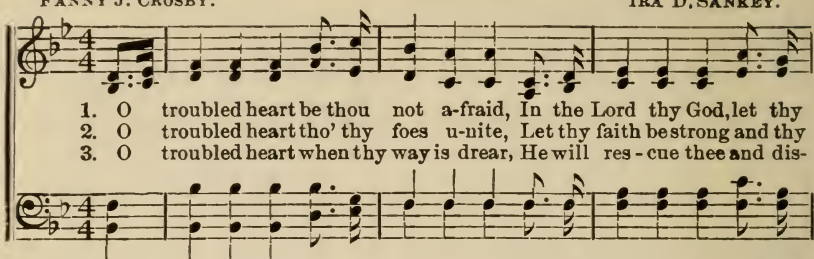
And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night there."

Able to Deliver.

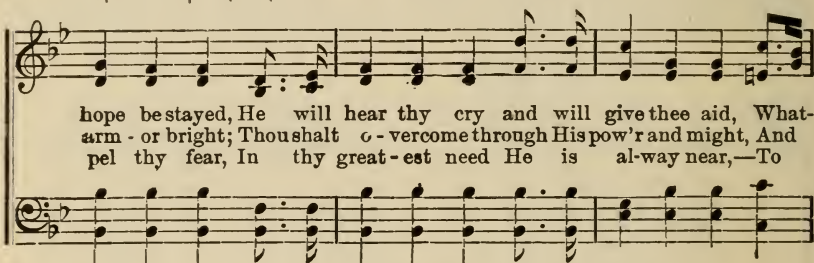
"He is able to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. 7 : 25.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

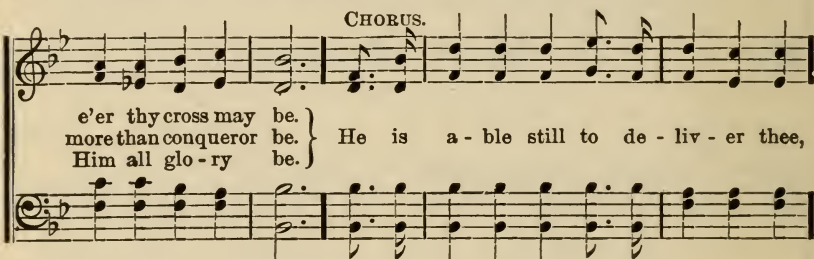
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O troubled heart be thou not a-fraid, In the Lord thy God, let thy
 2. O troubled heart tho' thy foes u-nite, Let thy faith be strong and thy
 3. O troubled heart when thy way is drear, He will res-cue thee and dis-

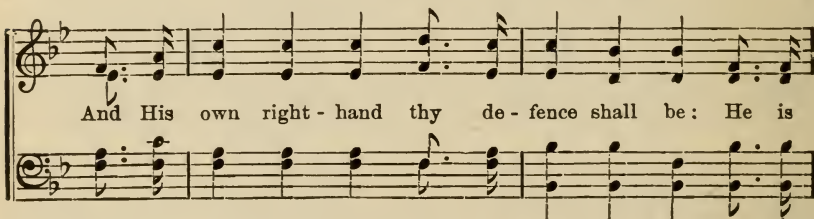


hope bestayed, He will hear thy cry and will give thee aid, What-
 arm - or bright; Thou shalt o-vercome through His pow'r and might, And
 pel thy fear, In thy great-est need He is al-way near,—To

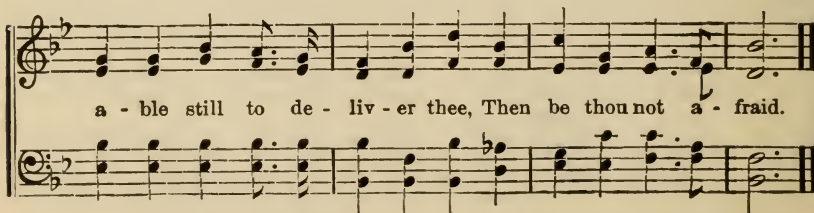


CHORUS.

e'er thy cross may be.
 more than conqueror be. } He is a-ble still to de-liv-er thee,
 Him all glo-ry be. }



And His own right-hand thy de-fence shall be: He is



a-ble still to de-liv-er thee, Then be thou not a-fraid.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Gath-er-ing sheaves for the Mas-ter I love, Gath-er-ing
 2. Gath-er-ing sheaves when the morn-ing is bright, Gath-er-ing
 3. Gath-er-ing sheaves till the sum-mer is past, Gath-er-ing

sheaves for His king-dom a - bove, Bear-ing the and the
 sheaves mid the dews of the night, Watch-ing the stars in the
 sheaves for the reap-ing at last; Then at the feet of my

D. S.—Soon with the friends that have

heat of the day, Cheered by the hopes that en-cir-cle my way.
 blue eth-er sky, Breath-ing a prayer to my Fa-ther on high.
 Sav-iour and King, O what a song to His praise I will sing.

gathered be - fore, I shall be - hold, and my Sav-iour a - dore.

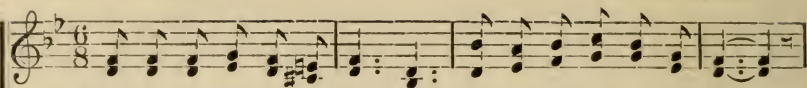
REFRAIN.

Great is my joy and my com-fort di-vine,

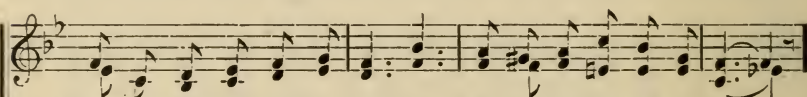
D. S.
 I am the Lord's and I know He is mine;

FANNY J. CROSBY.

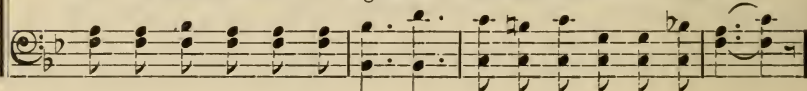
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



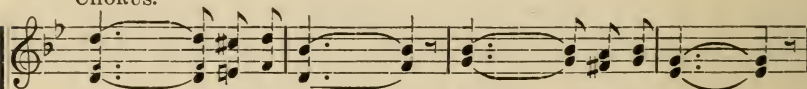
1. Nev - er be sad or despond - ing If thou hast faith to be - lieve;
2. What if thy burdens op - press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
3. Nev - er be sad or despond - ing, There is a mor - row for thee;



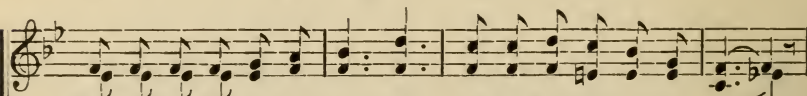
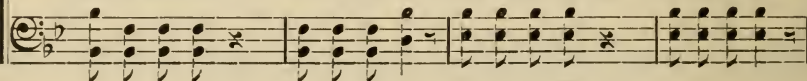
Grace for the du - ties be - fore thee Ask of thy God and re - ceive.
 Look on the side that is bright - est, Pray and thy path will be clear.
 Soon thou shalt dwell in its brightness There with the Lord thou shalt be.



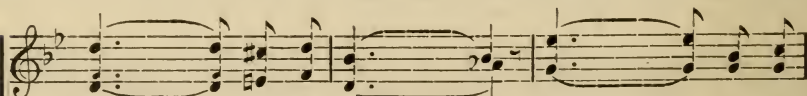
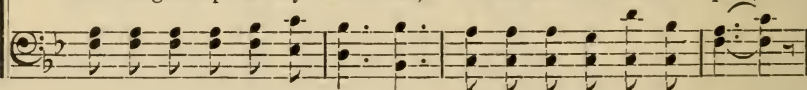
CHORUS.



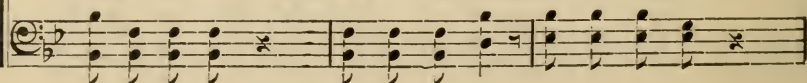
Nev - - er give up,..... Nev - - er give up,.....
 Nev - er give up, nev - er give up, Nev - er give up, never give up,



Nev - er give up to thy sor - rows, Je - sus will bid them de - part;



Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,



Never Give Up.—Concluded.

Lord,.....Sing when your trials are greatest, Trust in the Lord and take heart.
trust in the Lord,

No. 133.

Blessed Home-Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Glid-ing o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes roll;
2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal hills;
3. 'Tis the wea - ry pilgrim's Home - land, Where each throbbing care shall cease,

And we sigh for yon - der ha - ven, For the Home - land of the soul.
And, tho' dis - tant, how we hail it! How each heart with rap - ture thrills!
And our long - ings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hush'd to peace.

REFRAIN.

cres.

dim.

Bless - ed Home - land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;

cres.

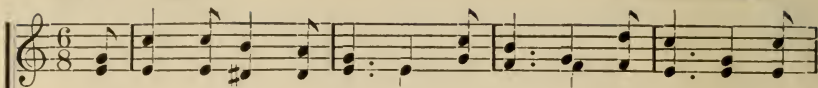
dim.

But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

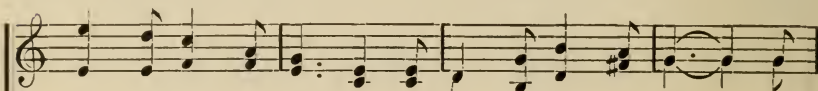
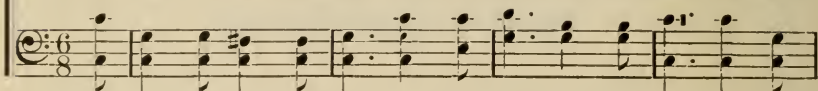
Behold, the Dawn.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

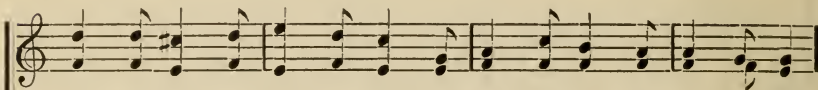
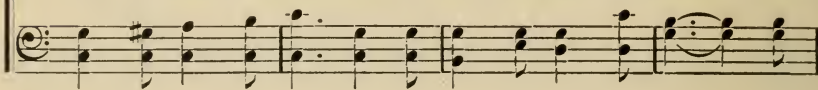
I. ALLAN SANKET.



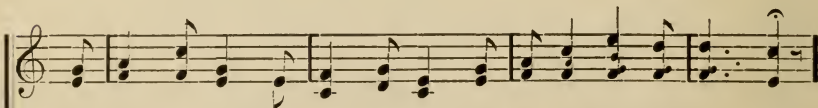
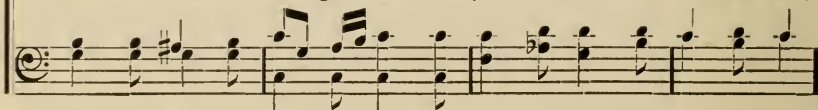
1. Be - hold, the dawn is break-ing, In splen - dor is break-ing. When
2. Be - hold, the dawn is spread-ing, In beau - ty is spread-ing: The
3. O dawn of rap - ture, tell - ing Where mu - sic is swell-ing With-



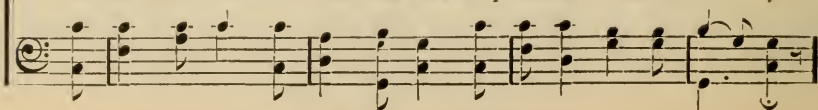
all the earth a - wak - ing At Je - sus' name shall bow. When
beams of love are shed-ding The light of joy di - vine. From
in our Sav - iour's dwell-ing A - bove the stars that shine. Where



He, who once our sor-row, bore, Shall reign supreme from shore to shore,
Zi - on's towers the watchmen cry, Re - joice! re - joice! the time is nigh,
we shall breathe the fra - grant air Of yon - der clime, se - rene and fair,

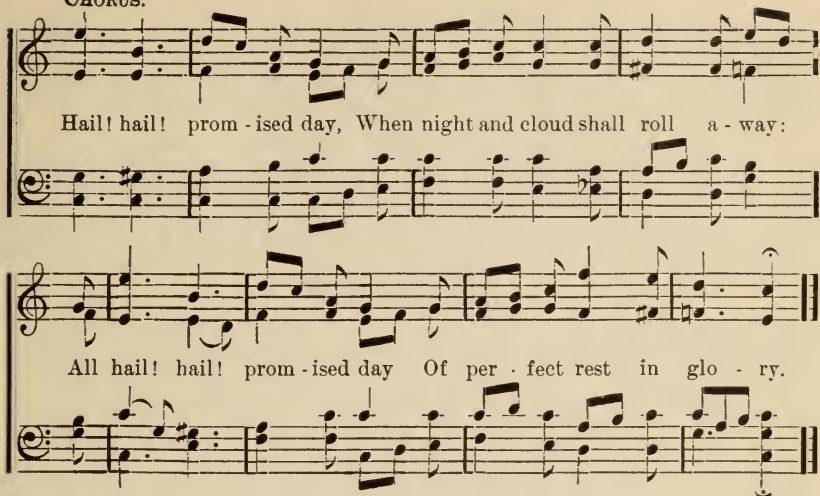


Tri - umphant now and ev - er - more Our coming King of Glo - ry.
When we shall meet our Lord on high, Our blessed King of Glo - ry.
And all His faith-ful ones shall wear A promised crown of Glo - ry.



Behold, the Dawn.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Hail! hail! prom - ised day, When night and cloud shall roll a - way:

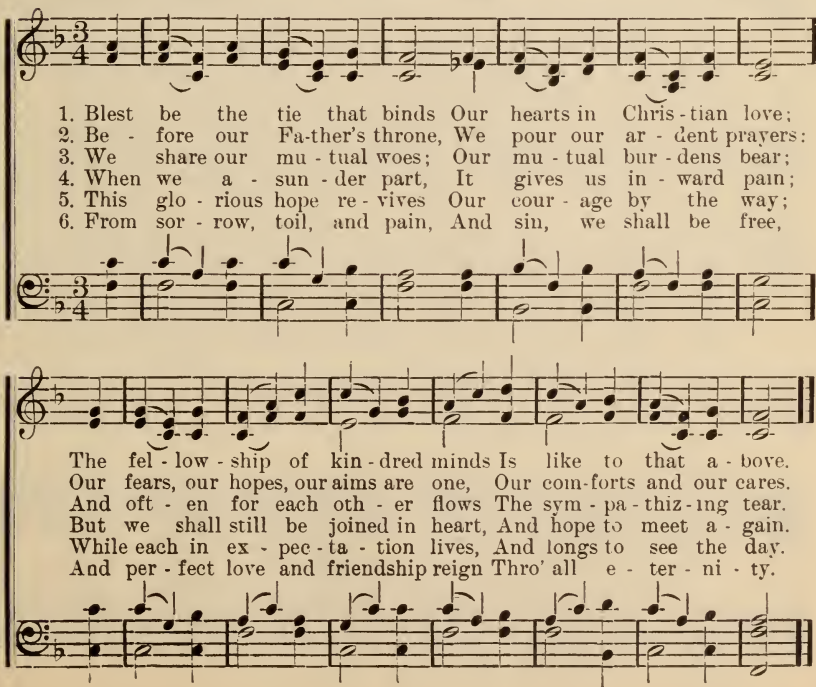
All hail! hail! prom - ised day Of per - fect rest in glo - ry.

No. 135. Blest be the Tie that Binds.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S.M.)

H. G. NAGELI.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
 5. This glo - rious hope re - vives Our cour - age by the way;
 6. From sor - row, toil, and pain, And sin, we shall be free,

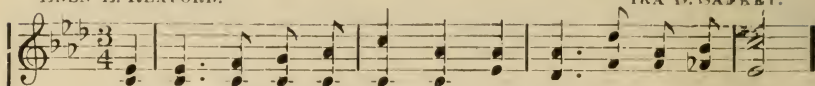
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.
 While each in ex - pec - ta - tion lives, And longs to see the day.
 And per - fect love and friendship reign Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 136. A Song of Heaven and Homeland.

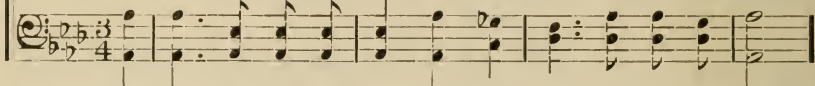
"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. 14: 3.

EREN E. REXFORD.

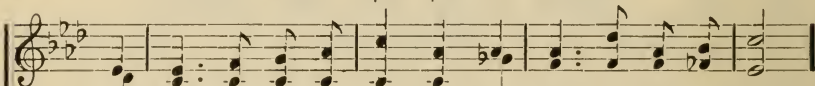
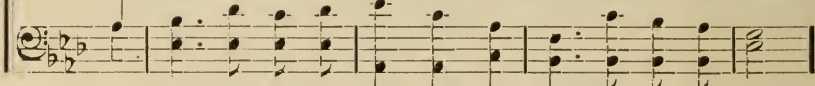
IRA L. SANKER.



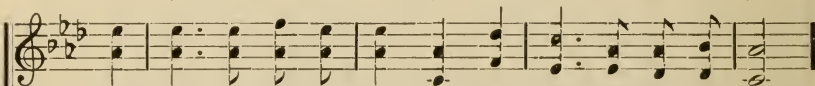
1. Sometimes I hear strange mu-sic, Like none e'er heard be-fore,
2. Now soft, and low, and rest-ful It floods my soul with peace,
3. This mu-sic haunts me ev-er Like some-thing heard in dreams,



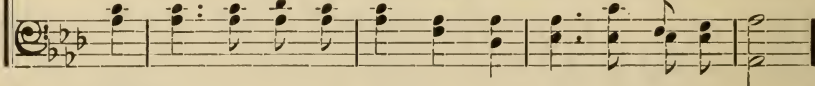
Come float-ing soft-ly earth-ward As thro' Heav'n's open door;
As if God's ben-e-dic-tion Bade all earth's troubles cease.
It seems to catch the ca-dence Of heav'n-ly winds and streams.



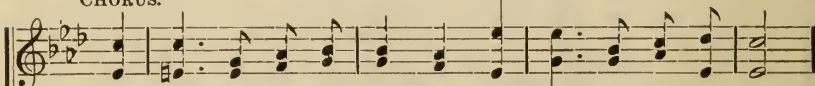
It seems like an-gel voic-es, In strains of joy and love
Then grand-er than the voic-es Of wind, and wave, and sea,
My heart is fill'd with rap-ture, To think, some day to come,



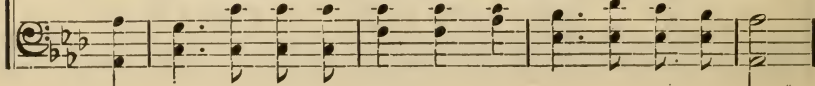
That swell the might-y cho-rus, A-round the throne a-bove.
It fills the dome of Heav-en With glo-rious har-mo-ny.
I'll sing it with the an-gels,—The song of Heav'n and home.



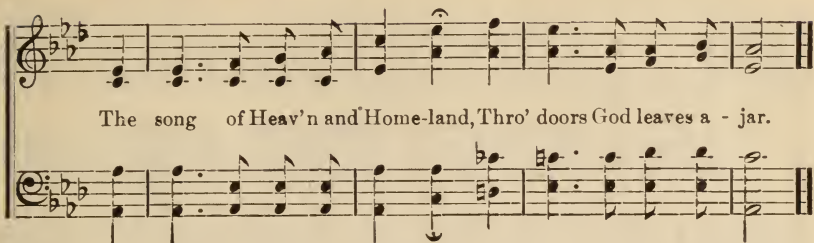
CHORUS.



O sweet, un-earth-ly mu-sic, Heard from a land a-far—



A Song of Heaven and Homeland. — Concluded.



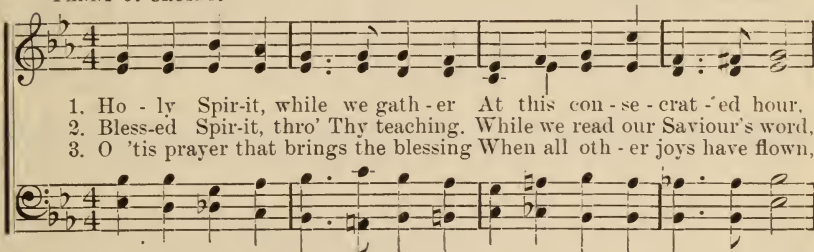
The song of Heav'n and Home-land, Thro' doors God leaves ajar.

No. 137.

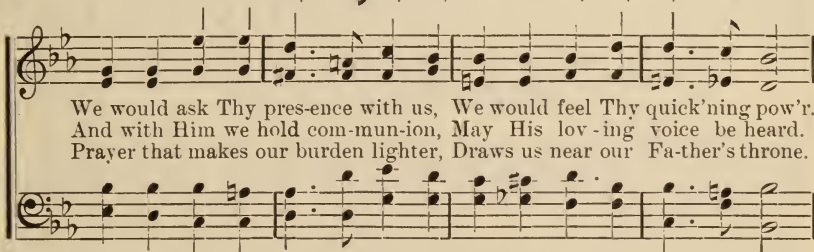
Holy Spirit.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

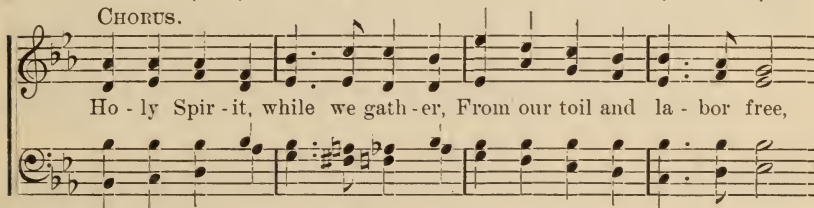


1. Ho - ly Spir-it, while we gath - er At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
2. Bless-ed Spir-it, thro' Thy teaching. While we read our Saviour's word,
3. O 'tis prayer that brings the blessing When all oth - er joys have flown,

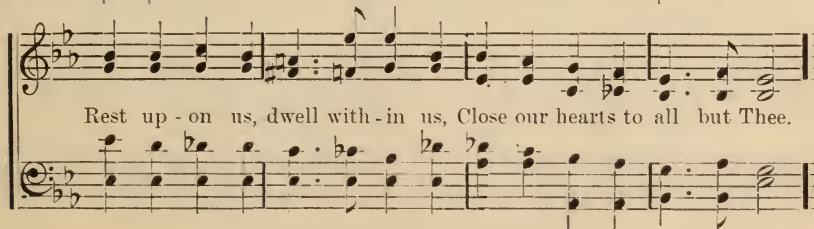


We would ask Thy pres-ence with us, We would feel Thy quick'ning pow'r.
And with Him we hold com-mun-ion, May His lov - ing voice be heard.
Prayer that makes our burden lighter, Draws us near our Fa - ther's throne.

CHORUS.



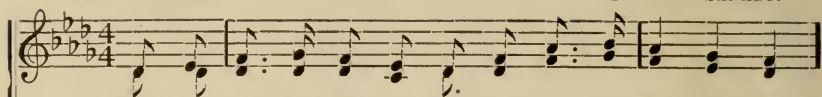
Ho - ly Spir - it, while we gath - er, From our toil and la - bor free,



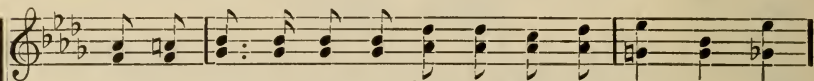
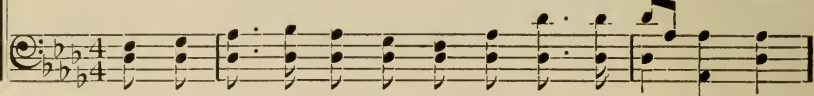
Rest up - on us, dwell with - in us, Close our hearts to all but Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

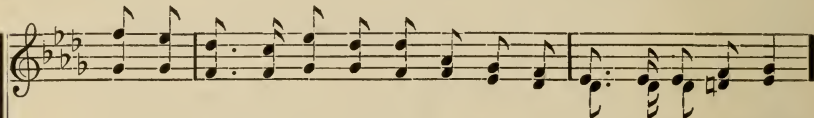
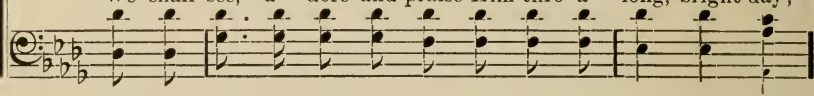
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



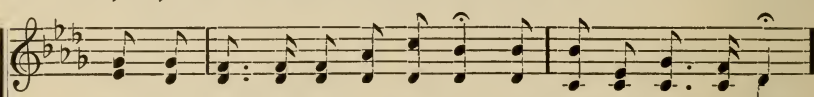
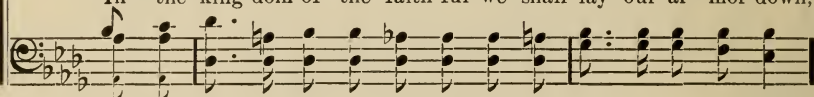
1. There is One, that like a shepherd will de - fend our way,
2. There is One, that like a shepherd will de - fend our way,
3. There is One, that like a shepherd will de - fend our way,



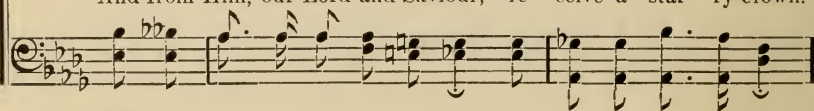
O, the joy of those that love Him and His voice o - bey
 And He looks with eyes of pit - y on the sheep that stray;
 We shall see, a - dore and praise Him thro' a long, bright day;



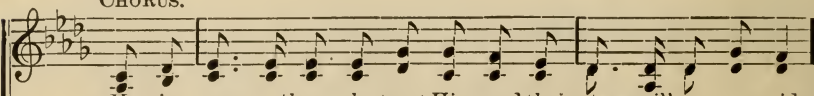
He will lead them to the pastures, in the pleasant vales that grow;
 From the mountains wild and lonely, still He calls them to His fold,—
 In the king - dom of the faith - ful we shall lay our ar - mor down,



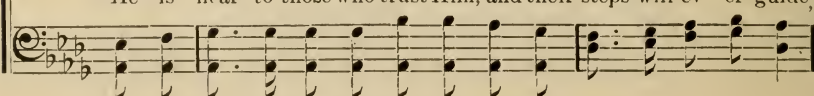
And re - fresh them with the wa - ters from streams that gently flow.
 He is full of grace and mer - cy,—His love can ne'er be told.
 And from Him, our Lord and Saviour, re - ceive a star - ry crown.



CHORUS.



He is near to those who trust Him, and their steps will ev - er guide,



There is One.—Concluded.

They shall nev - er faint nor fal - ter at His side;.....
yes, at His side:

He has o - ver-come the world, and the cap - tive now is free,

He has made us heirs of glo - ry, and His Name our song shall be.

No. 139.

Sweet is the Work.

ISAAC WATTS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa - cred rest; No mortal care shall fill my breast;
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord, And bless His works, and bless His word:
4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know All I de - sired or wished be - low,

To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
O, may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp, of sol - emn sound.
His works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep His counsels, how divine!
And every power find sweet employ In that e - ter - nal world of joy.

Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

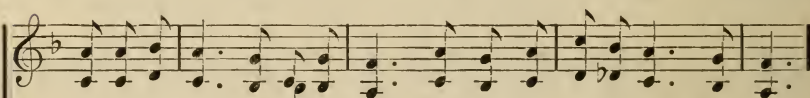
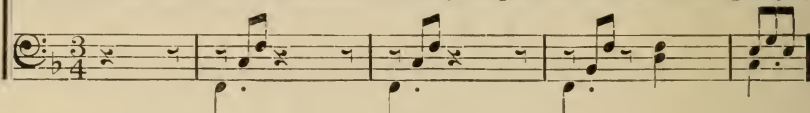
"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

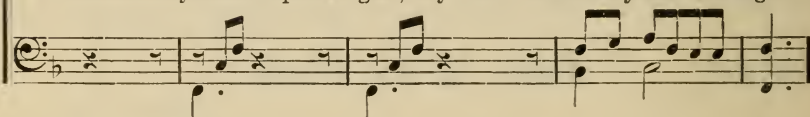
SOLO, OR DUET.



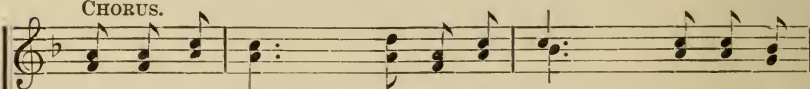
1. Someday the sil-ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Someday my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
3. Someday, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro-sy-tint-ed west,
4. Someday; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,



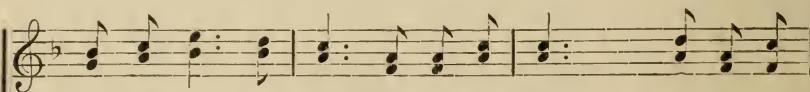
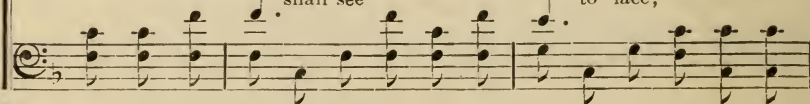
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en-ter in - to rest.
 That when my Saviour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.



CHORUS.



And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
 shall see to face,



sto-ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
 shall see



Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
to face,

rit.

No. 141. Lord, at Thy Mercy-seat.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Christ is all and in all."—Col. 3 : 11.

ANON.

rit.

1. Lord, at Thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; Plead-ing Thy
2. Tears of re - pent - ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; Help Thou my
3. Still at Thy mer - cy-seat, Sav - iour, I fall; Trust-ing Thy

rit.

prom - ise sweet, Lord, hear my call; Now let Thy work be-gin,
un - be - lief, Hear Thou my call; Oh, how I pine for Thee!
prom - ise sweet, Heard is my call; Faith wings my soul to Thee;

rit.

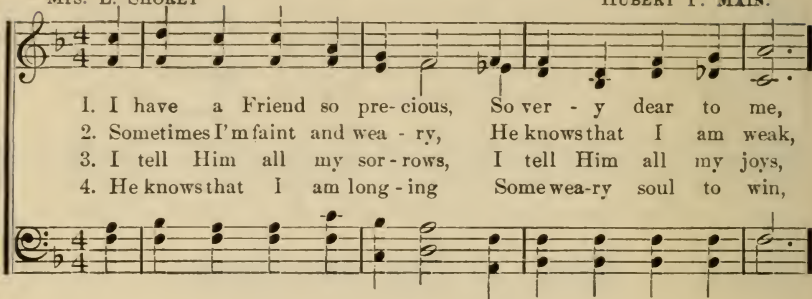
Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev-'ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope and plea: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.
This all my song shall be: Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

My Lord and I.

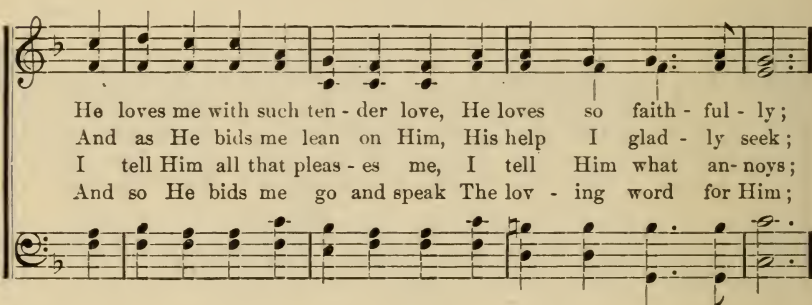
(I HAVE A FRIEND SO PRECIOUS.)

Mrs. L. SHOREY

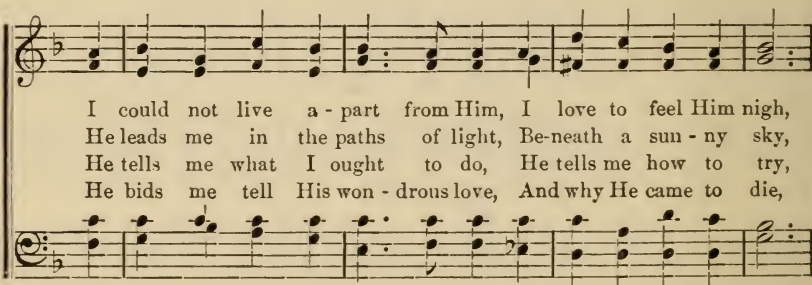
HUBERT P. MAIN.



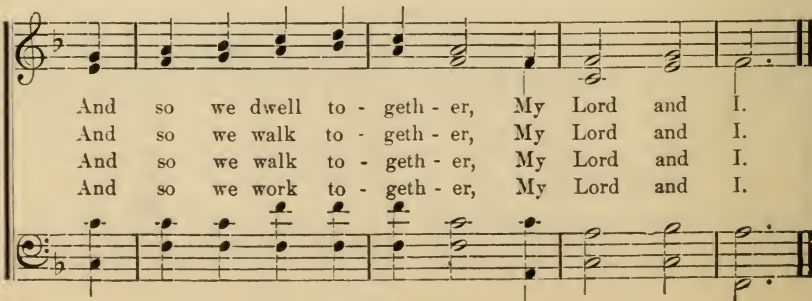
1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me,
 2. Sometimes I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
 3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
 4. He knows that I am long - ing Some wea-ry soul to win,



He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak The lov - ing word for Him;



I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath a sun - ny sky,
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me how to try,
 He bids me tell His won - drous love, And why He came to die,

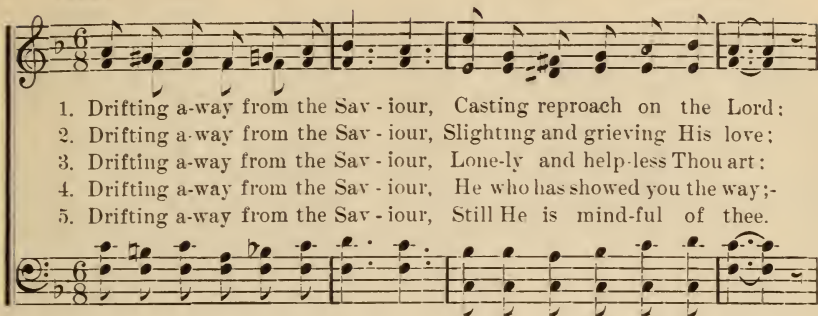


And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

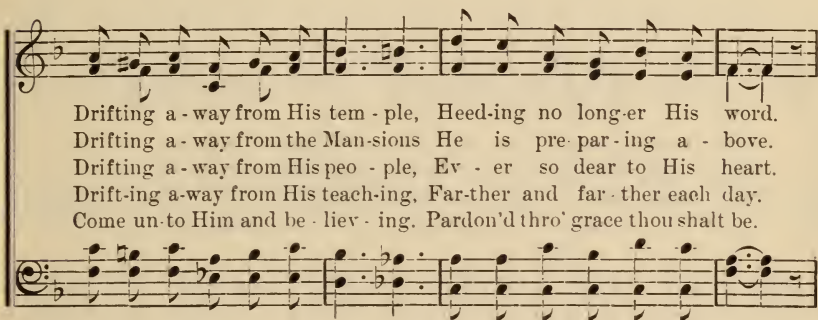
No. 143. Drifting Away from the Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

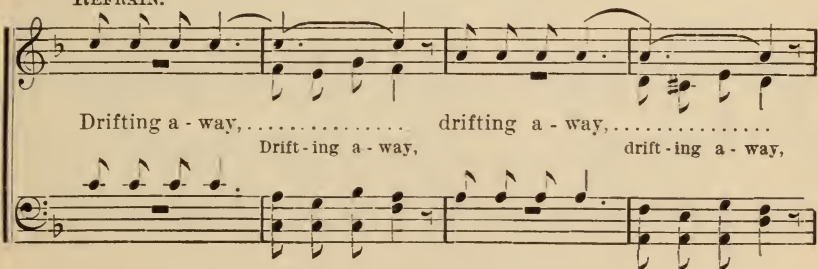


1. Drifting a-way from the Sav - iour, Casting reproach on the Lord;
 2. Drifting a-way from the Sav - iour, Slighting and grieving His love;
 3. Drifting a-way from the Sav - iour, Lone-ly and help-less Thou art;
 4. Drifting a-way from the Sav - iour, He who has showed you the way;-
 5. Drifting a-way from the Sav - iour, Still He is mind-ful of thee.

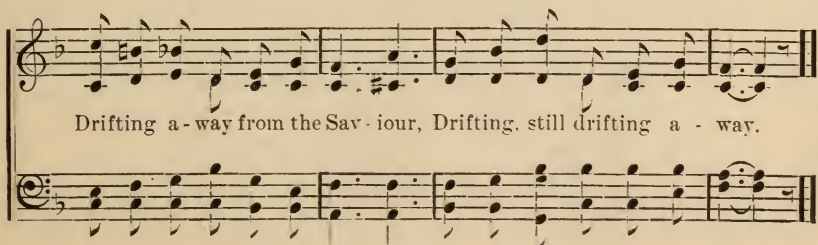


Drifting a - way from His tem - ple, Heed-ing no long-er His word.
 Drifting a - way from the Man-sions He is pre-par-ing a - bove.
 Drifting a - way from His peo - ple, Ev - er so dear to His heart.
 Drift-ing a-way from His teach-ing, Far-ther and far-ther each day.
 Come un-to Him and be - liev - ing, Pardon'd thro' grace thou shalt be.

REFRAIN.



Drifting a - way, drifting a - way,
 Drift-ing a - way, drift-ing a - way,



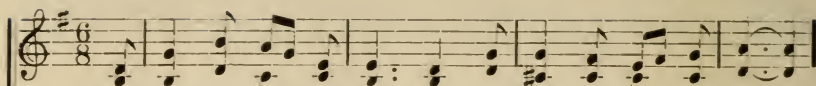
Drifting a - way from the Sav - iour, Drifting, still drifting a - way.

Abide With Us.


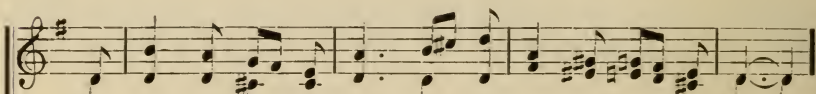
F. J. CROSBY.

"And the day is far spent."—LUKE 24: 29.

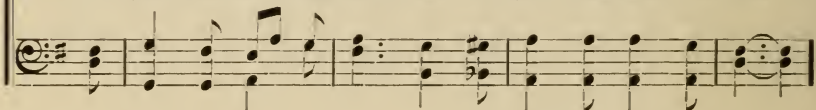
VICTOR H. BENKE.



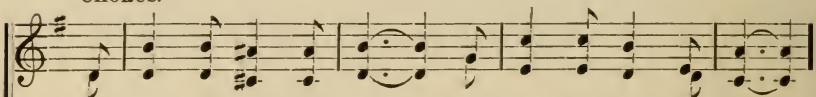
1. A - bide with us, dear Sav - iour, A - bide with us, we pray;
 2. The world is full of dan - gers And snares on ev - ery side;
 3. We need Thy grace to help us The storms of life to bear;
 4. Till all our work is end - ed, And heav'n our home shall be,—


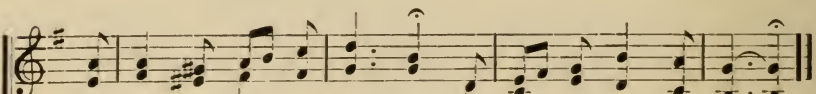
Where could we turn for ref - uge, If Thou shouldst go a - way!
 And from their ma - ny wind - ings Our steps we can - not guide.
 We need for ev - ery mo - ment Thy gen - tle love and care.
 O give us, thro' Thy Spir - it, A per - fect trust in Thee.



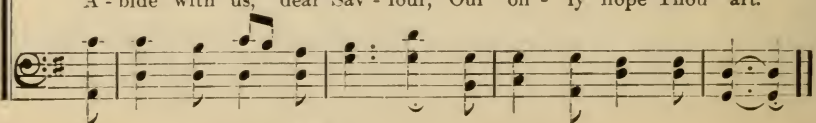
CHORUS.



A - bide in ev - ery heart, And nev - er hence de - part;

A - bide with us, dear Sav - iour, Our on - ly hope Thou art.



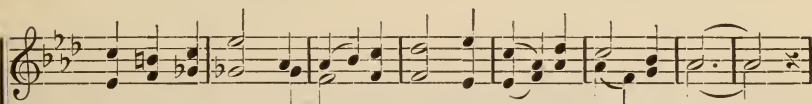
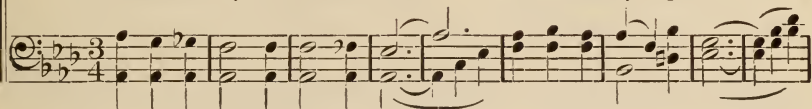
No. 145. For What His Love Denies.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



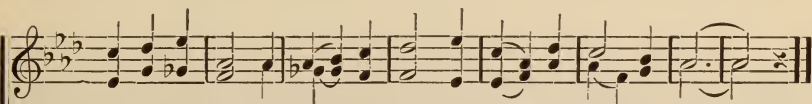
- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. God does not give me all I ask, | Nor an-swer as I pray, |
| 2. Sometimes I miss a treasured link | From friendship's hallowed chain, |
| 3. How ten-der-ly He lead-eth me | When earth-ly hopes are dim, |



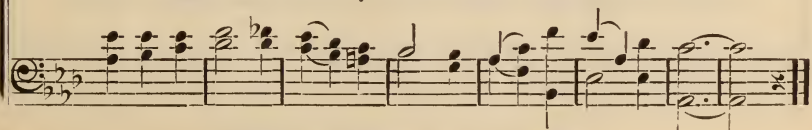
But O, my cup is brimming o'er With blessings day by day.
And yet His smile is my re-ward For ev-'ry throb of pain.
And when I falt-er by the way He bids me lean on Him.



| | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| How oft the joy I tho't with-held, | De-lights my long-ing eyes, |
| I look be-yond where pur-er joys, | De-light my long-ing eyes, |
| He lifts my soul a-bove the clouds | Where friendship nev-er dies, |



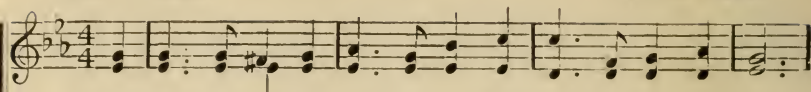
And so I thank Him from my heart For what His love de-nies.
And so I thank Him from my heart For what His love de-nies.
And so I thank Him from my heart For what His love de-nies.



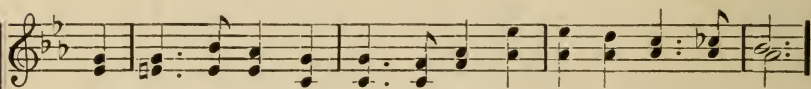
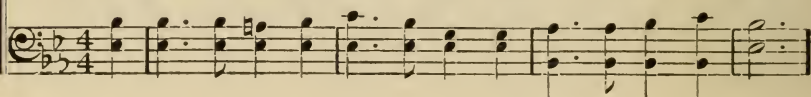
Prayer is the Key.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

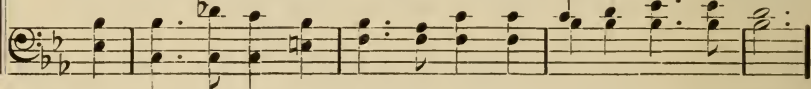
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



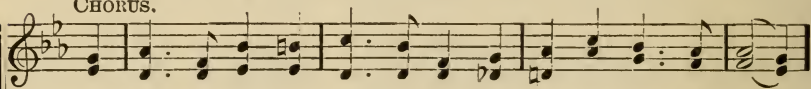
1. How sweet to hide our-selves a - way Where on - ly God is near,
2. There's not a wound that sor-row gives,—There's not a pain we feel,—
3. How oft in prayer a sud - den light, Breaks forth thro' clouded skies,
4. In prayer, we find a calm re - lief, From ev - ery throb of pain;



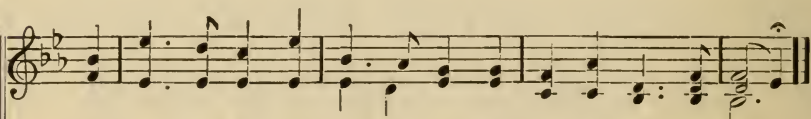
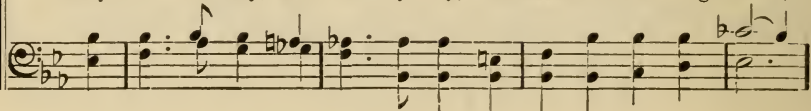
And breathe our in - most, se - cret tho'ts Where on - ly He can hear.
 But if we go to God in prayer, His love will gen - tly heal.
 And on its beams, to Him we love, Our long-ing souls a - rise.
 And they who trust in Christ, our Lord, Shall nev - er trust in vain.



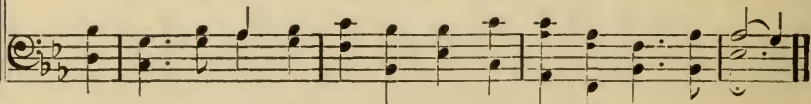
CHORUS.



Prayer is the key, the on - ly key, To heaven's un-fail - ing store;



Faith is the hand that guides our own, But prayer unlocks the door.

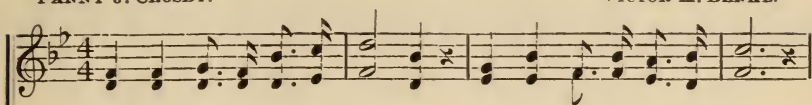


No. 147. Saviour, Lead my Erring Footsteps.

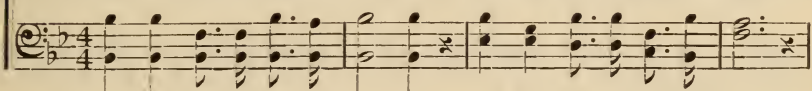
"Hold up my goings, that my footsteps fail not."—Psa. 17 : 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

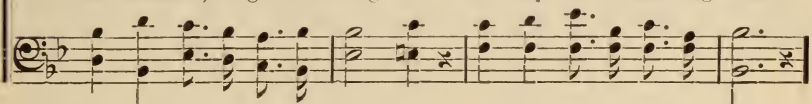
VICTOR H. BENKE.



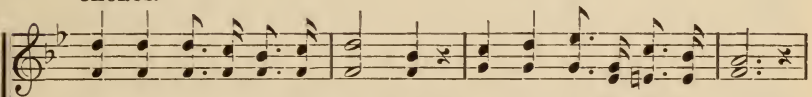
1. Sav-iour, lead my err-ing foot-steps, Let Thy word my counsel be,
2. In the hour of sore temp-ta-tion, O sus-tain me by Thy grace,
3. Till my pilgrim days are o-ver, Be Thou still my constant guest,



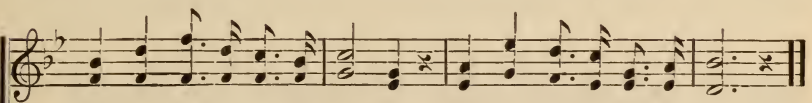
Guard me ev-er, let me nev-er, For a moment turn from Thee.
Hold me in Thy arms of mer-cy, Hide me in Thy se-cret place.
Then re-ceive, for-give and bring me To Thy ev-er-last-ing rest.



CHORUS.



Hide me, O my bless-ed Sav-iour, Thou my hope, my on-ly guide,



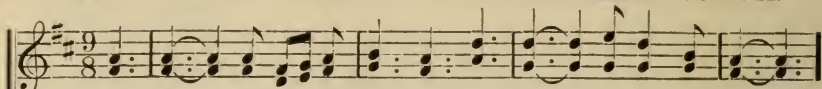
Hide me till the storm is o-ver, And I cross the swelling tide.



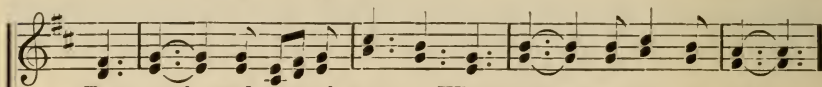
No. 148. Without Money and Without Price.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

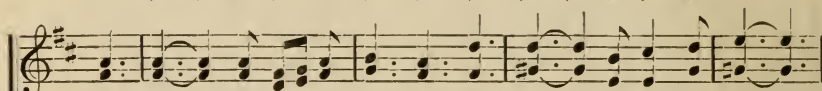
CHARLES H. GABRIEL.



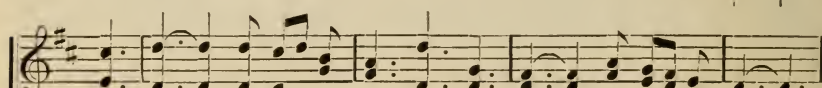
1. Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, Come drink a full sup - ply,
2. Why spend your time and la - bor On things that fade and die?
3. O come, your ear in - clin-ing, Hear, and your soul shall live:



From cool and crys-tal wa-ters, Whose springs are nev - er dry;
Why cast a - way a treas-ure That wealth can nev - er buy?
For - sake the path of sin - ners, Re - turn and He'll for - give.

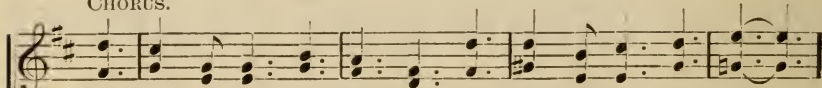


Come ye that have no mon - ey, The gos - pel feast par - take:
Now seek the Lord in earn - est, With hum - ble, ho - ly fear,
To all who tru - ly love Him, His mer - cy He will show,



Where God's own Ho - ly Spir - it, The Bread of Life will break.
And haste to call up - on Him While yet He lin - gers near.
And His a-bund - ant par - don, He free - ly will be - stow.

CHORUS.



Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirst - eth, Come drink a full sup - ply,

Without Money and Without Price.—Concluded.

From cool and crys-tal wa-ters, Whose springs are nev-er dry.

No. 149. Saviour! I Follow On.

CHARLES S. ROBINSON.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Sav-iour! I fol-low on, Guid-ed by Thee, See-ing not
 2. Riv-en the rock for me Thirst to re-lieve, Man-na from
 3. Oft-en to Mar-ah's brink Have I been bro't; Shrink-ing the
 4. Sav-iour! I long to walk Clos-er with Thee; Led by Thy

yet the hand That lead-eth me; Hushed be my heart and still,
 heav-en falls Fresh ev-'ry eve; Nev-er a want se-vere
 cup to drink, Help I have sought; And with the pray'r's as-cent,
 guid-ing hand, Ev-er to be; Con-stant-ly near Thy side,

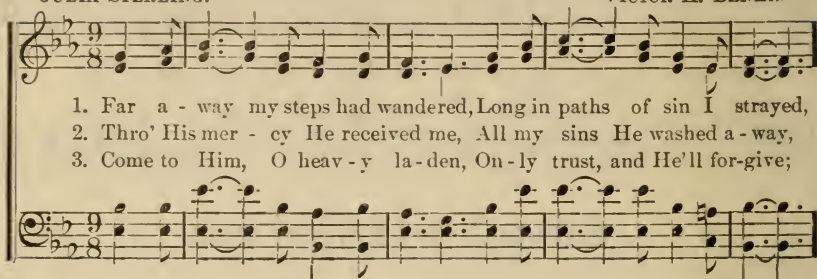
Fear I no fur-ther ill; On-ly to meet Thy will My will shall be.
 Caus-eth my eye a tear, But Thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be-lieve!"
 Jesus the branch hath rent, Quick-ly relief hath sent, Sweetening the draught.
 Quickened and pur-i-fied, Living for Him who died Free-ly for me!

No. 150. Child, I Loved Thee Long Ago.

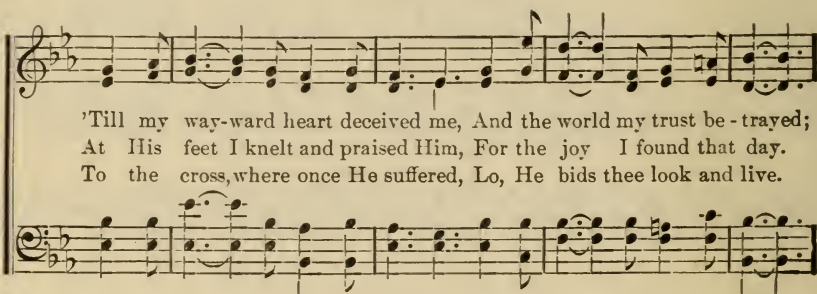
"Loved thee with an everlasting love."—JER. 31 : 3.

JULIA STERLING.

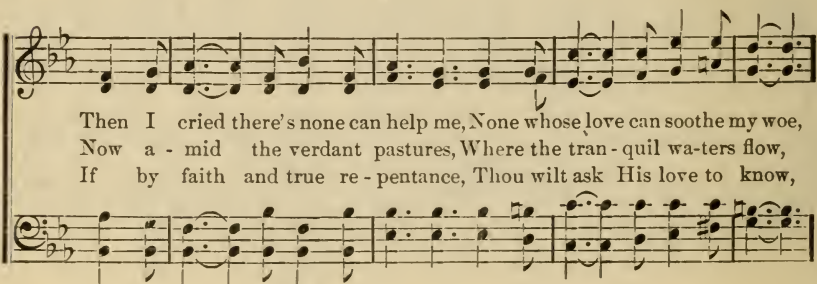
VICTOR H. BENKE.



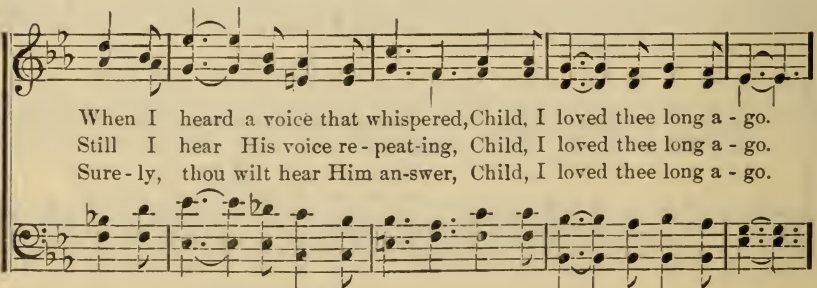
1. Far a - way my steps had wandered, Long in paths of sin I strayed,
 2. Thro' His mer - cy He received me, All my sins He washed a - way,
 3. Come to Him, O heav - y la - den, On - ly trust, and He'll for - give;



'Till my way - ward heart deceived me, And the world my trust be - trayed;
 At His feet I knelt and praised Him, For the joy I found that day.
 To the cross, where once He suffered, Lo, He bids thee look and live.



Then I cried there's none can help me, None whose love can soothe my woe,
 Now a - mid the verdant pastures, Where the tran - quil wa - ters flow,
 If by faith and true re - pentance, Thou wilt ask His love to know,



When I heard a voice that whispered, Child, I loved thee long a - go.
 Still I hear His voice re - peat - ing, Child, I loved thee long a - go.
 Sure - ly, thou wilt hear Him an - swer, Child, I loved thee long a - go.

Child, I Loved Thee.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Long a - go,..... long a - go,..... Child I loved thee long a - go,.....
 Long a-go, long a-go,

O how sweet the voice that whispered, Child, I loved thee long a - go.
 Child, I loved

No. 151.

Lord's Day Hymn.

"Blessed is the man * * that keepeth the Sabbath."—ISA. 56 : 2.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

IRA D. SANKEY.

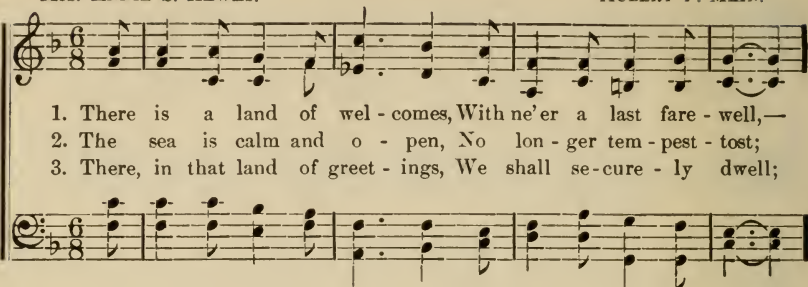
1. A - gain the Sab-bath God has blest, To us returns with peace and rest;
2. Oh, blessed day, in which we turn Our hearts to God, and Heav'n, and learn
3. To - day God seems so ver - y near, He smiles, the shadows dis-ap-pear,
4. Hail, ho-ly day, wherein may we Find foretaste of the rest to be,

And to His courts we come to pay, Our trib-ute on the Lord's own day.
 The les-son of its ho - ly calm, And worship Him, the great I Am.
 And in the sunshine of His love, Our hearts mount upward like the dove.
 When heaven's eternal Sabbath brings Ful-fill - ment of God's prom-is-ings.

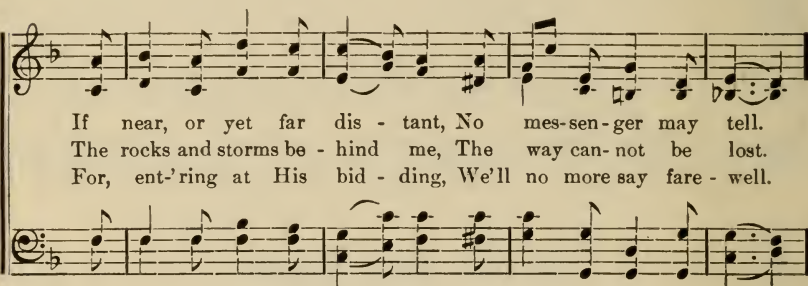
The Land of Welcomes.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWES.

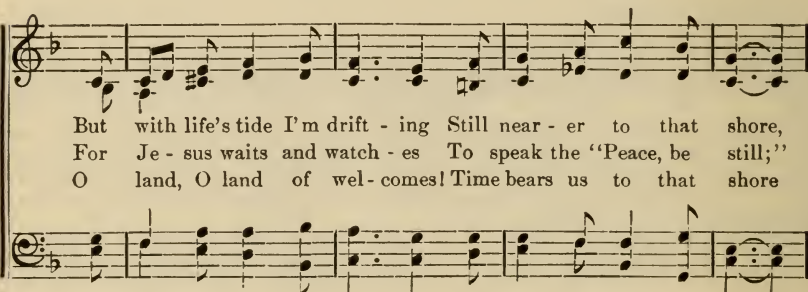
HUBERT P. MAIN.



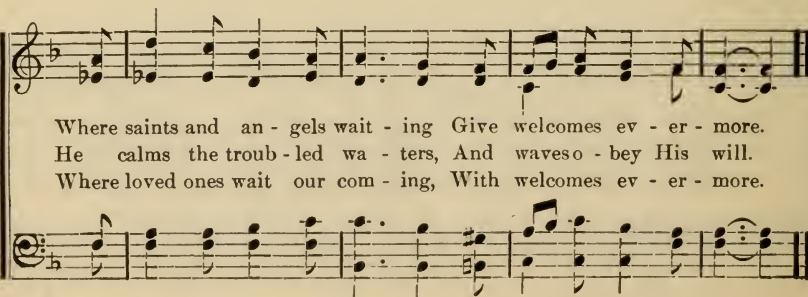
1. There is a land of wel - comes, With ne'er a last fare - well,—
 2. The sea is calm and o - pen, No lon - ger tem - pest - tost;
 3. There, in that land of greet - ings, We shall se - cure - ly dwell;



If near, or yet far dis - tant, No mes - sen - ger may tell.
 The rocks and storms be - hind me, The way can - not be lost.
 For, ent'-ring at His bid - ding, We'll no more say fare - well.



But with life's tide I'm drift - ing Still near - er to that shore,
 For Je - sus waits and watch - es To speak the "Peace, be still;"
 O land, O land of wel - comes! Time bears us to that shore



Where saints and an - gels wait - ing Give welcomes ev - er - more.
 He calms the troub - led wa - ters, And waves o - bey His will.
 Where loved ones wait our com - ing, With welcomes ev - er - more.

No. 153. Where God and the Angels Are.

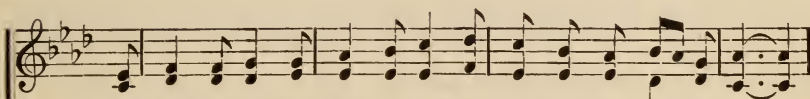
"The angels which stood before God."—REV. 8: 2.

L. W. MANSFIELD.

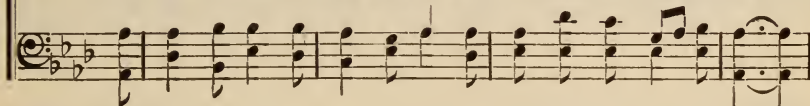
IRA D. SANKEY.



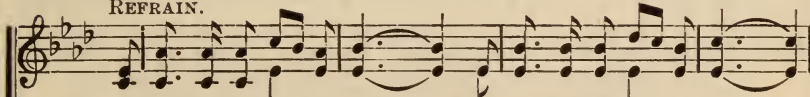
1. There may be storm - y days, There may be hours of care,
2. The Lord is all my strength, And ev - er guid - ing Star,
3. My man - sion is se - cure, In yon - der realms a - far;
4. My bark is home - ward bound, I soon shall cross the bar,



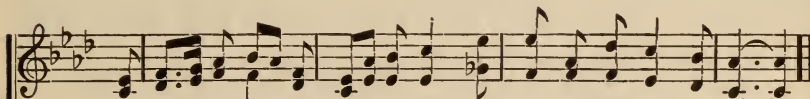
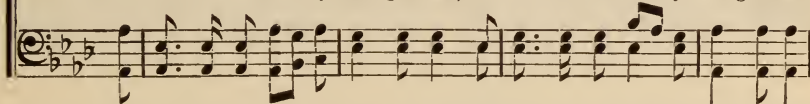
I'll wel - come all; they beck - on me Where God and the an - gels are.
To lead me safe - ly to that land Where God and the an - gels are.
My crown is there, laid up for me, Where God and the an - gels are.
And safe - ly anchor, "home at last," Where God and the an - gels are.



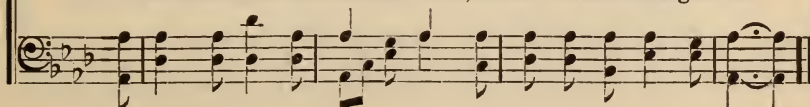
REFRAIN.



Where God and the an - gels are, Where God and the an - gels are;
ho - ly an - gels are, ho - ly an - gels are;

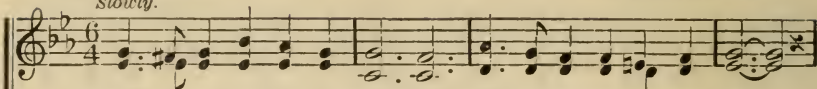


O wel - come hour when I shall dwell, Where God and the angels are.

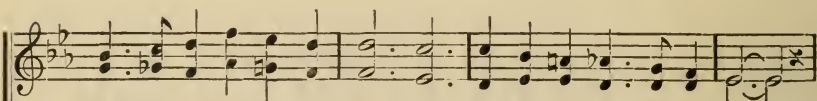
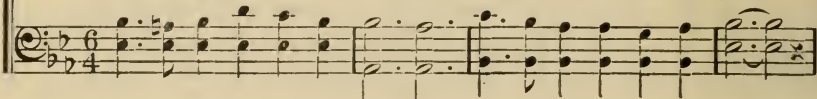


FANNY J. CROSBY.

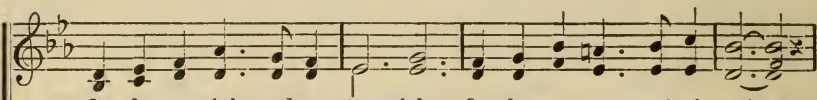
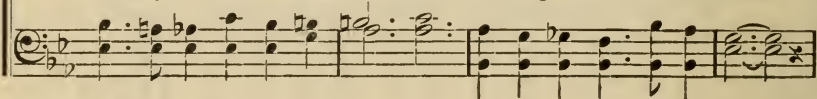
I. ALLAN SANKEY.

Slowly.

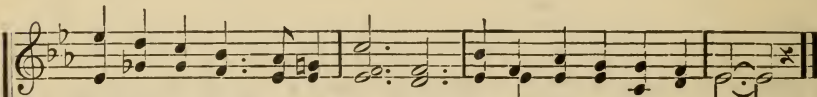
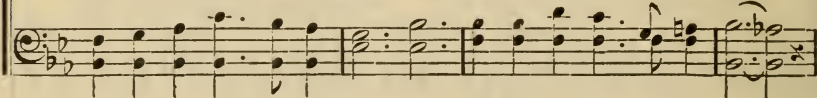
1. On - ly a riv - er be - tween us, Parting our dear ones a - while;
2. On - ly a place that is va - cant, When to our Saviour we bend;
3. Tho'neath the clods of the val - ley, Forms that we cherish may sleep;
4. On - ly a mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part;



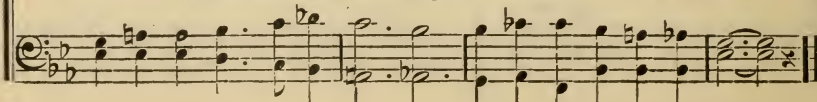
On - ly a veil that di - vides us, — Hid - ing the light of their smile;
 On - ly a strain that is miss - ing, When our de - vo - tions we blend;
 God has commissioned His an - gels, Watch o'er our loved ones to keep.
 On - ly a sil - ver cord bro - ken, Hushing each throb of the heart:



On - ly a sigh and a strug - gle, On - ly a mo - ment of pain;
 On - ly a voice and a foot - step, On - ly a clasp of the hand,
 On - ly the leaves of the vine - tree, Wither and lan - guish and die;
 Aft - er the storm, 'twill be sun - shine, Aft - er our la - bor, re - pose;



Then, mid the splendors of E - den, We shall behold them a - gain.
 Draw - ing us on - ward and up - ward, Home to the bright promised land.
 God hath transplanted its branch - es, Garnered its fruits in the sky.
 Then we shall meet where the morning, Nev - er, no nev - er will close.



The Homeland!

"They desire a better country."—HEB. 11: 16.

REV. R. H. HAWES.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The Homeland! O the Homeland! The land of the free-born! There's no night
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair; There's no sin
 3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther

in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn; I'm sighing for the Homeland,
 in the Homeland, And no tempta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Homeland,
 death nor sor-row In-vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!

My heart is ach-ing here, There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm
 Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are
 O rest and peace above! Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of Thy re-

draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near.
 fill'd with tears; And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are fill'd with tears.
 deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of Thy re-deem-ing love!

Like a Shepherd.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Ps. 23 : 1.

JULIA STERLING.

H. P. DANKS.

1. He that guard-eth Is - ra - el Slum-bers not, nor sleeps ;
 2. In the chang-ing scenes of life, Je - sus still is near ;
 3. O the rich - es of His grace, And His wondrous love :

O - ver all who trust in Him Faith - ful watch He keeps.
 Sooth - ing with His gen - tle voice Ev - ery anx - ious fear.
 Songs at night He giv - eth us, Songs from Heaven a - bove.

CHORUS.

Like a shep-herd He will guide, And for all our wants pro-vide ;

Cool and pleas-ant fount - ains..... Lead-ing us be - side.

Girded for Battle.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Gird-ed for bat-tle our forc-es we bring, Fear-less and faithful to
 2. Gird-ed for bat-tle our path-way is clear, Since He is for us no
 3. Gird-ed for bat-tle, now on, to the field, Truth is our watchword and

fol-low our King; Read-y the le-gions of e-vil to brave,
 dan-ger we fear, Le-gions can nev-er His sol-diers en-slave,
 faith is our shield, Fierce tho' the con-flict its per-ils we'll brave,

ff

CHORUS.

Trust-ing our Leader, the Might-y to Save.
 He, our Commander, is might-y to save.
 He, our De-liv-er, is might-y to save. } Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!

this our acclaim, Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! praise to His name; Sing till the

ransomed that watch from the sky, Send back the answer, your triumph is high.

Into the Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Come out in - to the sun-shine That spark-les ev - er bright;
 2. Come out in - to the sun-shine Where pleas-ant pas-tures grow,
 3. Come out in - to the sun-shine And hap - py let us be,

Why should we walk in dark-ness When Je - sus is the light?
 And let us walk to - geth - er, By cool-ing streams that flow:
 To know its beams of glad-ness, To ev - 'ry one are free;


'Tis He, who now be - fore us, Un - veils the gold - en rays
 A - mong the hills and val - leys, The harp of na - ture rings,
 O dwell a - mid the sun-shine Of pure and ho - ly love;

That change the night of mourning, To songs of joy and praise.
 And all the vast cre - a - tion A - dore the King of kings.
 The gift of our Cre - a - tor, Who sent it from a - bove.

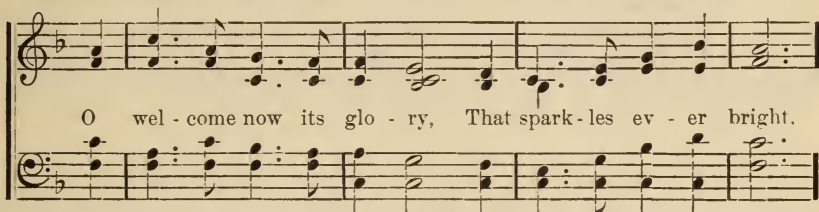
CHORUS.

O wel - come now the sun-shine, While mu - sic thro' the air

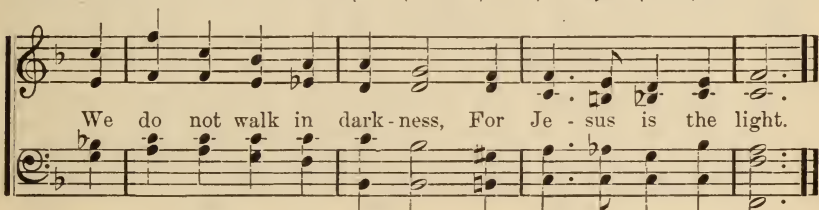
Into the Sunshine.—Concluded.



Is borne a - loft on se-raph wings To yon-der clime so fair;



O wel - come now its glo - ry, That spark - les ev - er bright.



We do not walk in dark - ness, For Je - sus is the light.

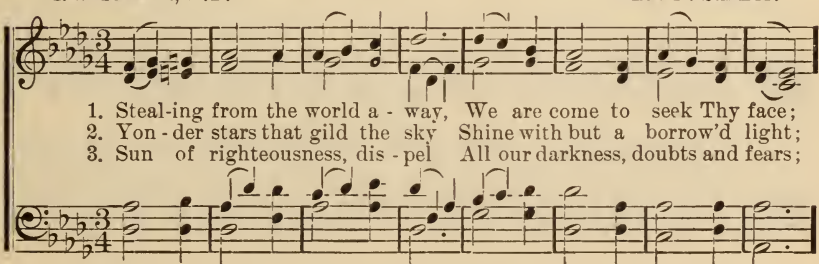
No. 159.

An Evening Prayer.


RAY PALMER, D.D.

"Thy face, Lord, will I seek."—PSA. 27 : 8.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Steal - ing from the world a - way, We are come to seek Thy face;
2. Yon - der stars that gild the sky Shine with but a borrow'd light;
3. Sun of righteousness, dis - pel All our darkness, doubts and fears;



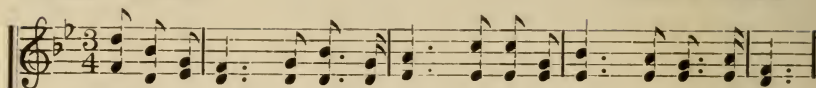
Kind - ly meet us, Lord, we pray, Grant us Thy re - viv - ing grace.
We, un - less Thy light be nigh, Wan - der, wrapt in gloom - y night.
May Thy light with - in us dwell, Till e - ter - nal day ap - pears.

Redeeming Grace.

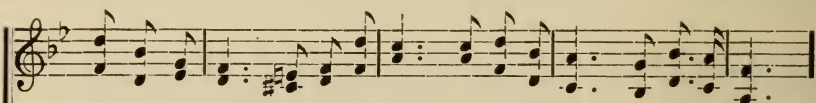
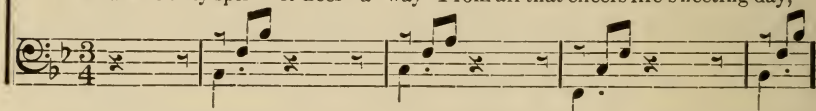
"By grace ye are saved."—Eph. 2: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

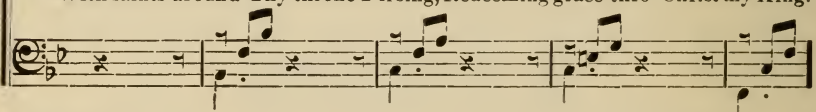
VICTOR H. BENKE.



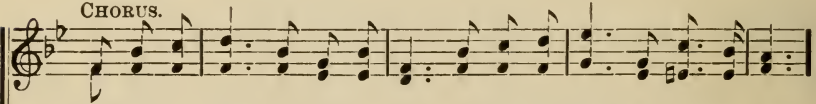
1. Wake thou, my harp, O Mighty Love, That fills the bound-less realm a-bove ;
2. Thou great First Cause of mortal good, Whose throne thro' endless years has stood,
3. The spark has kin - dled to a flame: My soul re-joic - ing in Thy name,
4. And when my spir - it flees a - way From all that cheers life's fleeting day,—



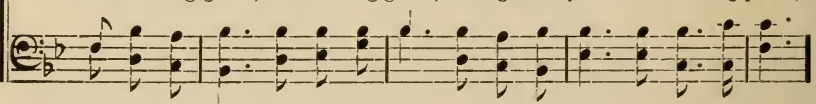
Sweep thou my strings, for I would sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.
In - struct my fee - ble voice to sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.
Bids all with - in me join and sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.
With saints around Thy throne I'll sing, Redeeming grace thro' Christ my King.



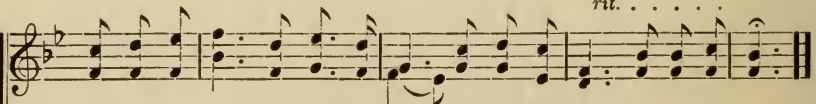
CHORUS.



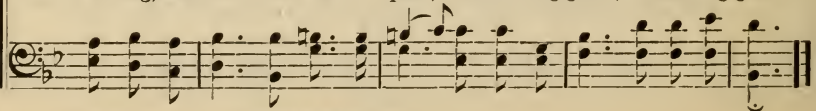
Re-deem-ing grace, re-deeming grace, That gives my soul a rest-ing place;



rit.

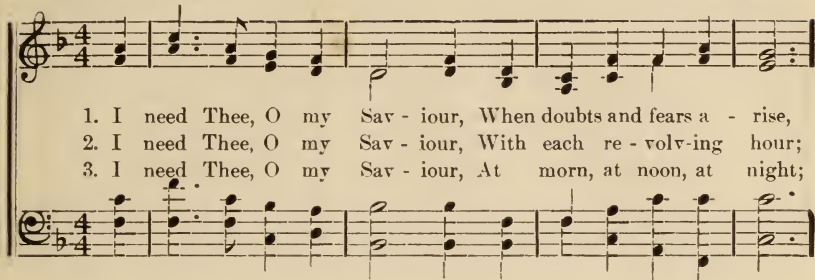


I'll sing, while time rolls on a - pace, Redeem-ing grace, redeeming grace.

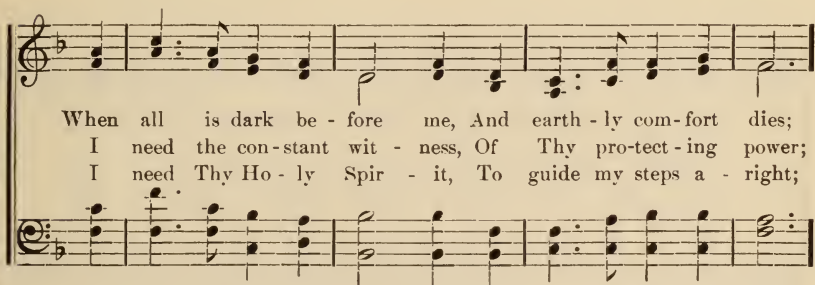


GRACE J. FRANCES.

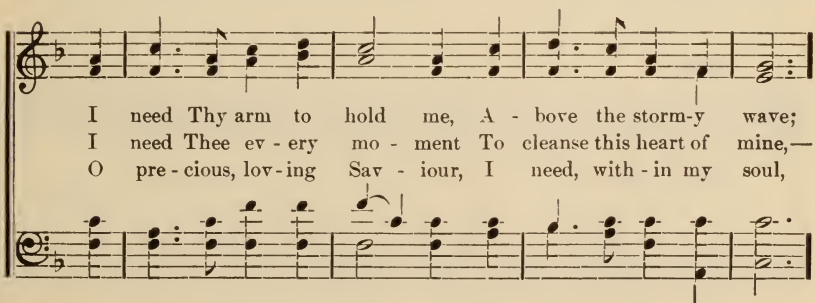
HUBERT P. MAIN.



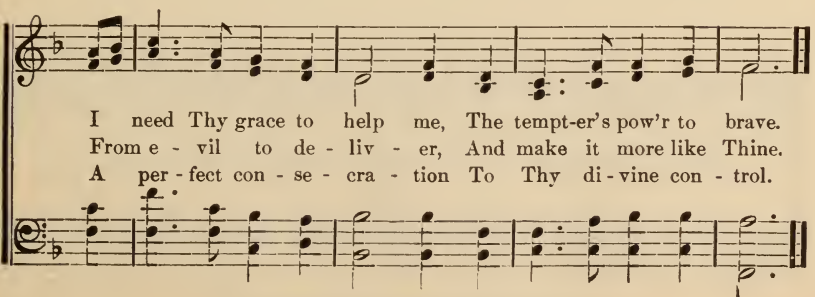
1. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, When doubts and fears a - rise,
 2. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, With each re - volving hour;
 3. I need Thee, O my Sav - iour, At morn, at noon, at night;



When all is dark be - fore me, And earth - ly com - fort dies;
 I need the con - stant wit - ness, Of Thy pro - tect - ing power;
 I need Thy Ho - ly Spir - it, To guide my steps a - right;



I need Thy arm to hold me, A - bove the storm-y wave;
 I need Thee ev - ery mo - ment To cleanse this heart of mine,—
 O pre - cious, lov - ing Sav - iour, I need, with - in my soul,



I need Thy grace to help me, The tempt - er's pow'r to brave.
 From e - vil to de - liv - er, And make it more like Thine.
 A per - fect con - se - cra - tion To Thy di - vine con - trol.

1. I know that He in whom I trust, His own will ne'er for - sake,
 2. I know that He whose name I wear Inscribed up - on my breast,
 3. I know that He is God of Love, Of Truth, of Hope, of Life!
 4. I know that He, my All in All, With His, my life will hide,

The bond of love, His blood hath seal'd, Nor life, nor death can break.
 Will keep me safe, when storms are near, And lull the waves to rest.
 And He will safe - ly guide me through This vale of tears and strife.
 I know His words a - bide in me, And I, in Him, a - bide.

CHORUS.

I know that soon within the veil My soul His face shall see;.....
 shall see,

And at His feet with dear ones there, I'll sing His love to me.....
 to me.

"Peace, Be Still!"

"He arose, and rebuked the wind."—MARK 4: 39.

F. J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.



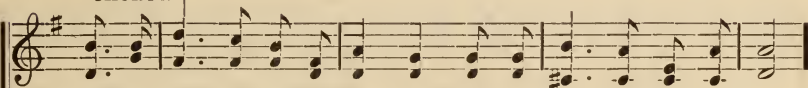
1. "Peace, be still!" 'tis gen-tly spok - en, When the lone - ly spir - it grieves,
2. "Peace, be still!" 'tis gen-tly spok - en, When no earth - ly friend is near ;
3. "Peace, be still!" 'tis gen-tly spok - en ; How its tones like mu-sic fall ;



O'er a treas - ure fad - ing, dy - ing, Like the bloom of with - ered leaves.
And the hand of Him who loves us Wipes a - way the si - lent tear.
While our hearts amid their tri - als, Lean on Him who knows them all.



CHORUS.



"Peace, be still!" the Master said it, And the winds His voice obeyed ;



Thus He calms our deep - est sor - rows, If on Him our trust is stayed.



Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it,
I will keep it night and day."—ISA. 27: 3.

D. W. WHITTLE.

MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reck-oned mine; Liv - ing with
 2. Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a
 3. Nev - er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a
 4. Nev - er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a

Je - sus, a new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till
 bur - den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that
 tear - drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but
 sick - ness that He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in

glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 He doth not share, Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
 there on the throne, Mo - ment by mo - ment He thinks of His own.
 woe or in weal, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.

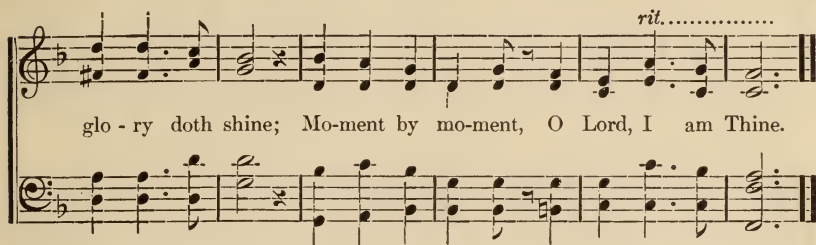
CHORUS.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I'm kept in His love; Mo - ment by

Moment by Moment.—Concluded.



mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus till



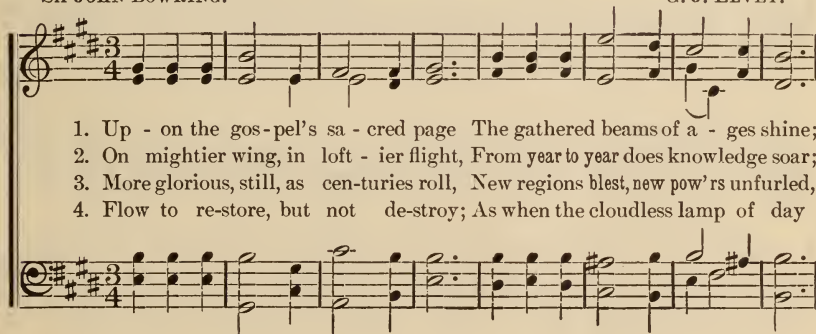
glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine. *rit.*.....

No. 165. Upon the Gospel's Sacred Page.

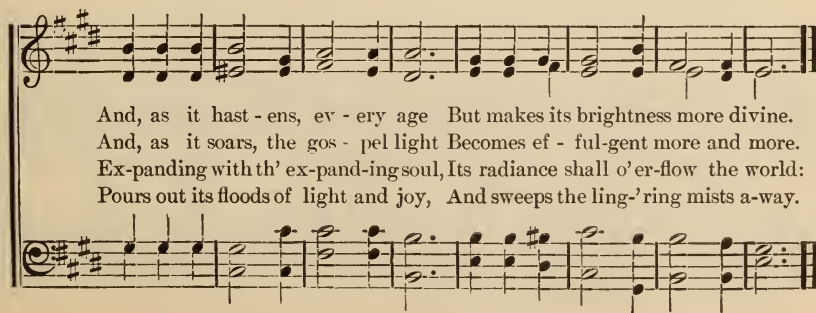
(St. Crispin. L. M.)

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

G. J. ELVEY.



1. Up - on the gos - pel's sa - cred page The gathered beams of a - ges shine;
 2. On mightier wing, in loft - ier flight, From year to year does knowledge soar;
 3. More glorious, still, as cen - turies roll, New regions blest, new pow'rs unfurled,
 4. Flow to re - store, but not de - stroy; As when the cloudless lamp of day



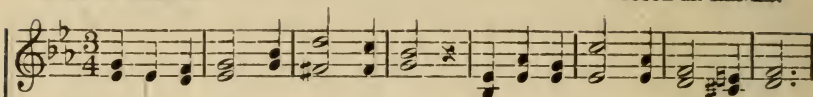
And, as it hast - ens, ev - ery age But makes its brightness more divine.
 And, as it soars, the gos - pel light Becomes ef - ful - gent more and more.
 Ex - panding with th' ex - pand - ing soul, Its radiance shall o'er - flow the world:
 Pours out its floods of light and joy, And sweeps the ling' - ring mists a - way.

Just for To-Day.

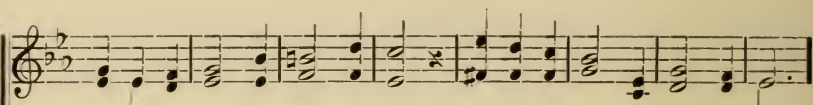
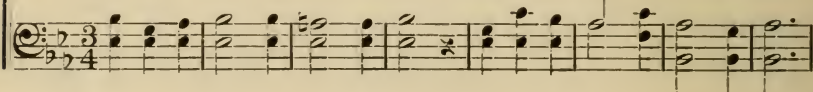
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. 33: 25.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

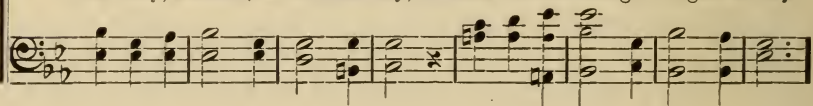
VICTOR H. BENKE.



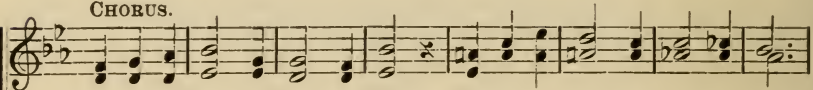
1. My Fa-ther, this I ask of Thee; Knowing that Thou wilt grant the plea,—
2. I do not ask a lift-ed load, Nor for a smooth and thornless road;
3. Strength for the present hour and need—This giv-en, then I'm blest in-deed,
4. Strength for to-day, that I may make Some sad souls glad, for Je-sus' sake;



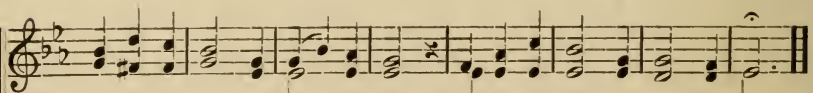
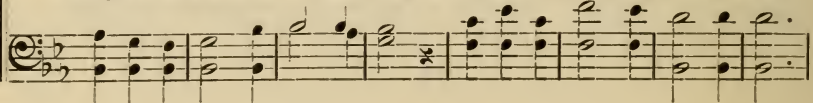
For this, and on - ly this, I pray, Strength for to-day—just for to-day.
 Simply for strength enough to bear Life's dai-ly bur-dens an - y-where.
 For each day, as it comes, will bring Suf - ficient strength for an - y-thing.
 Then they, with me, at eve shall say, Thank God for strength He gave to-day.



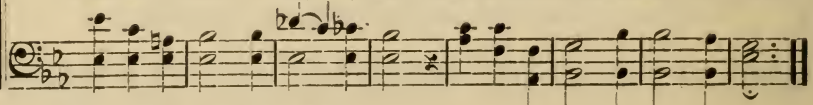
CHORUS.



Strength for each tri-al and each task, What more, my Fa-ther, should I ask?



Just as I need it, day by day, Strength for my weakness,—this I pray.



FANNY J. CROSEY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. From the ear - ly morn - ing light, To the si - lent hour of night.
 2. There is work that we must do, And our strength He will re - new
 3. There is work that we must do, And a path we must pur - sue;

O re - mem - ber there is work for all. With the precious balm of rest,
 If we trust Him while the time shall last: He will keep us in His care,
 There's a promise in His Word laid down, Of a rest - ing by and by,
D.S. - ear - ly morn - ing light

FINE.
 To the weary hearts oppressed, Let us hast - en at the Mas - ter's call.
 He will hear and answer pray'r, And de - fend us till our days are past.
 And a man - sion in the sky, Where the faithful shall receive their crown.

To the si - lent hour of night, While we la - bor for the Lord our King!
 CHORUS.

Work to do, work to do,
 There's work to do, there's work to do,

D.S.
 And a song of joy we'll sing; From the
 We will sing;

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Up with the dawn of the ro - sy light, Gath - er - ing sheaves while the
 2. What tho' the clouds and the storm may break, Work with a zeal that His
 3. Work for the lost in the wilds of sin, Earn - est - ly try - ing their

hours are bright; Cast - ing on Je - sus our ev - 'ry care,
 pow'r can wake; Soon will a smile from the orb of day,
 souls to win; Nev - er be wea - ry, but seek in pray'r,

CHORUS.
 Work and re-joice that His name we bear.
 Roll in - to splendor, the clouds a - way.
 Strength for the la - bor and toil we share. } Work till the shad - ows of

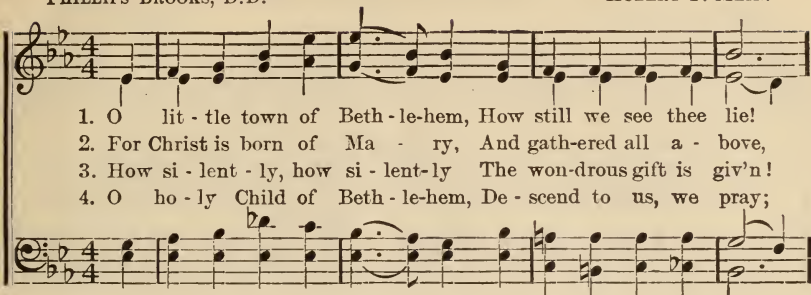
eve draw near, Work till our Mas - ter and Lord we hear; Call - ing us

up - ward from earth - ly care, Call - ing us homeward a crown to wear.

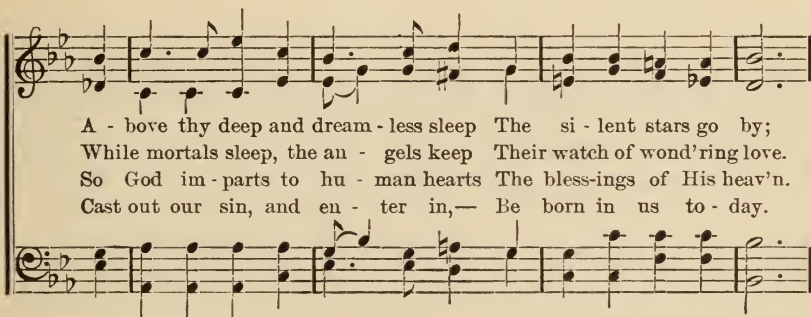
No. 169. O Little Town of Bethlehem.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

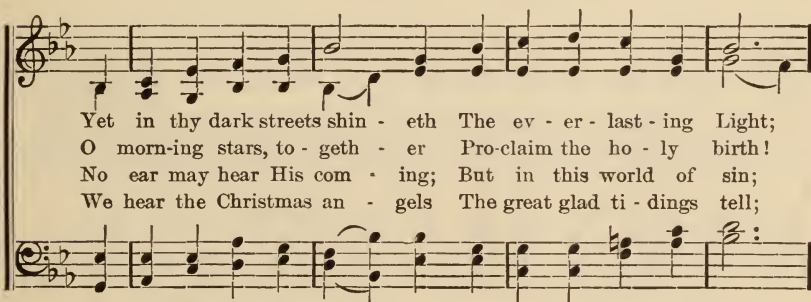
HUBERT P. MAIN.



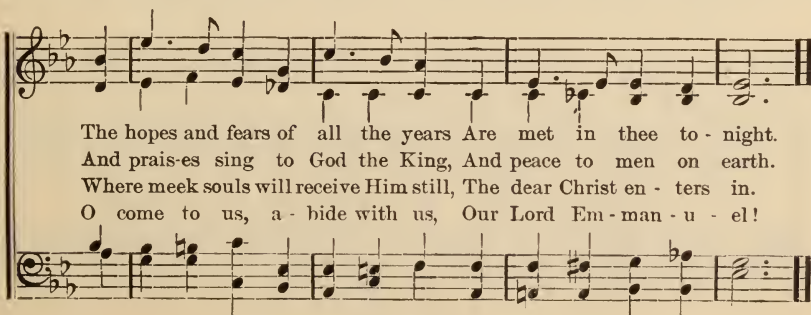
1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mortals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
 So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, — Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear His com - ing; But in this world of sin;
 We hear the Christmas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - hide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el!

"But Christ is all and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 2. In Thy word is my de - light, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 3. Thou didst give Thyself for me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 'Tis my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;
 Where Thou leadest, I will go, Tho' the way I may not know;
 Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleet - ing day;

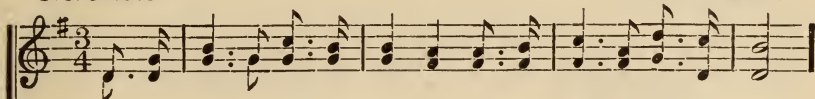
Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
 Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
 Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.

Send the Gospel Light.

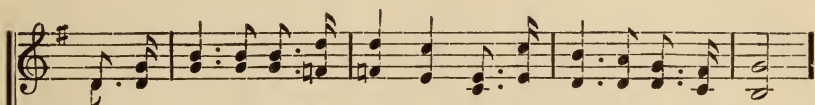
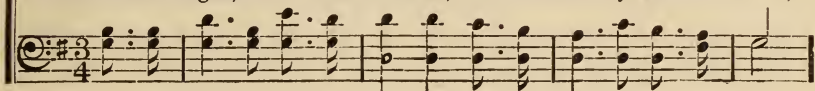
"O send out thy light and thy truth."—Psa. 43 : 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



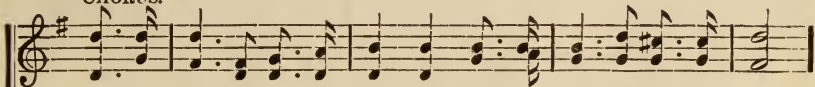
1. Send the Light, O send it quick-ly, Far a - cross the heav-ing main ;
2. Send the Light, where souls are dy-ing In their darkness, gloom and night ;
3. Send the Light; the Lord commands it ; To His Ho - ly Word at - tend ;



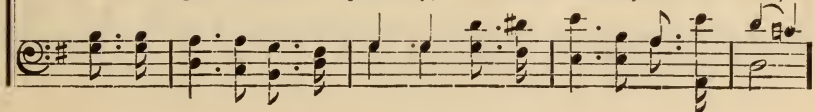
Speed the news of full Sal - va - tion Through a dear Redeemer's name.
 Haste, O haste! the days are fleet-ing, And the hours—how swift their flight!
 'Go ye forth and preach my gos - pel; Lo, I'm with you to the end.'



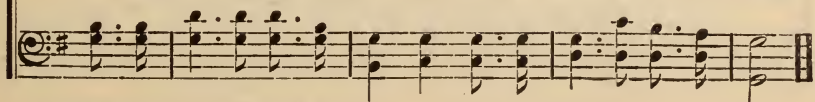
CHORUS.



Send the light, O send it quick-ly, To the isles beyond the sea ;



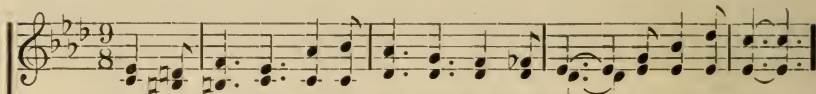
Let them hear the wondrous sto - ry—Love is boundless, grace is free.



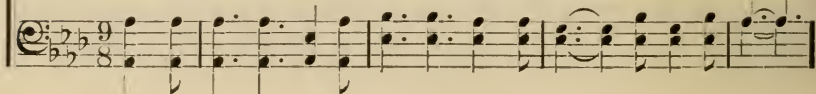
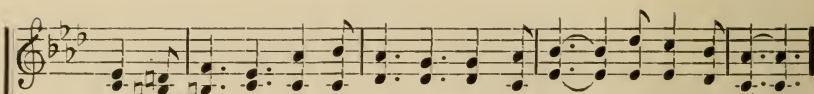
"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—SOL. SONG 2: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

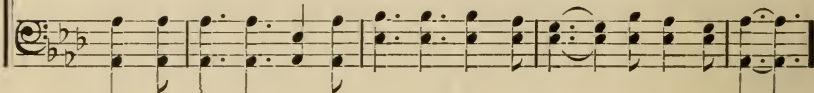
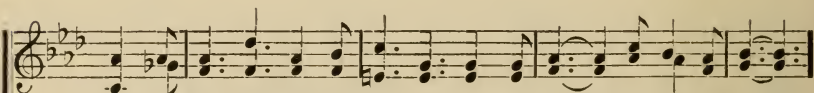
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



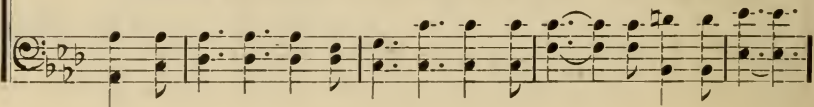

1. There are shadows in the val - ley, Where our tir - ed feet must go;
 2. There are shadows in the val - ley, But we breathe the sweet perfume
 3. O, the shadows in the val - ley, Like a dream will pass a - way;

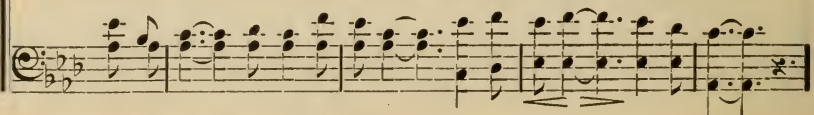
But we hear the peaceful wa - ters, As they mur - mur soft and low;—
 Of the ro - ses on the mountain, In their love - ly, ver - nal bloom;
 They will van - ish at the dawn - ing, Of the bright and glorious day;

And our Shepherd whispers gen - tly, As He leads us on - ward still:
 And a - gain our Shepherd whispers, As He leads us on - ward still:
 E - ven now there comes an ech - o, And we feel its mag - ic thrill:

"There are sha - dows in the val - ley, But 'tis sun - shine on the hill."



Sunshine on the Hill.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine on the hill, There is sun - shine on the hill;
sun - shine, Sun - shine..... sunshine, Sun - shine..... on the hill

“There are sha - dows in the val - ley, But 'tis sun - shine on the hill.”

No. 173.

At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. At the cross, I was kneeling, When the Lord, Himself re - veal - ing;
2. In the cross, I will glo - ry, And to all pro - claim the sto - ry;
3. To the cross, I am cling - ing, And my faith and hope are sing - ing;
4. I was lost but He found me, With His love di - vine He bound me;

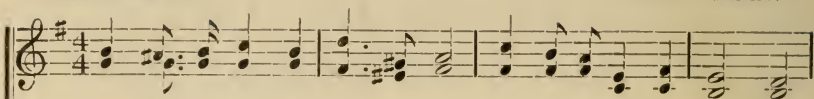
Gave me peace in be - liev - ing, When I sought His mer - cy there.
How I found my Re - deem - er, And He heard my hum - ble prayer.
songs of praise to my Sav - iour, For His kind and gen - tle care.
O, my full heart adores Him, For He heard my hum - ble prayer.

I'm Holding On.

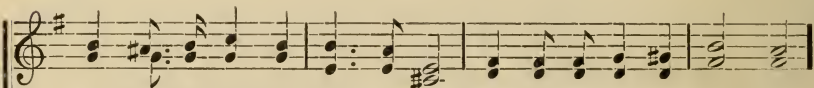
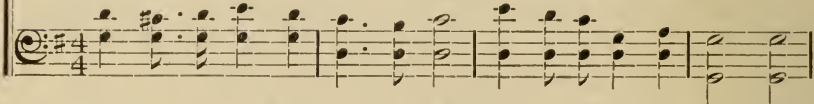
"Let us hold fast our profession."—HEB. 10: 23

GRACE EMMONS.

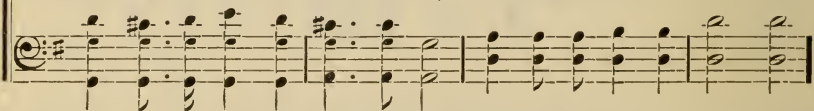
VICTOR H. BENKE.



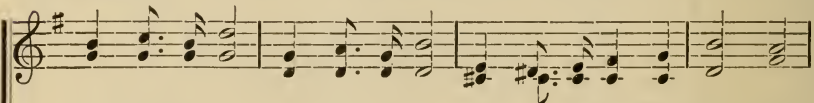
1. Je - sus redeemed and made me whole, I can for-get Him nev - er;
2. Great is the love of Christ my King, Love that no pow'r can sev - er;
3. If on the Lord my care I cast, He will forsake me nev - er;
4. He has prepared a home for me, O - ver the si - lent riv - er;



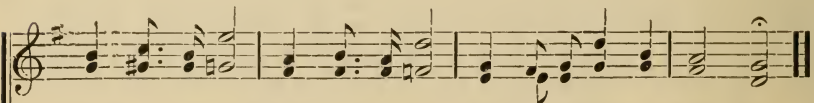
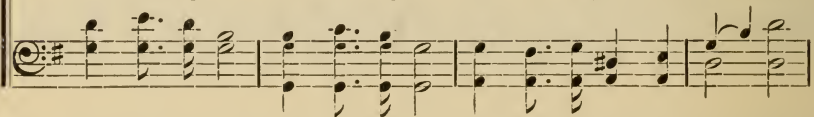
Out of the depths He brought my soul; Now I am His for - ev - er.
 Joy - ful and glad my tongue shall sing, Praise to His name for - ev - er.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges fast I shall a-bide for - ev - er.
 There with the blest I soon shall be, There I shall dwell for - ev - er.



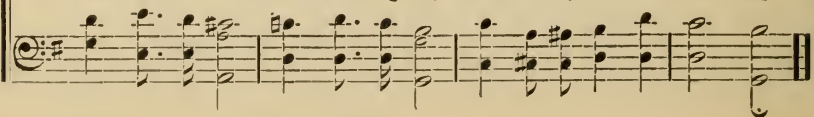
CHORUS.



I'm hold-ing on, I'm hold-ing on, Dai - ly in grace I'm grow - ing;



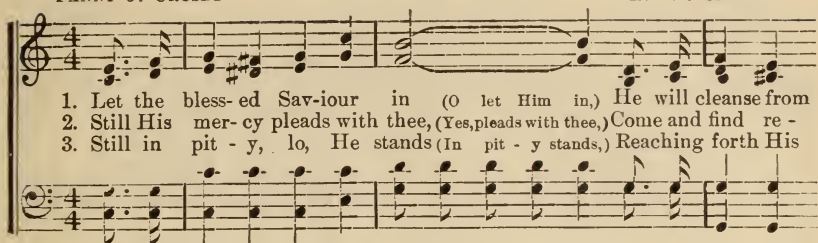
Fast to the Rock I'm hold-ing on, Peace to my heart is flow - ing.



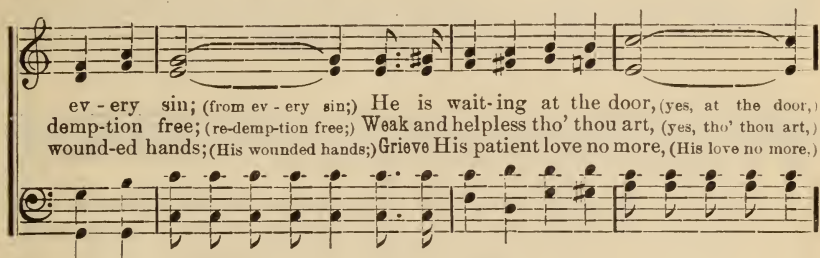
No. 175. Let the Blessed Saviour In.

FANNY J. CROSBY

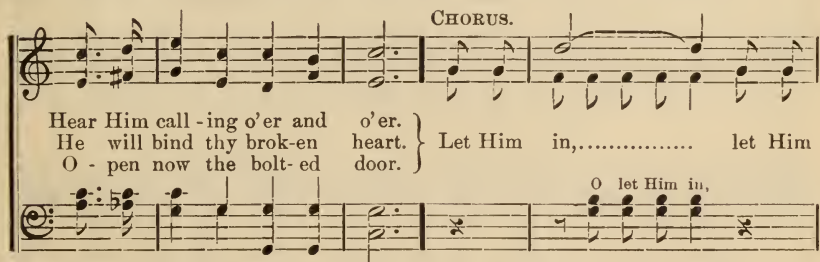
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in (O let Him in,) He will cleanse from
 2. Still His mer-cy pleads with thee, (Yes, pleads with thee,) Come and find re-
 3. Still in pit-y, lo, He stands (In pit-y stands,) Reaching forth His



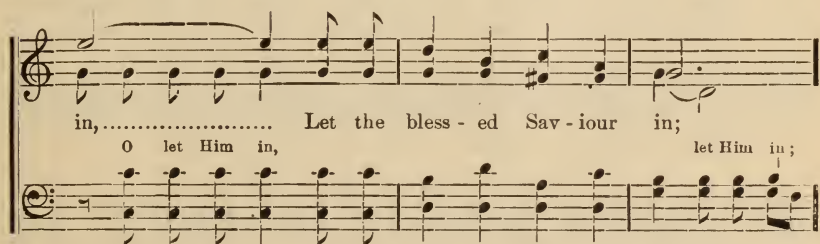
ev-ery sin; (from ev-ery sin;) He is wait-ing at the door, (yes, at the door,)
 damp-tion free; (re-demp-tion free;) Weak and helpless tho' thou art, (yes, tho' thou art,)
 wound-ed hands; (His wounded hands;) Grieve His patient love no more, (His love no more.)



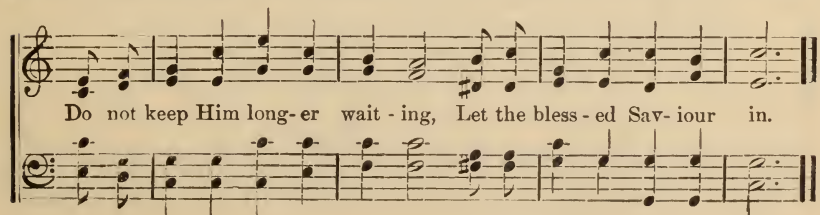
CHORUS.

Hear Him call-ing o'er and o'er.
 He will bind thy brok-en heart. } Let Him in,..... let Him
 O - pen now the bolt-ed door. }

O let Him in,



in,..... Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in;
 O let Him in, let Him in;



Do not keep Him long-er wait-ing, Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in.

Blessed be the Name.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord."—PSA. 113: 2.

JOHN NEWTON, arr.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, Bless-ed be the
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, Bless-ed be the
 3. By Thee my pray'rs ac - cept - ance gain, Bless-ed be the

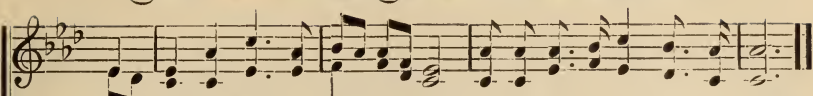
name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds,
 name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul,
 name of the Lord, (of the Lord,) And E - vil tempts my soul in vain,

REFRAIN.

Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,
 Bless - ed be the name of the Lord: Bless - ed be the name,

bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,
 bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,
 bless-ed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord,
 of the Lord,

Blessed be the Name.—Concluded.



It soothes our sorrows, heals our wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
And e - vil tempts my soul in vain, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



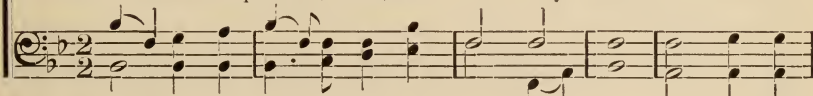
No. 177. Show Me Thy Way.

ANON. ARR. F. J. C.

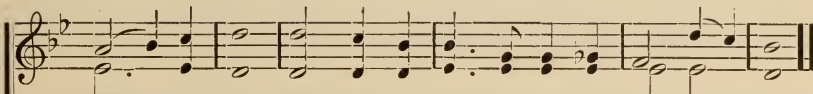
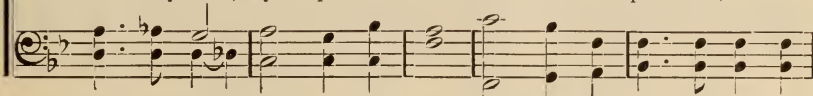
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



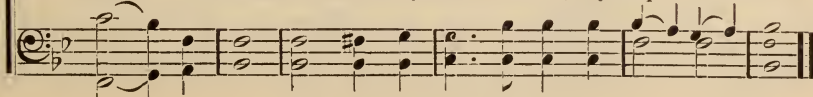
1. Show me Thy way, O Lord, And make it plain: I would o -
2. O Lord, I can - not see; Grant me Thy light; Dark-ness be -
3. I can - not see Thy face, Yet Thou art here; When will the
4. I will be pa - tient, Lord, And do Thy will; I will not



bey Thy word,—Speak yet a - gain. I would not take one step un -
wil - ders me, Cloud - ing my sight; Hold Thou my hand, and keep me
morn - ing chase My doubt and fear? When shall I see the place where
doubt Thy word, My hopes ful - fil. How can I per - ish, if in



til I know Which way it is that Thou would'st have me go.
near Thy side: I dare not go a - lone: be Thou my guide.
day and night Shall come not, for Thy glo - ry is its light?
Thee I hide; Je - sus, my Com - fort - er, my Hope and Guide!

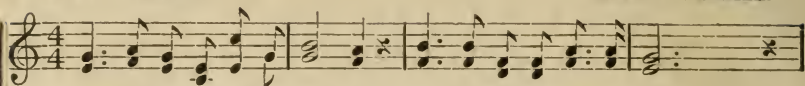


No. 178. Lead Me, O My Saviour.

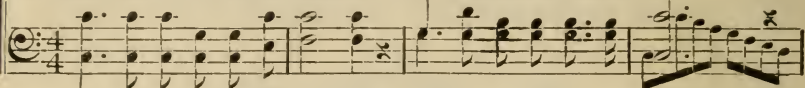
"For thy name's sake lead me."—Ps. 31: 3.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

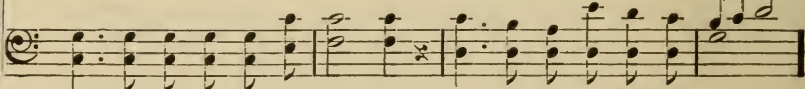
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



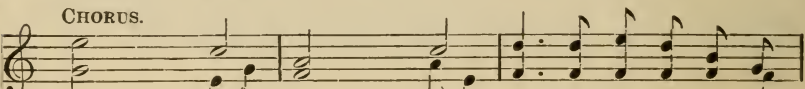
1. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Clos - er would I cling to Thee,
2. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Keep my heart from every snare ;
3. Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, Til' at last, my journey o'er,



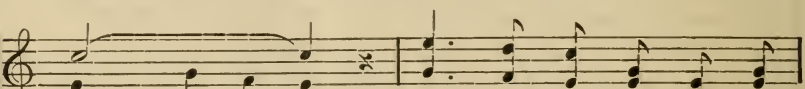
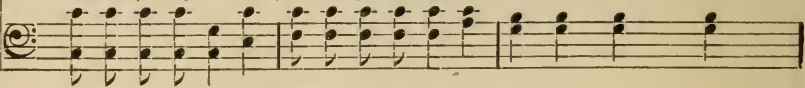
Ere the shadows gath - er round me And my way I can - not see.
Pierce tempta - tions oft as - sail me And I need Thy constant care.
I shall see, a - dore and praise Thee With the ransomed ev - er - more.



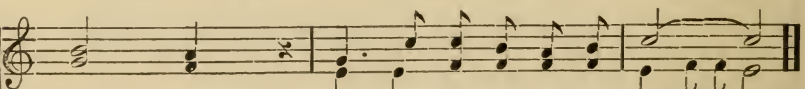
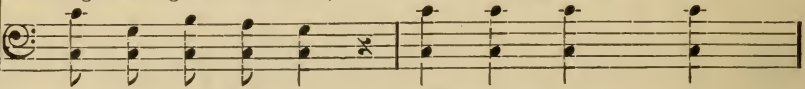
CHORUS.



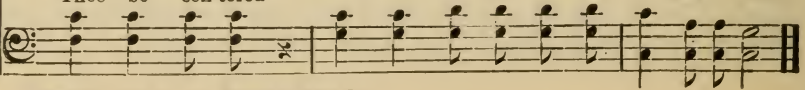
Lead, me, lead me, Grant Thy strength and grace di -
Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me, O my Saviour, Grant, O grant Thy



vine..... Let my thoughts on Thee be
strength and grace di - vine; Let my thoughts on



cen - tered And my will be lost in Thine.....
Thee be cen - tered lost in Thine.



Press to the Mark.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Press to the mark of our call-ing in Je - sus, On, to the
 2. On to the mark of our call-ing in Je - sus, Be not dis -
 3. On to the mark of our call-ing in Je - sus, On like the

crown He presents to our view, Leav-ing the past, all its tri-als for -
 cour - aged, but trust in the Lord; Hope in His mer - cy, re-mem-ber the
 ea - gle that soars t'ward the sun; Look-ing to Him who is strong to de -

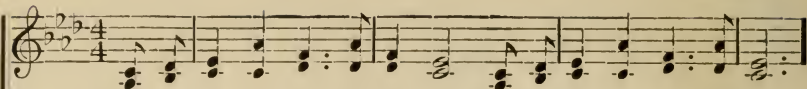
CHORUS.
 get - ting, Let us be loy - al, courageous and true.
 promise, They that are faithful shall have their reward. } Press to the mark in the
 liv - er, Nev-er give up till the race we have run.

midst of tempta - tion, Speed for the prize, to the end of the race, On, like the

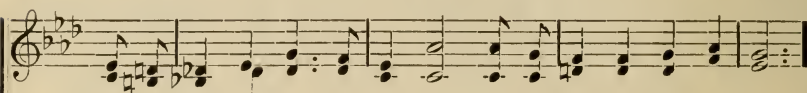
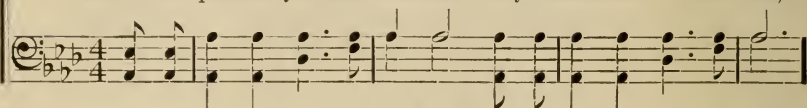
blest that have gathered before us, Singing in glo-ry their triumph thro' grace.

W. KITCHING, arr.

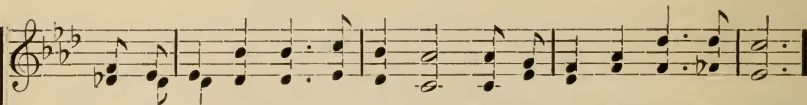
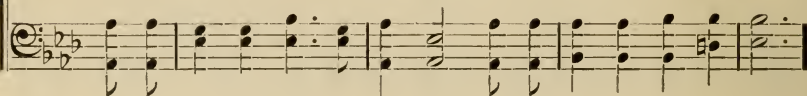
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



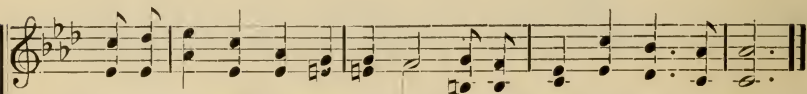
1. Are you liv - ing for the Sav - iour? Do you trust Him all the way?
2. Is your heart at leis - ure ev - er in His ser - vice to en - gage?
3. Is your mot - to 'Ev - er On - ward,' in the race we have to run?
4. If these questions you have answered to yourselves and Christ a - lone,



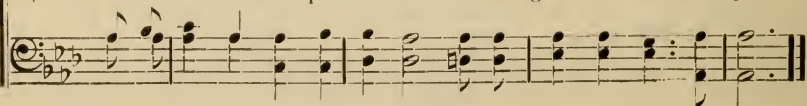
Are you walk - ing with en - joy - ment in His sun - shine day by day?
 Do you read with joy His mes - sage from the Scripture's sa - cred page?
 Are you look - ing un - to Je - sus till the vic - to - ry is won?
 And your hearts have not condemned you, when you look to - ward His throne,



Do you mag - ni - fy His goodness? Do you thank Him for His love?
 Have you made the full sur - ren - der of the life that He has blest,
 Does the joy of His sal - va - tion cause your trusting heart to sing—
 Then His love thro' all your jour - ney like a gen - tle stream will run,



Do you seek His constant guidance to the Home of Rest a - bove?
 Since you heard His voice of kind - ness whisper, "Come to Me and rest?"
 "I have rich - es to in - her - it, from my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, King?"
 Till the Sav - iour hath per - fect - ed what in grace He hath be - gun.



The Blessed Rock.

"And that Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 10: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. 'Mid the wild and fear-ful blast, I have reached the Rock at last;
 2. Wrecked by sin and tempest tossed, Compass, chart and an-chor lost,
 3. Rock, that hides my trembling soul From the storms that darkly roll;
 4. When be-yond the vale of night, I shall soar to realms of light;

Help-less, weak and sore dis-mayed, To the cross I'll cling for aid.
 He whose power a-lone can save, Lulls the wind and stills the wave.
 While be-neath, the sur-ges dash, Thunders roar, and lightnings flash.
 When mine eyes be-hold the King, Heart and soul and tongue shall sing.

CHORUS.

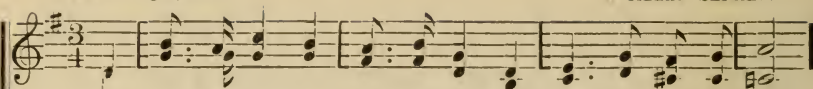
"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me; Let me hide..... myself in Thee,
 "Rock of A-ges, Let me hide

Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee."
 Rock of A-ges,

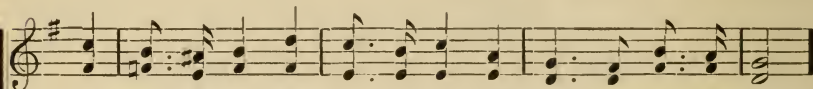
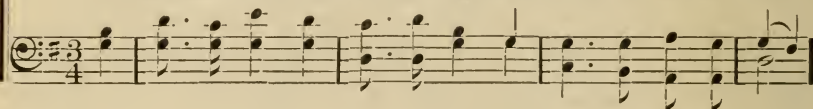
My All in All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

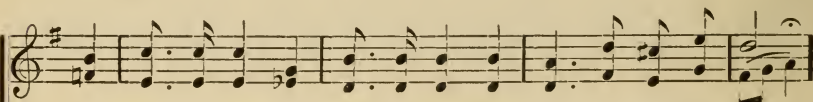
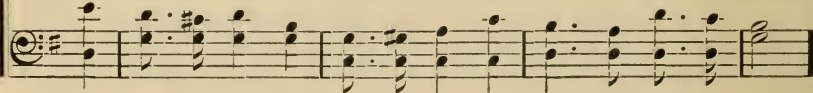
ALLAN SANKEY.



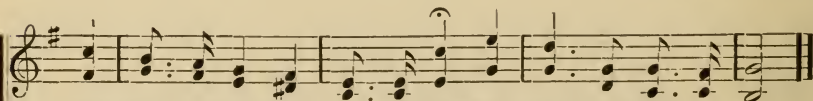
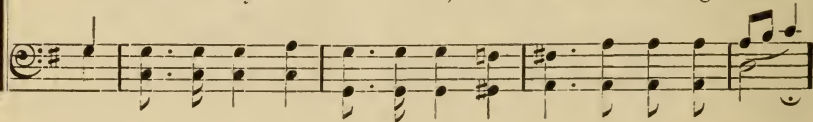
1. I have a Friend, a lov-ing Friend, Who gave His life for me;
2. I have a Friend, a constant Friend, Whose name I breathe in prayer;
3. I have a Friend, a precious Friend, Who calms my ev-ery fear;
4. I have a Friend, a changeless Friend, Who loves me not a-lone;



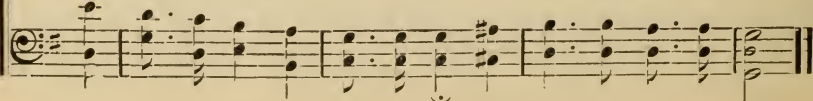
I lean up-on His sa-cred word, And there my trust shall be.
 He bids me come when ere I will, And cast on Him my care.
 What can I wish or ask be-side, When He, my Lord is near.
 I hear His voice and feel His pow'r, While wait-ing at His throne;



In joy or grief, in bliss or pain, What-e'er my steps be-fall;
 And though I pass thro' wa-ters deep, His mer-cy hears my call;
 And though the dearest hopes of earth, Like with-ered leaves may fall;
 His watch-ful eye is o'er me still, Like dew His bless-ings fall;



How sweet to know my life is hid With Christ, my All in All.
 How sweet to know my heart is staid On Christ, my All in All.
 How sweet to know there's per-fect rest In Christ, my All in All.
 My heart, my soul, my life, I give, To Christ, my All in All.

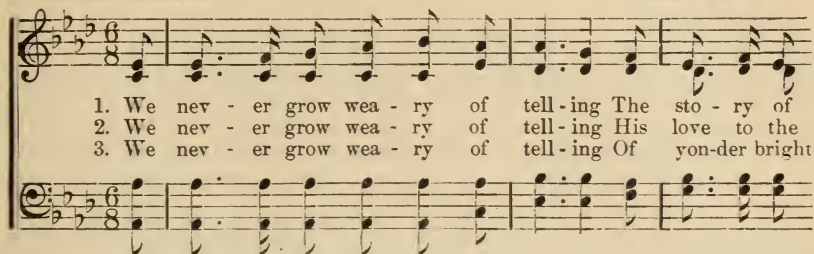


No. 183. We Never Grow Weary of Telling.

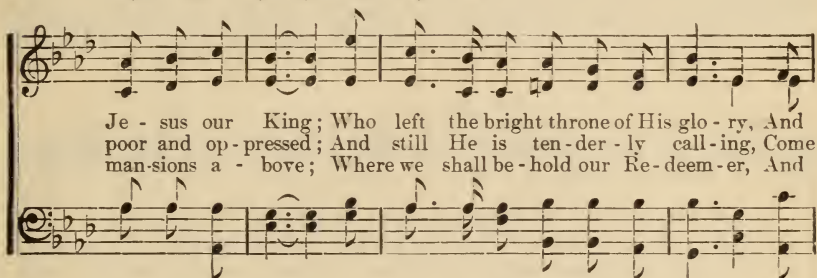
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

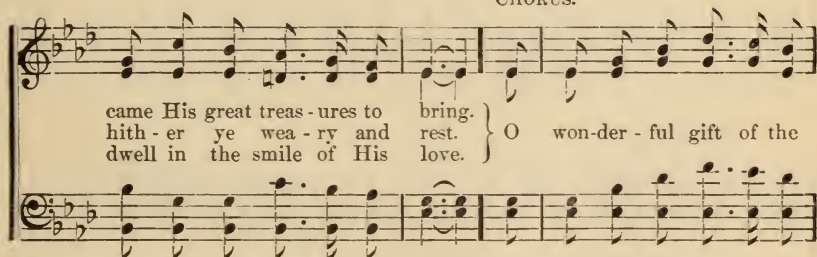


1. We nev - er grow wea - ry of tell - ing The sto - ry of
 2. We nev - er grow wea - ry of tell - ing His love to the
 3. We nev - er grow wea - ry of tell - ing Of yon - der bright

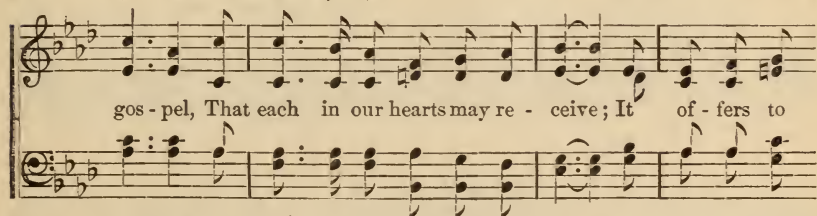


Je - sus our King; Who left the bright throne of His glo - ry, And
 poor and op - pressed; And still He is ten - der - ly call - ing, Come
 man - sions a - bove; Where we shall be - hold our Re - deem - er, And

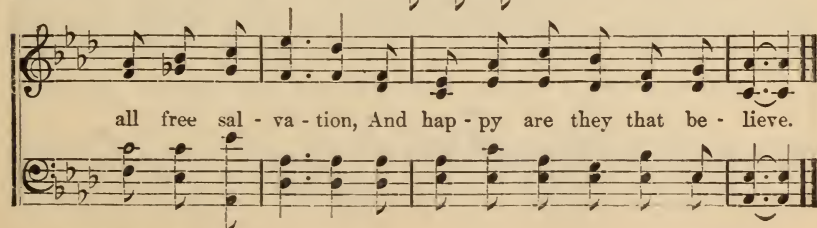
CHORUS.



came His great treas - ures to bring. } O won - der - ful gift of the
 hith - er ye wea - ry and rest. }
 dwell in the smile of His love. }



gos - pel, That each in our hearts may re - ceive; It of - fers to



all free sal - va - tion, And hap - py are they that be - lieve.

Show Your Colors.

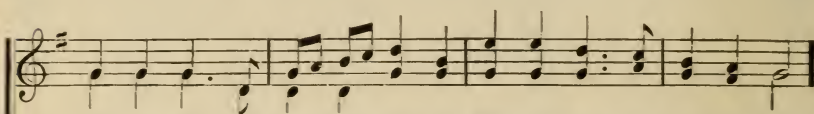
"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."—Rom. 1: 16.

Mrs. C. E. BRECK.

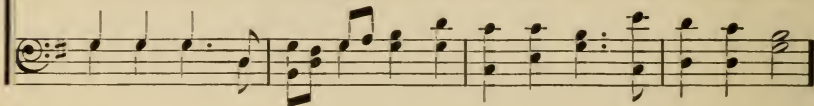
I. H. MEREDITH.



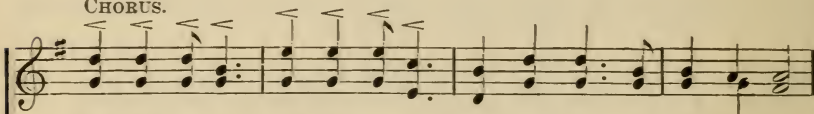
1. Show your col - ors, while you journey Lift the gos - pel ban - ner high ;
2. Plant your col - ors on the mountains, On the hill tops and the plains ;
3. 'Neath the col - ors of your Captain Charge against the ranks of sin ;



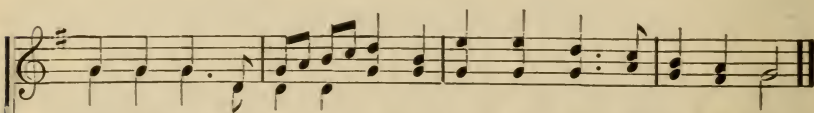
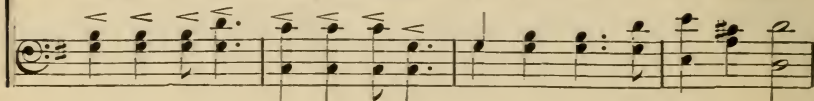
Let it tell of Christ, the Saviour, Who from God came forth to die.
 Ral - ly round the glo - rious standard Of the King who ev - er reigns.
 You shall scale the might-y ram-parts, And the vic - t'ry you shall win.



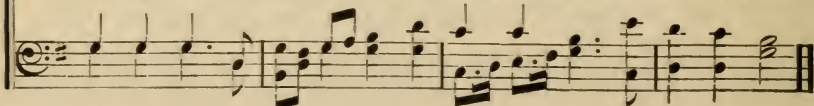
CHORUS.



Show your col - ors, show your col - ors, Let the ban - ner be unfurled,



Till it waves o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, And the king - doms of the world.

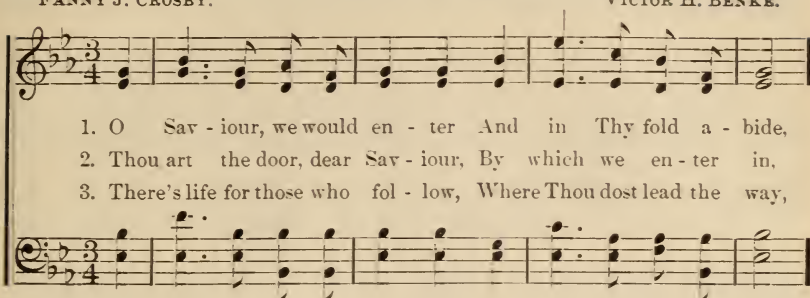


Open Thou Our Eyes.

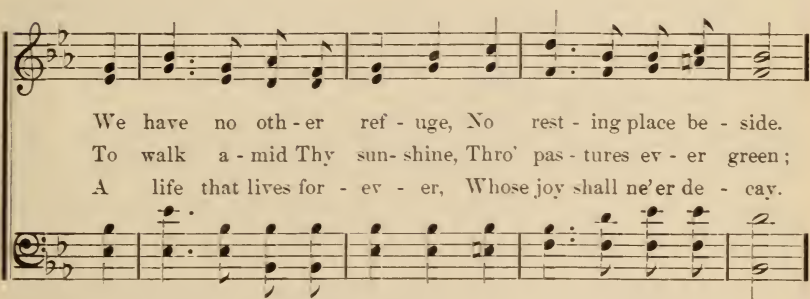
"Lord, that our eyes may be opened."—MATT. 20 : 33.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

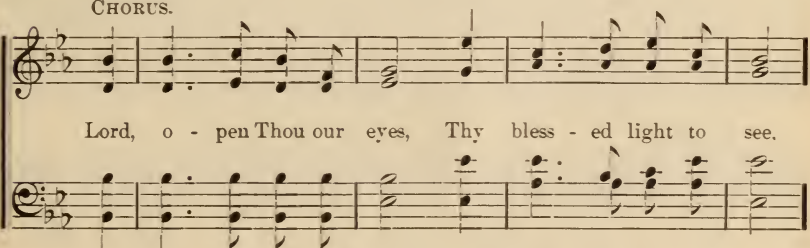


1. O Sav - iour, we would en - ter And in Thy fold a - bide,
 2. Thou art the door, dear Sav - iour, By which we en - ter in,
 3. There's life for those who fol - low, Where Thou dost lead the way,

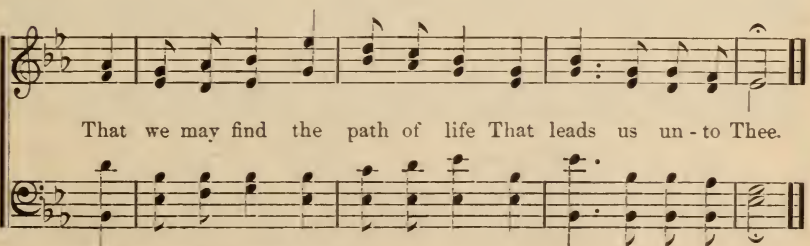


We have no oth - er ref - uge, No rest - ing place be - side.
 To walk a - mid Thy sun - shine, Thro' pas - tures ev - er green;
 A life that lives for - ev - er, Whose joy shall ne'er de - cay.

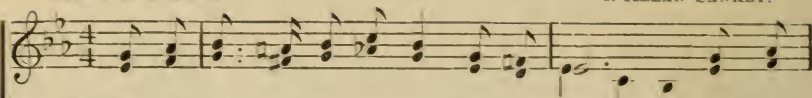
CHORUS.



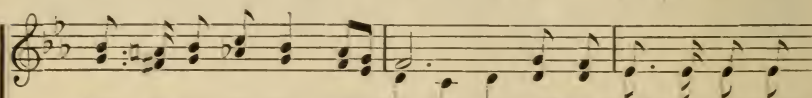
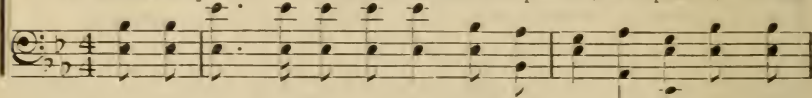
Lord, o - pen Thou our eyes, Thy bless - ed light to see.



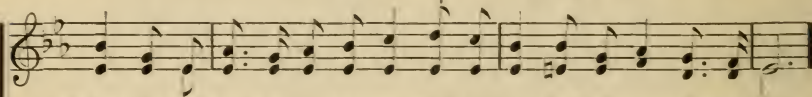
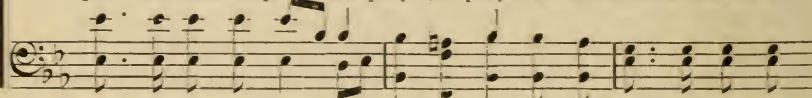
That we may find the path of life That leads us un - to Thee.



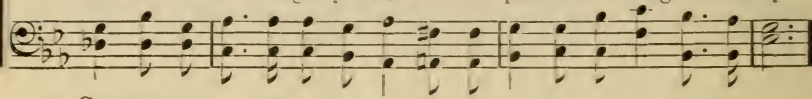
1. There is life in Je - sus' name, there is life, (true life) And His
2. There is hope in Je - sus' name, there is hope, (strong hope,) When our
3. There is joy in Je - sus' name, there is joy, (great joy,) 'Tis a
4. There is peace in Je - sus' name, there is peace; (sweet peace;) For this



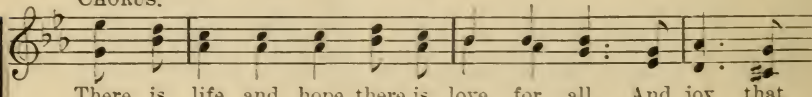
love is ev - er deep and wide; (and wide;) When the storm and tempest
part - ed ones have gone to rest; (to rest;) What a meet - ing that will
joy that ev - ery heart may know; (may know;) To rejoice in ev - ery
per - fect rest and peace, we pray; (we pray;) When our work on earth is



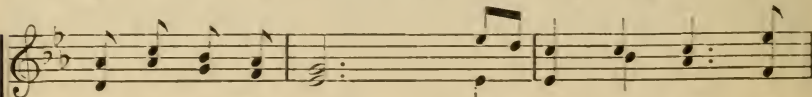
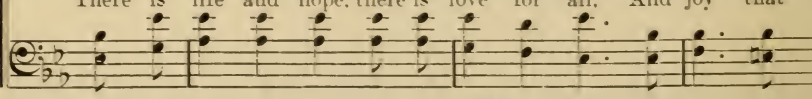
wake and the waves around us break, 'Tis the rock in whose cleft we may hide.
be, when each oth - er's face we see, In that home in the land of the blest.
thought, is the lesson that He taught, When He came to the world, long ago.
done and our crown of glory won, We'll have peace thro' a long endless day.



CHORUS.



There is life and hope, there is love for all. And joy that



nev - er - more shall cease: There is life, true life,



In Jesus' Name.—Concluded.

O blessed be His name, There is life, hope and joy, love and peace. (sweet peace).

No. 187.

Joy to the World.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs employ; While
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The

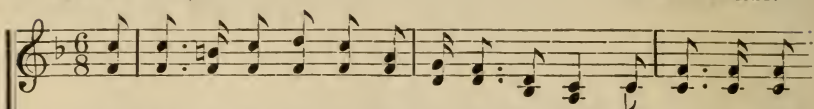
ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re -
glo - ries of His right-eous-ness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

heav'n and nature sing. And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
peat the sounding joy. Re - peat, Re - peat the sound-ing joy.
won - ders of His love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

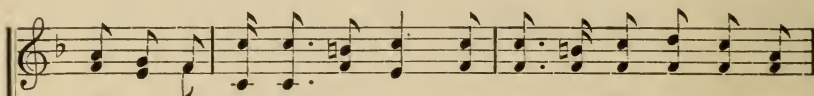
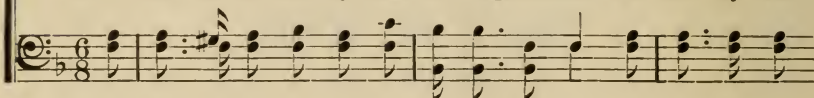
"The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 PET. 1 : 25.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

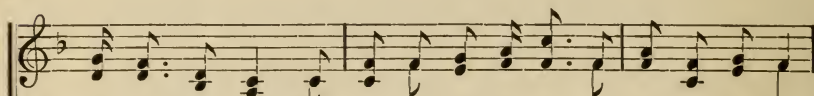
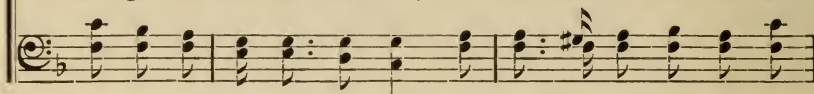
IRA D. SANKEY.



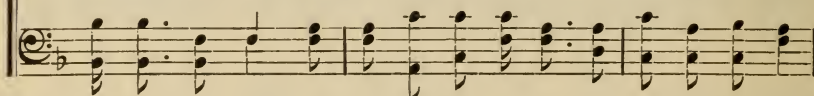
1. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry of
 2. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
 3. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
 4. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the



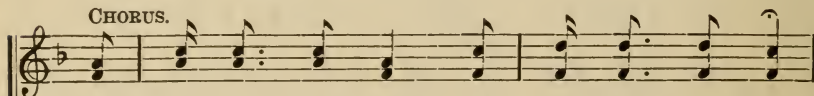
One whom the prophets fore - told ; The Horn of sal - va - tion, the
 an - gel at Beth - le - hem told ; The Babe in the man - ger, of
 Gos - pels re - peat man - i - fold ; The love and com - pas - sion in
 a - ges to come will un - fold ; The kind - ness of God in re -



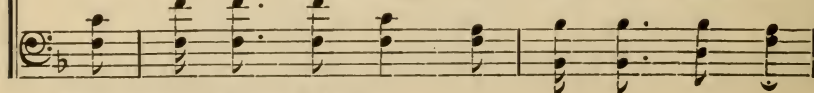
Scep - tre, and Star, The Light in the darkness they saw from a - far.
 low - li - est birth, The high - est arch - an - gel ex - cell - ing in worth.
 Je - sus we trace, The pow - er and patience, the glo - ry and grace.
 deem - ing the lost, The light in our Sav - iour for souls tem - pest tossed.



CHORUS.



It nev - er grows old, It nev - er grows old,



The Story that Never Grows Old.—Concluded.

The sto - ry of Je - sus It nev - er grows old!

No. 189.

① Spirit, Come.

"Lead me in thy truth, and teach me."—Ps. 25: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Slow.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. O Spir - it, come, dis - pel each cloud of sad - ness;
2. O Spir - it, come, and in our hearts a - bid - ing,
3. O Spir - it, come, we long for Thy ap - pear - ing;

Come in Thy pow'r, while here we meet to pray; Tune Thou our tongues, and
Teach us the right, that we may walk therein; Show us the truth, and
Long for Thy light up - on our pilgrim way; Long for Thy love so

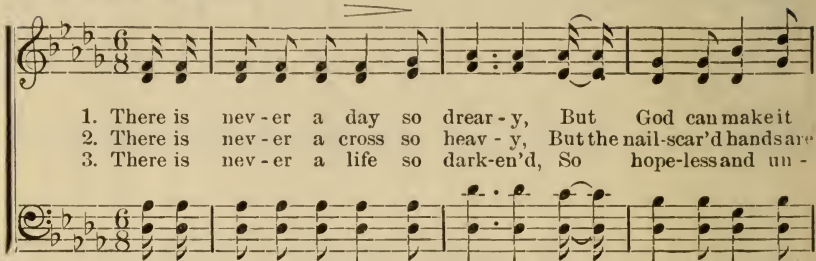
may our songs of gladness Praise Him Who made and blessed this holy day.
there our footsteps guiding, So shall we shun the rug-ged path of sin.
tender, true, and cheering; O Spir - it, come, and fill our souls to-day.

No. 190. There is Never a Day so Dreary.

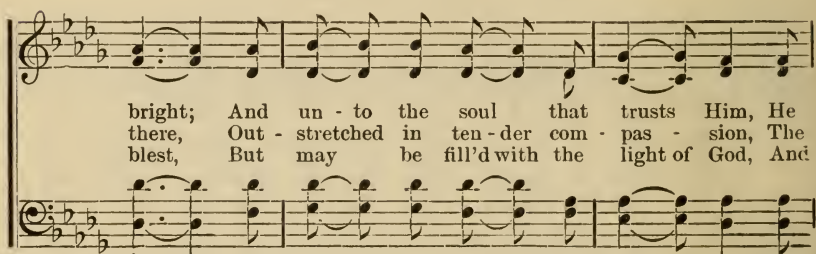
"Who giveth songs in the night."—Job 35 : 10.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

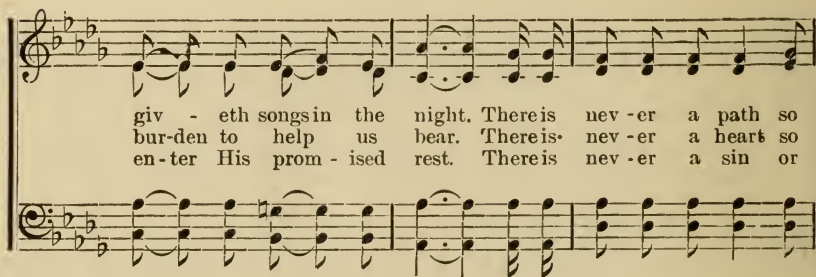
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



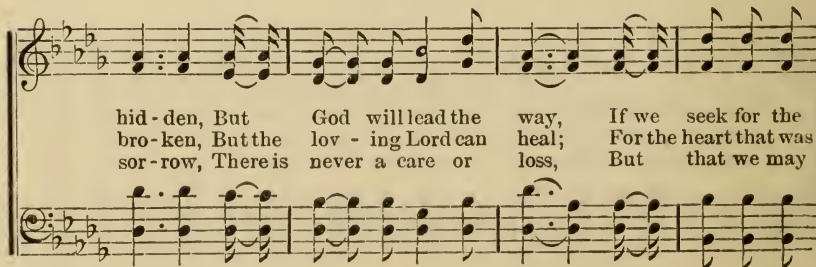
1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, But God can make it
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scar'd hands are
 3. There is nev - er a life so dark-en'd, So hope-less and un -



bright; And un - to the soul that trusts Him, He
 there, Out - stretched in ten - der com - pas - sion, The
 blest, But may be fill'd with the light of God, And



giv - eth songs in the night. There is nev - er a path so
 bur - den to help us bear. There is nev - er a heart so
 en - ter His prom - ised rest. There is nev - er a sin or



hid - den, But God will lead the way, If we seek for the
 bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal; For the heart that was
 sor - row, There is never a care or loss, But that we may

There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

Spir - it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray, If we
 pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel, For the
 bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross, But

seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And patient-ly wait and pray.
 heart that was pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
 that we may bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

No. 191.

Now the Day is Over.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh; Shad-ows of the
 2. Je-sus, grant the wea-ry Calm and sweet re-pose: With Thy tend'rest
 3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis-ions bright of Thee; Guard the sail-ors
 4. Com-fort ev-'ry suf-ferer Watching late in pain; Those who plan some

even-ing Steal a-cross the sky.
 bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
 toss-ing On the an-gry sea.
 e-vil, From their sins re-strain.

5 Thro' the long night watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me,
 Standing round my bed.

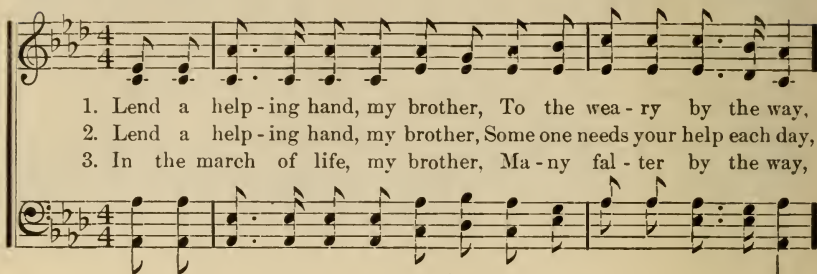
6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise.
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
 In Thy holy eyes.

Lend a Helping Hand.

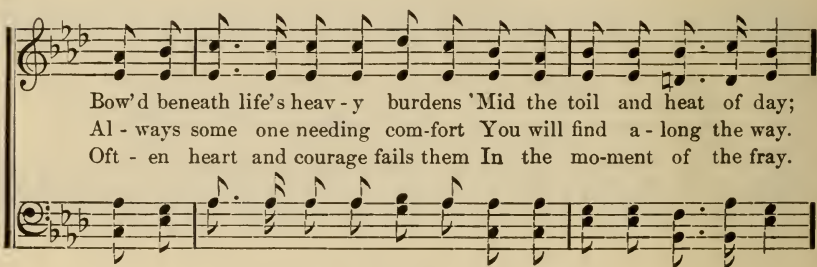
"They helped every one his neighbor."—ISA. 41 : 6.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

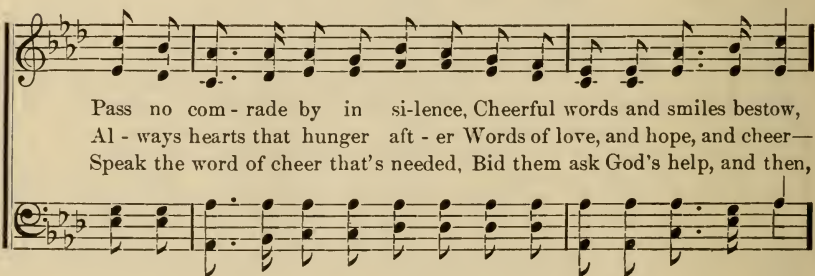
IRA D. SANKEY.



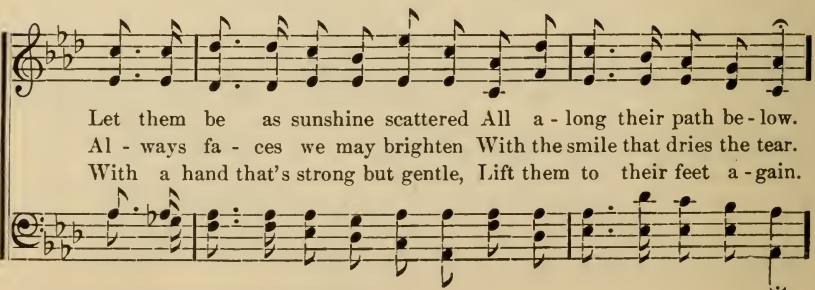
1. Lend a help-ing hand, my brother, To the wea-ry by the way,
 2. Lend a help-ing hand, my brother, Some one needs your help each day,
 3. In the march of life, my brother, Ma-ny fal-ter by the way,



Bow'd beneath life's heav-y burdens 'Mid the toil and heat of day;
 Al-ways some one needing com-fort You will find a-long the way.
 Oft-en heart and courage fails them In the mo-moment of the fray.



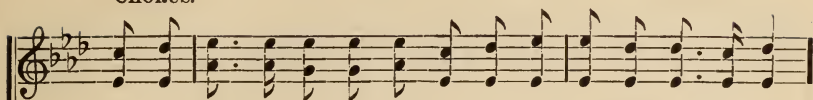
Pass no com-rade by in si-lence, Cheerful words and smiles bestow,
 Al-ways hearts that hunger aft-er Words of love, and hope, and cheer—
 Speak the word of cheer that's needed, Bid them ask God's help, and then,



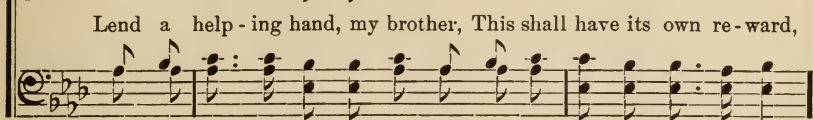

Let them be as sunshine scattered All a-long their path be-low.
 Al-ways fa-ces we may brighten With the smile that dries the tear.
 With a hand that's strong but gentle, Lift them to their feet a-gain.

Lend a Helping Hand.—Concluded.

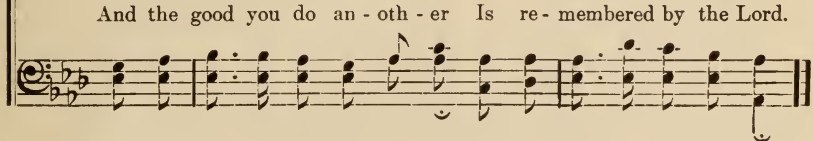
CHORUS.



Lend a help - ing hand, my brother, This shall have its own re - ward,

And the good you do an - oth - er Is re - membered by the Lord.

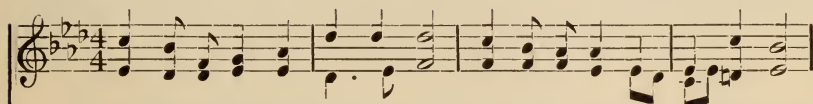


No. 193.

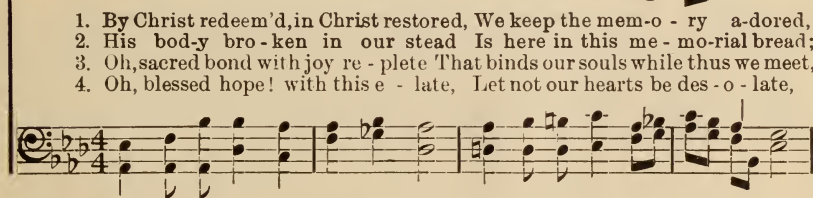
Until He Come.

GEORGE RAWSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. By Christ redeem'd, in Christ restored, We keep the mem - o - ry a - dored,
 2. His bod - y bro - ken in our stead Is here in this me - mo - rial bread;
 3. Oh, sacred bond with joy re - plete That binds our souls while thus we meet,
 4. Oh, blessed hope! with this e - late, Let not our hearts be des - o - late,




And show the death of our dear Lord, Un - til He come.
 And so our fee - ble love is fed, Un - til He come.
 And hold with Christ com - mun - ion sweet, Un - til He come.
 But, strong in faith, in pa - tience wait, Un - til He come.



Bring Them In.

"That my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FRANCES HOPE.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Christians, wake, no lon - ger sleep: Shall we rest while oth - ers weep?
 2. Do we love the Sav - iour's name? Can our faith His prom - ise claim?
 3. Do we trust Him as we ought? Do we live as He has taught?
 4. There's a cross that we must bear If the crown we hope to wear:

Shall we sit with fold - ed hands, When the Lord Him - self com - mands?
 Have we pledged to Him our all? Shall we not o - bey His call?
 Are we His, and His a - lone? Let our faith by works be shown
 On - ward then, with vig - or new; Time is short, the days are few?

CHORUS.

Go and work!..... this hour be - gin;.....
 Go and work! this hour be - gin;

Go and seek..... the lost to win;.....
 Go and seek the lost to win;

From the dark..... a - bodes of sin,.....
 From the dark a - bodes of sin,

Bring Them In.—Concluded.

To the feast, O bring them in! O bring them in!

No. 195. Believe Ye that He is Able?

"Believe ye that I am able to do this?"—MATT. 9: 28.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O souls in dark-ness grop-ing, And long-ing for the light,
2. Of old He had com-pas-sion, The Lord of life and love;
3. He claims your faith un-doubt-ing, "Be-lieve ye?" is His word;
4. And now, that Christ is a-ble, His prom-ise to ful-fill;

Be-lieve ye that the Sav-our, Can give the blind their sight?
And He is "that same Je-sus," En-throned in light a-bove.
Was ev-er voice so ten-der, By wea-ry mor-tal heard?
O cast your-selves up-on Him, And say "I know He will."

CHORUS.

O look to Je-sus on-ly, With Him is love and might;

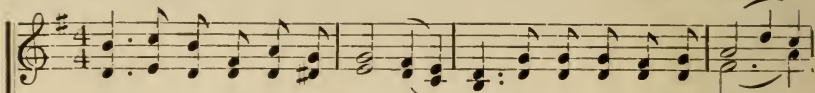
Be-lieve that He is a-ble To lead you in-to light.

No. 196. Come, and Let Us Worship.

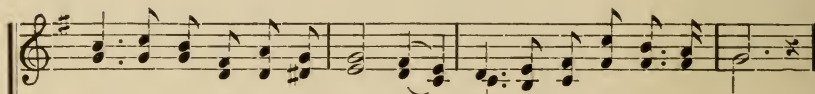
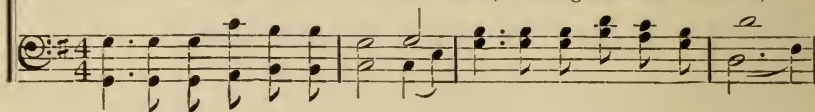
"O come let us worship and bow down."—Psa, 95 : 6.

LYMAN J. CUYLER.

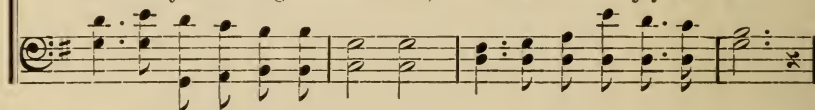
IRA D. SANKEY.



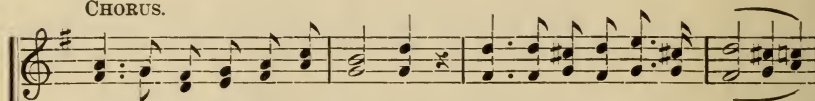
1. Come, O come, and let us wor-ship, Gather'd in the house of pray'r ;
2. He hath pardon'd our transgressions, Tak-en all our sins a-way ;
3. Soon our tri-als will be end-ed, And, a-mong the lov'd and blest,



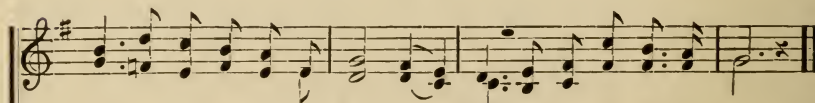
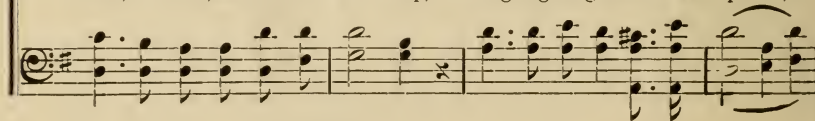
Praise the God of our sal - va - tion While He waits to meet us there.
He will lead us, by His Spir - it, Safe - ly to the per-fect day.
We shall join the bright immor - tals, In that Home of joy and rest.



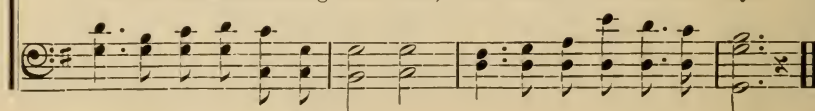
CHORUS.



Come, O come, and let us wor-ship, Bring-ing songs of love and praise,



Un - to Him whose loving kind - ness, Has been o'er us all our days.

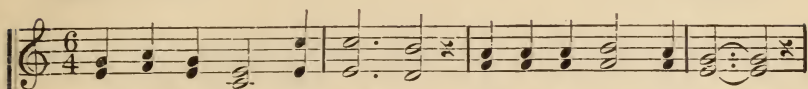


No. 197 Come Unto Me, Ye Weary.

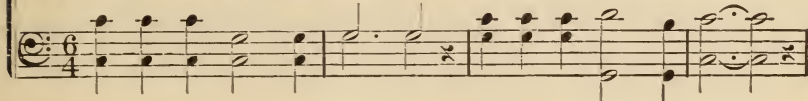
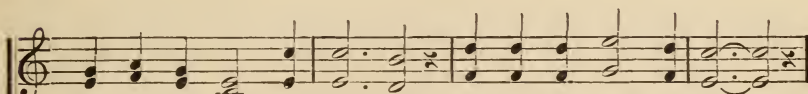
"Come unto me, all ye that labor; and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11 : 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

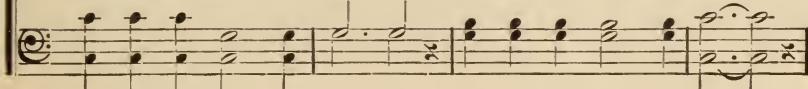
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



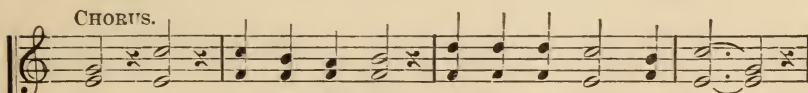
1. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, Sor-row-ing ones op - pressed ;
 2. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to the voice so dear,
 3. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, List to that voice a - gain,
 4. Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry; Why will ye long - er roam?

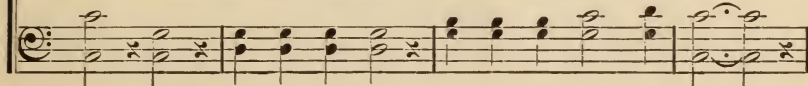
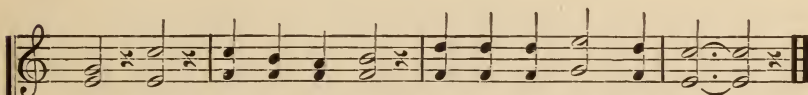
I am your ten - der Shep - herd, Wait-ing to give you rest.
 Sweet-er than an - gel mu - sic, Fall - ing up - on the ear.
 O - ver the bar - ren mount-ain, O - ver the lone - ly plain.
 Come to the arms of mer - cy, Come to a Fa - ther's home.



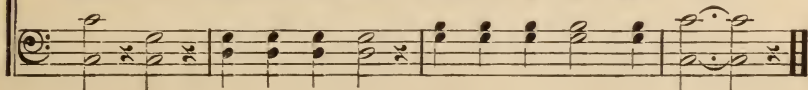
CHORUS.



Come, come, come un - to Me, Wea - ry and sore dis - tressed ;

Come, come, come un - to Me, Come un - to Me and rest.

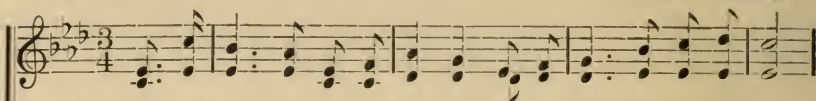


No. 198. Lord, Again We Seek Thy Temple.

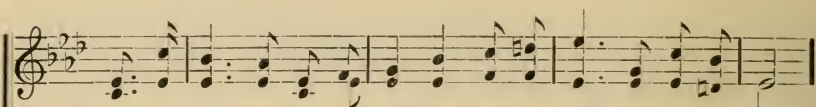
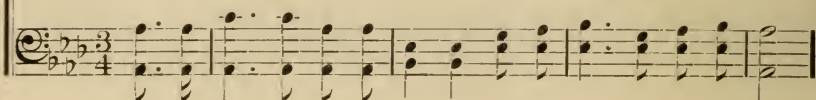
"I shall go up to the house of the Lord."—Isa. 38 : 22.

F. J. CROSBY.

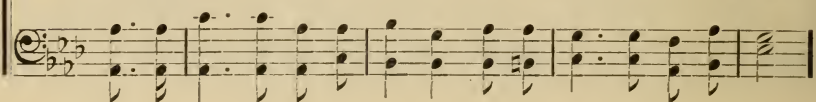
VICTOR H. BENKE.



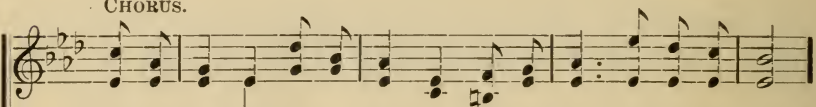
1. Lord, a - gain we seek Thy temple, As the evening shades descend;
2. We have gathered for Thy worship, We have gathered in Thy name;
3. Hear our songs of ad - o - ra - tion, Crown this con-se-cra - ted hour;



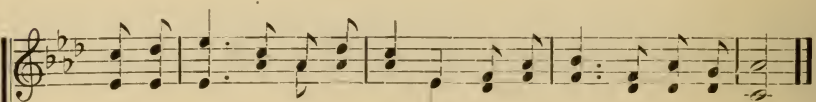
And with grateful hearts be-fore Thee, At Thy throne of grace we bend.
May Thy love and our de-vo-tion, Now be kin-dled to a flame.
With Thy all-in-spir-ing presence, And Thy soul-refresh-ing power.



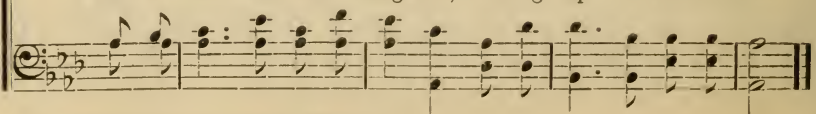
CHORUS.



In our midst and that to bless us, Lov-ing Sav-iour, wilt Thou be;



While we come as Thou hast taught us, Lift-ing up our souls to Thee.

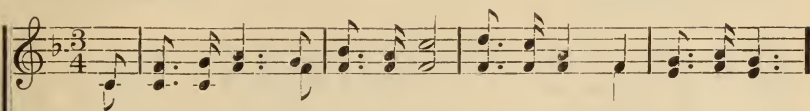


Bright Glory Land!

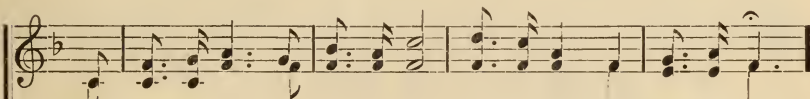
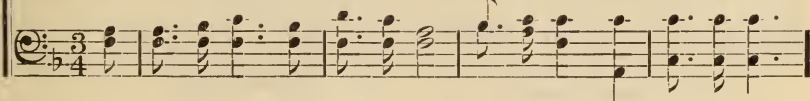
"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 21 : 25.

IDA G. TREMAINE.

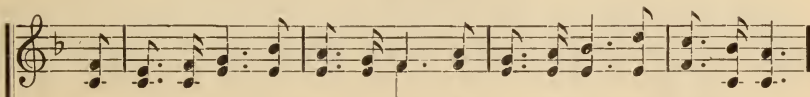
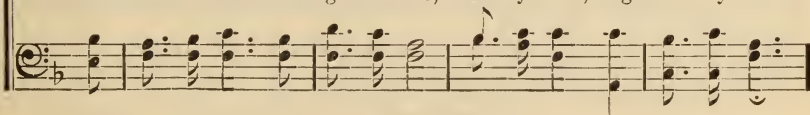
HUBERT P. MAIN.



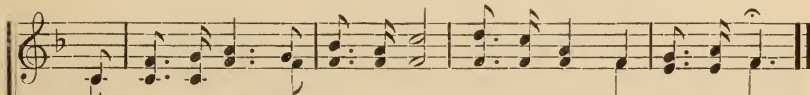
1. There is a land be-yond the stars, Glo - ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
2. The cit - y of our God is there, Glo - ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!
3. We lift our eyes, by faith, and see, Glo - ry Land, bright Glo-ry Land!



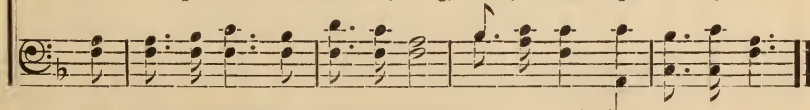
Be - yond the sun - set's crim-son bars,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!
 Its jas - per walls with beau - ty fair, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!
 Where Christ Himself the light shall be, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!



A land of peace with-out al-loy; Of joy be-yond all earth-ly joy,
 Its gates of pearl like sil-ver gleam, Its skies with fade-less sunlight beam,
 There songs of praise glad hearts shall sing; The ra-diant air with mu-sic ring,



And naught its calm can e'er de-destroy,—Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!
 And thro' it rolls life's crys-tal stream, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!
 Each voice proclaim our Saviour, King, Glo-ry Land, bright Glo - ry Land!



Be Careful what You Sow.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

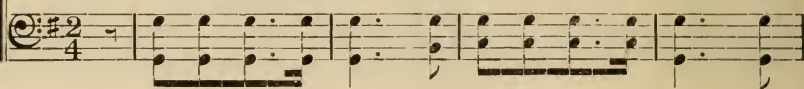
EL. NATHAN.

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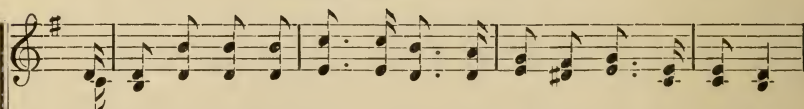
SOLO OR DUET.



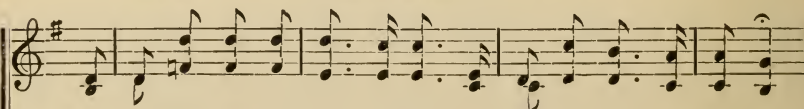
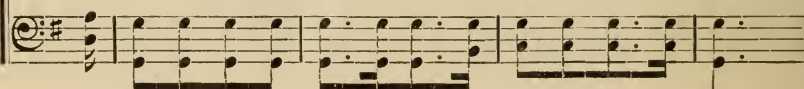
1. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow; The
2. Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow; Where
3. Be care-ful what you sow, The weed you plant will grow; The
4. Then let us sow good deeds, And not the briars and weeds; Then



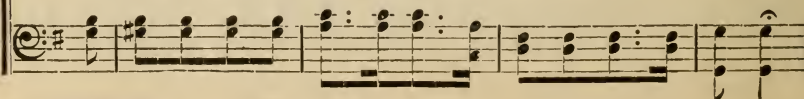
dew will fall, The rain will splash, The clouds grow dark, The sunshine flash,
 it may fall, You can-not know, In sun or shade 'Twill surely grow,
 scat-tered seed From thoughtless hand, Must gathered be, By God's command,
 har-vest time Its joys shall bring, And when we reap, Our hearts shall sing,



And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to - mor-row;
 And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to - mor-row;
 And he who sows wild oats to-day, Must reap the crop to - mor-row;
 And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap good seed to - mor-row;



And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.
 And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.
 And he who sows wild oats to-day, Shall reap with tears to - mor-row.
 And he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap with joy to - mor-row.



Be Careful what, etc.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Be care-ful what you sow, For seed will sure-ly grow, And
what seed you sow, will sure-ly grow,

he who sows good seed to-day, Shall reap with joy to-mor-row.

No. 201. We Lift Our Hearts to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We lift our hearts to Thee, Thou glorious Ma-jes-ty,
2. Thanks for our fa-vored land, Gift from Thy might-y hand,
3. God of e-ter-nal love, Grant, from Thy throne a-bove

"An-cient of Days!" For this grand world of ours, For buds and
Home of the free: For fruits that here a-bound, For peace with
Our fer-vent prayer: Guard Thou our fu-ture weal, To us Thy-

fra-grant flowers, For fruits and gen-tle showers, Thy name we praise.
plen-ty crowned, And joy and love pro-found, We wor-ship Thee.
self re-veal; So may we ev-er feel Thy ten-der care.

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NOTE.—Songs marked * are especially adapted for use as solos, duets or quartets.

Titles in **Heavy Face**—First Lines in Roman.

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